

RECREATIONS

WITH THE

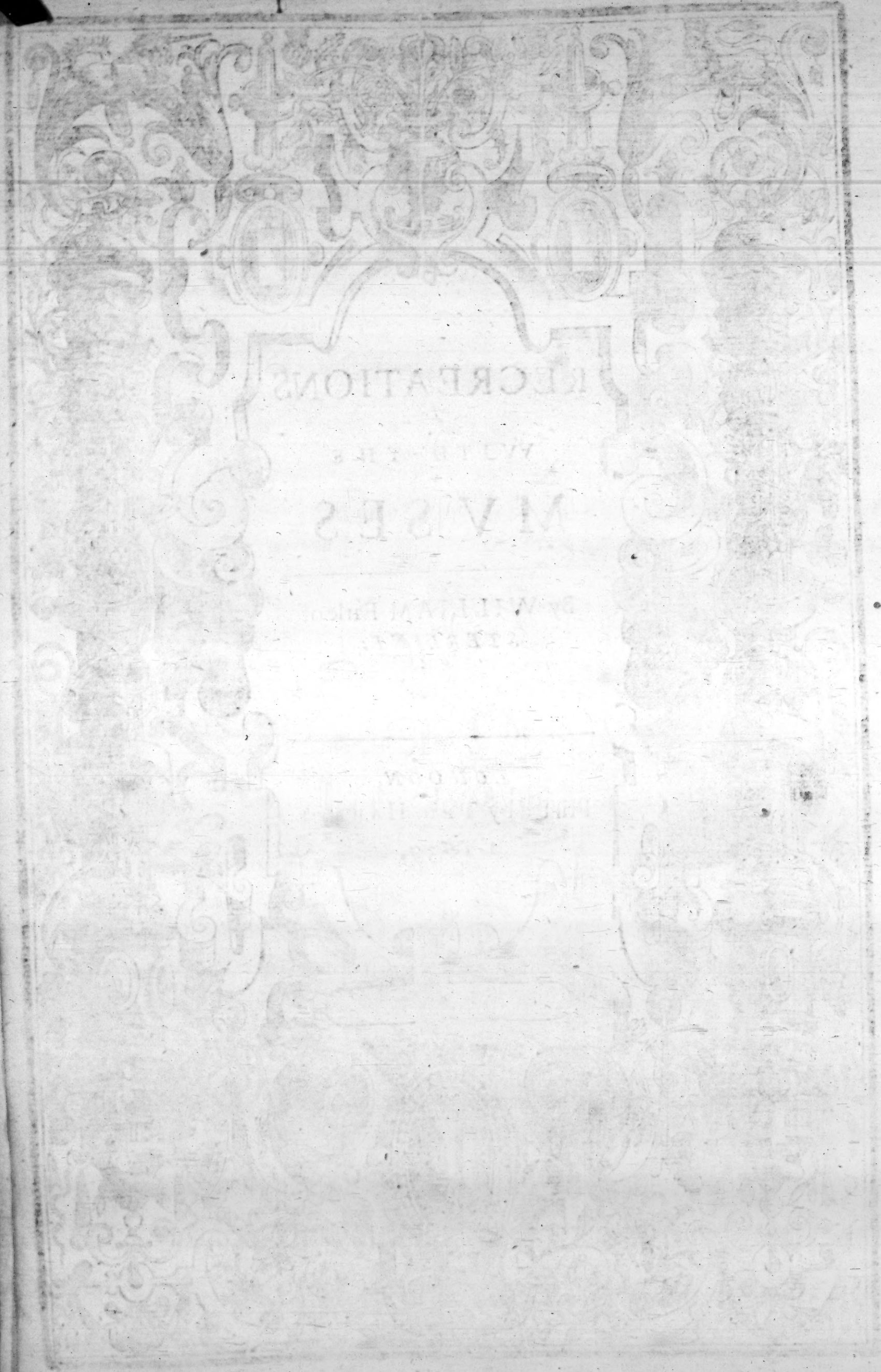
MUSES.

By WILLIAM Earle of
STERLINE.

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RECREATIONS

FOR THE

YOUTH

OF THE

ARMY

AND

NAVY

BY

WILLIAM

SMITH

ESQ.

OF

THE

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AND

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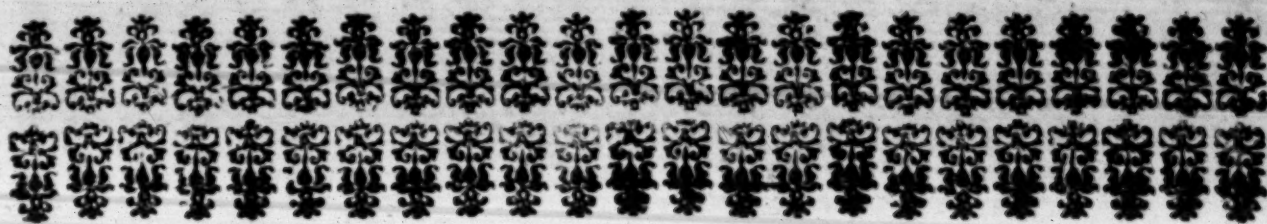
OF

THE

ARMY

AND

NAVY



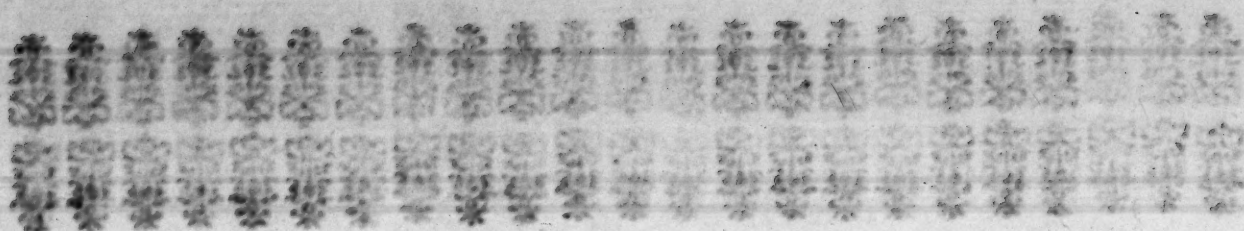
A Table of the severall Poems contained in
the ensuing Volume.

Foure Monarchicke Tragedies.

Doomes-day, or, the great day of the Lords judgement, in twelve houres.

A Parænesis to Prince Henry. p. 2. p. 285.

Ionathan, *An heroicke Poeme intended.*
The first Booke.



A Table of the best small Poems contained in
the ensuing Volume.

Our Monarchicke Tragedies.



Doomes-day, or, the great day of the Lords iudgement, in twelve books.

A Paraphrase to Prince Henry.

Jonathan, or a heroick Poem intended.
The first Booke.



To his Sacred Majesty.

D If daime not mighty Prince, those humble lines,
 Though too meane Musicke for so dainty eares,
 Since with thy greatnesse, learnings glory shines,
 So that thy brow a two-fold Lawrell beares;
 To thee the Muses, Phæbus now resignes;
 And Vertues hight eternall trophées reares;
 As Orpheus Harpe, heavens may enstall thy pen;
 A liberall light to guide the mindes of Men.

Although my wit be weake, my Vowes are strong,
 Which consecrate devoutly to thy name
 My Muses labours, which ere it be long,
 May graft some feathers in the wings of fame,
 And with the subject to conforme my song,
 May in more lofty lines thy worth proclame,
 With gorgeous colours courting glories light,
 Till circling Seas doe bound her ventrous flight.

Ere thou wast borne, and since, heaven thee endeeres;
 Held backe, as best to grace these last worst Times;
 The World long'd for thy birth three hundreth yeeres,
 Since first fore-told wrapt in Prophetick rimes;
 His love to thee, the Lords deliveries cleeres,
 From Sea, from Sword, from Fire, from Chance, from Crimes,
 And that to him thou onely might be bound,
 Thy selfe was still the meanes foes to confound.

I doe not doubt but Albions warlike coast,
 (Still kept unconquer'd by the heavens decree)
 The Picts expell'd, the Danes repell'd, did boast
 (In spite of all Romes power) a state still free,
 As that which was ordain'd (though long time crost
 In this Herculean birth) to bring forth thee,
 Whom many a famous Sceptred Parent bring
 From an undaunted race to doe great things.

To his Sacred Maiestie.

Of this divided Ile the Nurslings brave,
Earst, from intestine warres could not desist,
Yet did in forraine fields their names engrave,
Whilst whom one spoild the other would assist:
Those now made one, whilst such a head they have,
What world of words were able to resist?
Thus hath thy worth (great I A M E S) conjoyn'd them now,
Whom battels oft did breake, but never bow.

And so, most justly thy renowned deeds
Doe raise thy fame above the starry round,
Which in the world a glad amazement breeds,
To see the vertues (as they merit) crown'd,
Whilst thou (great Monarch) who in power exceeds,
With vertuous goodnesse do'st vast greatnesse bound,
Where, if thou lik'st to be more great, then good,
Thou might'st soone build a Monarchie with bloud.

O! this faire world without the world, no doubt,
Which Neptune strongly guards with liquid bands,
As aptest so to rule the Realmes about,
She by her selfe (as most Majesticke) stands,
Thence (the worlds Mistris) to give judgement out,
With full authority for other Lands,
Which on the Seas would gaze attending still,
By wind-wing'd Messengers their Soveraignes will.

The Southerne Regions did all Realmes surpasse,
And were the first which sent great Armies forth;
Yet Soveraignty that there first founded was,
Still by degrees hath drawne unto the North,
To this great Climate which it could not passe,
The fatall period bounding all true worth:
For, it cannot from hence a passage finde,
By roring Rampiers still with us confinde.

As Waters which a masse of earth restraines,
(If they be, swelling high begin to vent)
Doe rage disdainefully over all the plaines,
As with strict borders scorning to be pent:
Even so this masse of earth, that thus remaynes,
Wall'd in with waves, if (to burst out when bent.)
(The bounding floods o're-flow'd) it rush forth, then
That deluge would o're-run the world with men.

Then

To his Sacred Majestie.

Then since' great Prince) the torrent of thy power,
May drowne whole Nations in a Scarlet floud,
On Infidels thy indignation powre,
And bathe not Christian bones with Christian bloud:
The Tyrant Ottoman (who would devour
All the redeemed souls) may be withstood,
While as thy troup (great Albions Emperour) once
Do comfort Christs afflicted flock which moanes.

Thy thundring troup might take the stately rounds
Of Constantines great Towne renown'd in vaine,
And barre the barbarous Turks the baptiz'd bounds,
Reconquering Godtreys conquests once againe;
O, well spent labours! O illustrious wounds!
Whose trophees should eternall glory gaine,
And make the Lyon to be fear'd farre more,
Then ever was the Eagle of before.

But, O thrice happy thou that of thy Throne
The boundlesse power for such an use controuls!
Which if some might command to raigne alone,
Of all their life they would be-bloud the scrouls,
And to content the haughtie thoughts of one
Would sacrifice a thousand thousand souls,
Which thou do'st spare, though having sprite and might,
To challenge all the world as thine owne right.

Then unto whom more justly could I give
Those famous ruines of extended states
(Which did the world of libertie deprive
By force, or fraud, to reare Tyrannick seats)
Then unto thee, who may and will not live
Like those proud Monarchs borne to stormy fates?
But whil'st frank-sprited Prince, thou this wouldst flee,
Crowns come unsought, and Scepters seek to thee.

Vnto the Ocean of thy worth I send
Those runnels, rising from a rash attempt,
Not that I to augment that depth pretend,
Which heavens from all necessitie exempt,
The Gods small gifts of zealous mindes commend,
While Hecatombes are holden in contempt:
So (Sir) I offer at your vertues shrine
This little incense, or this smoke of mine.



To the Author of the Monarchicke
TRAGEDIES.

Well may the programme of thy Tragicke stage,
Invite the curious pompe-expecting eyes
To gaze on present shewes of passed age,
Which just desert Monarchicke dare baptize. (arise
Crownes throwne from Thrones to Tombs, detomb'd
To match thy Muse with a Monarchicke theame,
That whilst her sacred soaring cuts the skyes,
A vulger subject may not wrong the same:
And which gives most advantage to thy fame,
The worthiest Monarch that the Sunne can see,
Doth grace thy labours with his glorious Name,
And daignes protector of thy birth to be:
Thus all Monarchicke, Patron, Subject, stile,
Make thee, the Monarch-tragicke of this Ile.

S. Robert Ayton.

In praise of the Author, and his Tragedy of
DARIUS.

A SONNET.

Give place all ye to dying *Darius* wounds,
(While this great Geeck him in his throne enstals,
Who fell before seven-ported *Thebes* wals,
Or under *Iliions* old sky-threatening Rounds.
Your sowre-sweet voyce not halfe so sadly sounds,
Though I confesse, most famous be your fals,
Slaine, sacrific'd, transported, and made thrals;
Thrown headlong, burnt, and banish't from your bounds:
Whom *Sophocles*, *Euripides* have song,
And *Aeschylus* in stately Tragicke tune:
Yet none of all hath so divinely done
As matchlesse *Menstrie* in his native tongue.
Thus *Darius* Ghost seemes glad now to be so,
Triumphant on twise by *Alexanders* two.

IO. MURRAY.



THE ARGUMENT.



AT that time when the States of Greece began to grow great, and Philosophie to be thought precious, Solon the first light of the Athenian commonswealth, like a provident Bee, gathering honey over many fields, learning knowledge over many Countries, was sent for by Croesus King of Lydia, as famous for his wealth, as the other was for his wisdom. And not so much for any desire the King had to profit by the experience of so profound a Philosopher, as to have the report of his (as he thought it) happiness approved by the testimonie of so renowned a witnesse. But Solon alwayes like himselfe, entring the regall Palace, and seeing the same very gloriously apparrelled, but very incommodiously furnished with Courtiers, more curious to have their bodies deckt with a womanishly affected forme of rayment, and some superficial complements of pretended curtesies, then to have their mindes enriched with the true treasure of inestimable vertue, he had the same altogether in disdain. Therefore after some conference had with Croesus concerning the felicitie of man, his opinion not seconding the Kings expectation, he was returned with contempt as one of no understanding. But yet comforted by Æsop (Author of the witty fables) who for the time was resident at Court, and in credit with the King.

Immediately after the departure of Solon, Croesus having two Sounes (whereof the eldest was dumbe, and the other a brave youth) dreamed that the youngest dyed by the wound of a Dart, wherewith being marvellously troubled, he married him to a Gentlewoman named Cælia, and for farther disappointing the suspected, though inevitable destinie, he discharged the using of all such weapons as he had dreamed of. Yet who could cut away the occasion of the heavens, from accomplishing that which they had design'd. The spiritfull youth being long restrain'd from the fields, was invited by some Country-men to the chace of a wilde Bore, yet could very hardly impetrate leave of his loving suspicious Father.

Now in the meane time there arrived at Sardis a youth named Adrastus, Sonne to the King of Phrygia, one no lesse infortunate then valorous, he having lost his Mistrisse by a great disaster, and having kill'd his brother by a farre greater, came to Croesus, by whom he was courteously entertained, and by the instancy of the King, and the instigation of others against his own will, who feared the frowardnesse of his infectious fortune, he got the custodie of Atis (so was the Prince called) whom in time of the sport, thinking to kill the Bore, by a monstrous mishap he killed. After which disastrous accident standing above the dead corps, after the inquiry of the truth, being pardoned by Croesus, he punished himselfe by a violent death. There after, Croesus sorrowing exceedingly this exceeding misfortune, he was comforted by Sandanis, who laboured to dissuade him from his unnecessary journey against the Persians, yet he reposing on superstitious, and wrong interpreting responses of

The Argument.

of deceiving Oracles, went against Cyrus, who having defeated his forces in the field, and taken himselfe in the Citie, tyed him to a stake to be burned, where by the exclaimeing aivers times on the name of Solon, moving the Conquerour to compassion, he was set at libertie, and lamenting the death of his Sonne, and the losse of his kingdome, gives a ground for this present Tragedie.



The persons names who speake.

CRÆSUS King of *Lydia*.

ARTIS his sonne.

COELIA wifeto **ARTIS**.

ADRASTUS.

SANDANIS a Counsellour.

SOLOON.

ÆSOPH.

CYRUS King of *Persia*.

HARPAGUS Lievetenant to

CYRUS.

CHORUS of some *Country-men*.

CHORUS of all the *Lydians*.



The Scene in Sardis.

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF CROESVS.

Act 1.

Solon.



Oe, how the stormy world doth worldlings tosse,
Twixt sandy pleasures, and a rocky will,
Whil'ft them that Court it most, it most doth crosse,
To vice indulgent, vertues stopdame still,
This masse of thoughts, this animated slittie,
This dying substance, and this living shadow,
The sport of Fortune, and the prey of Time,
Soon rais'd, soon raz'd, as flowers are in a meadow.
He toyles to get (such is his foolish nature)
A constant good in this inconstant ill:
Unreasonable reasonable creature,
That makes his reason subject to his will!
VWhilft on the height of contemplation plac'd,
I weigh fond earthlings, earnest idle strife,
All (though they all have divers parts imbrac'd)
Would act a comicke Scene of tragicke life,
The minde (which alwaies at some new things aymes)
To get for what it longs, no travell spares;
And lothing what it hath of better dreames,
Which (when enjoy'd) doth procreate but cares,
Yet to a Sovereign blisse which they surmise,
By divers meanes, all pregnant wits aspire,
But with strange shapes the same so much disguise,
That it we scarce can know, much lesse acquire:
Some place their happinesse (unhappy beasts,
Whose mindes are drunke with momentary joyes)
In gorgeous garments, and in dainty feasts,
To pamper breath-toss'd-flesh with pleasures toyes;
Some more austere, no such delights allow,
But reyne their passions with advis'd respects,

B

And

And by no fortune mov'd to brag nor bow,
 Would make the world enamour'd of their sects;
 Some bathing still in vertues purest springs,
 Doe draw Ideas of a heavenly brood,
 And search the secrets of mysterious things,
 As most undoubted heires of that high good :
 Thus with a dream'd delight, and certaine paine,
 " All seek by severall wayes a perfect blisse;
 And let none wonder though they toyle in vaine,
 Who cannot well discern what thing it is,
 What happinesse can be imagin'd here,
 On painted grounds though we our hopes repose,
 Who dearely first doe gaine, what we hold deare,
 Then what we once must lose, still feare to lose ?
 Thinke (though 'mongst thousands scarcely one of all,
 Can at this point of happinesse arrive)
 One fortune have (whilst so to fortune thrall)
 To get the thing for which a world doth strive :
 What though he swimme in Oceans of delights,
 Have none above him, and his equals rare;
 Eares joying pleasant sounds, eyes stately sights,
 His treasures infinite, his buildings faire ?
 Yet fortunes course which cannot be contrould,
 Must mount some meane men up, throw down the great,
 And (still in motion) circularly rould,
 From what it is, must alter every state.
 " Though of his wealth, the greedy man doth boast,
 " Whilst treasures vaine his drossie wits bewitch,
 " What hath he gain'd, but what another lost ?
 " And once his losse may make another rich.
 " But ah, all lose who seeke to profit thus,
 " To found their trust on trustlesse grounds whilst made :
 " We may be rob'd from them, they rob'd from us,
 " Griev'd for their losse, as when first purchas'd, glad :
 " Those are but fooles, who hope true rest to finde
 " In this fraile world, where for a while we range :
 " Which doth (like Seas expos'd to every winde)
 " Ebbe, flow, storme, calme, still moving, still in change;
 " Each wave we see doth drive the first away,
 " And still it whitest fomes where rockes are neare,
 " While as one growes, another doth decay,
 " The greatest danger oft doth least appeare.
 " Their seeming blisse, who trust in frothy shewes,
 " Whose course with moments fickle fortune dates,
 " As to a height, so to confusion growes :
 " A secret fate doth manage mighty states.
 But I scorne fortune, and was ever free
 From that dead wealth, depending on her power,
 My treasure still I beare about with me,
 Which neither time nor tyrants can devoure :

That

That Lady of events, though still she rave,
 Scarce can her course to mocke my minde advance;
 For (if not trusted first) none can deceive;
 And I attend no certainty from chance;
 Then I have learn'd to moderate my minde;
 Still with contentment crowning my desires.
 My garments course, my food such as I finde:
 "He hath enough, who to no more aspires."
 What satisfaction doth o're-flow my soule;
 (The world all weigh'd) while high accounts I cast,
 And in my memories unblotted scroule,
 Doe match the present time with others past.
 Those worldly mindes, whose weaknesse wealth doth cloake,
 (Though others happy) I them wretched thinke;
 For, whil'st that passions base all reason choake,
 The bodies slaves, their soules surcharg'd, doe sinke;
 Yet loath I not the world as loath'd by it,
 Like those who when disdain'd, pretend disdain;
 No, no, I had (as *Athens* must admit)
 What riches, birth, or reputation gaine.
 And if that I would vaunt of mine own deeds,
 Faire Citie, where mine eyes first suck'd the light,
 I challenge might what most thy glory breeds,
 For fame or power, as due to me of right.
 When *Salamina* had our yoke remov'd,
 With follies garments, wisdom to disguise,
 What none durst else attempt, I boldly mov'd,
 And seem'd a foole to make the people wise.
 Then having thus by policy prevail'd,
 My Countries squadrons leading to the field,
 Whil'st both by strength and stratagems assail'd,
 I forc'd that Ile (though wall'd with waves) to yeeld;
 But when renown'd, by that advent'rous deed,
 And turn'd victorious, charg'd with strangers spoiles,
 " (No perfect blisse below) worse did succeed,
 The peace that was abroad, bred civill broyles;
 " What with more violence doth fury leade,
 " Then mut'nous commons when they want a head;
 The meaner sort could not their miades conforme,
 Those things to doe which great men did command;
 And (whil'st distracted with a dangerous storme,)
 All joyn'd to place the Rudder in my hand;
 I re-united that divided state,
 And with good successe manag'd matters well,
 Which further kindled, had been quench'd too late,
 That *Hydra*-headed tumult did so swell.
 VVhen I my worth by those two works had prov'd,
 And trod the path of power (as Prince) a space,
 The peoples Minion, by the Nobles lov'd,
 None could be great, save such as I would grace.

Thus carried with the force of fortunes stream,
 I absolutely acted what I would;
 For, the democracy was but a name,
 The Cities raines my hand in trust did hold;
 I might (a tyrant) still have rul'd in state,
 But my cleare minde could no such clouds conceive,
 But gladly left what others urge of late,
 "If I may rule my selfe, no more I crave;
 Yet some whole thoughts but for fraile glory car'd,
 Said that my sprite could not aspire to raigne,
 And that my errour could not be repair'd,
 Since so to erre meanes come not oft againe.
 My soule in this a more contentment findes,
 Then if a Diadem adorn'd my brow,
 I chayn'd th'affections of undaunted mindes,
 (Though barbarous earst) which did to order bow,
 Yet hardly could rich Citizens advise
 To keep the statutes which my lawes contain'd,
 Whil'st what one prais'd, another did despise:
 Some lov'd, some loath'd, ev'n as they thought they gain'd.
 At last, at least in shew, all rest content,
 Ev'n those who hate me most, lend their applause:
 "A worthy minde needs never to repent,
 "The suffering crosses for an honest cause.
 Whil'st travelling now with a contented minde,
 The memory of this my fancy feeds,
 Though to great states their periods are assign'd:
 "Time cannot make a prey of Vertues deeds.
 Where seven-mouth'd Nile from a concealed source,
 Inundating ov'r the fields, no bankes can binde,
 I saw their wonders, heard their wise discourse;
 Rare sights enrich'd mine eyes, rare lights my minde.
 And if it were but this, yet this delights:
 Behold how *Cræsus* here the Lydian King,
 To be his guest me earnestly invites,
 The which to some would great contentment bring;
 But I bemoane that world-bewitched man,
 Who makes his gold his god, the earth his heaven,
 And I will try by all the meanes I can,
 To make his judgement with his fortune even.

Chorus.

The Tragedy of Croesus.

5

Chorus.

V What can mans wandring thoughts confine,
Or satisfie his fancies all?
For whil' st he wonders doth designe,
Even great things then doe seeme but small;
What terrour can his sprite appall,
Whil' st taking more then it can hold,
He to himselfe contentment doth assigne;
His minde which monsters breeds,
Imagination feeds,
And with high thoughts quite headlongs rold,
Whil' st seeking here a perfect ease to finde,
Would but melt mountains, and embrace the winde.

What wonder though the soule of man,
(A sparke of heaven that shines below)
Doth labour by all meanes it can,
Like to it selfe, it selfe to show?
The heavenly essence, heaven would know,
But from this masse, (where bound) till free,
With paine both spend lifes little span;
The better part would be above:
And th' earth from th' earth cannot remove;
How can two contraries agree?

" Thus as the best part or the worst doth move,
" Man of much worth, or of no worth doth prove.

O! from what fountaine doe proceed
These humours of so many kindes?
Each braine doth divers fancies breed,
" As many men, as many mindes:
And in the world a man scarce findes
Another of his humour right,
Nor are there two so like indeed,
If we remarke their severall graces,
And lineaments of both their faces,
That can abide the prooffe of sight?

" If th' outward formes then differ as they doe,
" Of force th' affections must be different too.

" Ah! passions spoile our better part,
The soule is vext with their dissentions;
We make a God of our owne heart,
And worship all our vaine inventions;
This braine-bred mist of apprehensions
The minde doth with confusion fill;
Whil' st reason in exile doth smart,
And few are free from this infection,

For all are slaves to some affection,
Which doth oppresse the judgement still :

“ Those partiall tyrants, not directed right,

“ Even of the clearest mindes, eclipse the light.

A thousand times, O happy he!
Who doth his passions so subdue,
That he may with cleare reasons eye,
Their imperfections fountaines view,
That so he may himselfe renew,
Who to his thoughts prescribing lawes,
Might set his soule from bondage free,
And never from bright reason swerve,
But making passions it to serve,
Would weigh each thing as there were cause :

O greater were that Monarch of the minde!

Then if he might command from Thule to Inde.

Act 2. Scene 1.

Cræsus, Æsope, Solon.



That Prince hath been so favour'd by the fates,
As could like me of full contentment boast?
Lov'd of mine own, and fear'd of forrain states,
My foes have faln, my friends were never crost;
For having that (which thoulands seek, at will)
My happinesse in all things hath been such,
Heavens favorite, and fortunes Minion still,
I know not what to wish, I have so much;
Mine eyes no way did ever grieve my heart
With any object that their sight did draw;
My name applauded is in every part,
My word an Oracle, my will a law :
What brest can well confine this flood of joyes?
Whose swelling current doth o'reflow my minde,
Which never dream'd that which the soule annoyes,
But did in all a satisfaction finde;
I scorne vaine shadowes of conceited feares,
As one whose state is built on marble grounds :
In all my horoscope no cloud appeares,
My blisse abounds, my pleasures passe all bounds.

Æsope. That Grecian (Sir) is at the Court arriv'd,
Whose wisdome fame through all the world records,

Cræ. And to extoll my state, have you not striv'd,
Whil' st bent to sooth his eares with courteous words?

Æsope. In all the parts where he hath chanc'd to be,
In forrain bounds, or where he first saw light,

He

He never did such stately wonders see,
As since this Court enriched hath his sight;
V When regall shewes had ravish'd first his eye,
As mountains nurslings, little simple swaines,
V Who us'd with infant fouds them never spy
Sport, portative (like Serpents) through the Plaines,
When one of them first comes to view the vailes,
And wanton water-Nymphs there (wondring) sees,
The rarenesse of the sight so much prevailes,
That rillets rivers seeme, the rivers Seas:
So all the guards that garnisht *Solons* way,
Did to his minde a great amazement bring,
The gallants (golden statues) made him stay;
Each Groome a Prince, each Elquire seem'd a King,
And now he comes to gaine your long'd-for sight;
Whom in his minde no doubt he doth adore,
He gaz'd on those who held of you their light,
Sunne of this soile, he must admire you more;
Now he o're all will spread your praises forth,
A famous witnesse of your glorious raigne:

"The record of one wise man is more worth,
"Then what a world of others would maintaine.

Solon. Great Prince, doe not the loving zeale reject,
V Which a meane man, yet a good minde affords:
And who perchance doth more your good affect,
Then those who paint their love with fairer words.

Crae. Thy love (sage Grecian) gratefull is to us,
Whom fame long since acquainted with thy worth,
So that we long long'd for thy presence thus,
To spy the Spring which sent such treasures forth;
Would God that many such would here resort,
Whose vertues beames would shine in every brest,
V Whose count'nance grave, would grace so great a Court,
And like a Lampe give light unto the rest.

Solon. Spare (courteous King) that undeserved praise,
I am but one who doe the world despise,
And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,
A wisdome-lover, willing to be wise:
Yet all that I have learn'd (huge toyles now past)
By long experience, and in famous Schooles,
Is but to know my ignorance at last;
"Who think themselves most wise, are greatest fooles.

Crae. "This is the nature of a noble minde,
"It rather would be good, then be so thought,
"As if it had no ayme, but fame to finde,
"Such as the shadow, not the substance sought:
Yet forc'd to give that which thou wilt not take:
The world, what thou hold'st down, doth raise more high;
That which thy face thus shunnes, shines on thy back:
"Praise followes them, who what they merit flye:

And

And now I thinke, on th'earth no creature lives,
Who better can instruct what I would learne,
Then thou to whom franke Nature largely gives
A minde to see, a judgement to discern.

Solon. To satisfie your suit, my dutious care
Shall it, or then my ignorance disclose.

Cra. Loe, you have seene my pomp, my treasures rare,
And all the strength on which my thoughts repose.

" *Solon.* Those be but dreams of blisse which fortune brings,

" To breake (by bending) foolish mortalls mindes,

" I saw but sencelesse heapes of melting things;

" A waving wealth, expos'd to many windes :

" This but the body serving to decore,

" As foolish owners it, it th' owners spends,

" Where mindes more circumspect seek better store

" Of wealth from danger free that never ends.

Cra. I wot not what you meane, whil'st thus in love,
With fain'd Ideas of imagin'd blisse;

By fancies drawn, such portraits doe but move

Sicke braines to dreame, that which indeed they misse;

But more I have then their conceits can show,

Whose rich conjectures breed but poore effects,

And (I beseech you) did you ever know

A man more blest then I in all respects ?

Solon. I, *Tellus* knew, a man whom *Athens* lov'd,

Who to doe good, at no occasion fail'd,

And in my judgement hath most happy prov'd,

Since while he liv'd, lov'd, whil'st dead, bewail'd;

And last (that he might reape all fruits of blisse)

His Countries beaten bands, neere put to flight,

By him encourag'd, scorn'd to be submisse,

Who dy'd victorious in two Armies fight;

More glorious now then when he was alive,

As he in heaven, on earth his happy rest,

To trace his steps, who led by Vertue strive,

Heires of his worth, and honour'd by the best.

Cra. Since this first place a private person gaines,

Whose fortunes treasure in short time was told,

Now next in ranke, who registred remains,

Whole happinesse you most accomplish'd hold ?

Solon. Of *Cleobis*, and *Bitons* vertuous way,

The prosp'rous course doth to my thoughts approach :

Their mother wanting on a solemn day,

The horses which were us'd to draw her Coach,

Them to supply the place, love kindly rais'd,

Who drew her to that place of publike mirth,

Whil'st both of them abundantly were prais'd,

They for their piety, she for her birth :

This charitable worke, when brought to end,

Both dy'd, whil'st offering incensie to the Gods.

Who (favour'd so) to draw them did intend,
From further danger of afflictions rods:
O happy mother! who (with true delight)
Of labours past such pleasant fruits enjoy'd,
And happy children! who did thus acquite
The mothers paine, and dyed whil'st well imploy'd.

" Ah, ah, our lives are fraile, doe what we can,
" And like the brittle glasse, breake whil'st they glance,
" Then oft the heavens to curbe the pride of man,
" Doe inter-lowre our sweets with some sad chance.

Cra. Is there no place appointed then for me?
Or is my state so abject in thine eyes,
That thou do'st thinke me blest in no degree,
As one, whose best in fortunes ballance lyes?
Or think'st thou me (of judgement too remisse)
A wretch expos'd to want, to scorne, or paines,
The bastard childe of fortune, barr'd from blisse,
Whom heavens doe hate, and all the world disdaines?
Are those poore creatures then to be compar'd,
With one who may consume such in his wrath?
Who (as I please) doe punish or reward,
Whose words, nay ev'n whose looks give life or death.

Solon. Let not your judgement thus from reason shrinke,
To glose on that which simply comes from me;
" They who doe freely speake, no treason thinke,
" One cannot both your friend and flatterer be.
To us who Grecians are, the Gods doe grant
A moderate measure of an humble wit,
So that our Country yet did never want
Some whom the world for wise men did admit.
And yet amongst us all the greatest number
(Whil'st living) looke not for a perfect rest,
Though Fortunes minions in her bosome slumber,
And seeme to some, whom this world blindes, most blest:
Yet ov'r all mortall states, change so prevails,
We alterations daily doe attend,
And hold this for a ground that never failes,
" None can be throughly blest before the end:
" I may compare our state to table-playes,
" Whil'st Iudges that are blinde, give onely light;
" Their many doubt the earnest minde dismayes,
" Which must have happy throwes, then use them right:
" So all our dayes in doubt, what things may chance,
" Time posts away, our breath seems it to chace,
" And when th'occasion comes us to advance,
" It of a thousand, one can scarce embrace.
When by a generous indignation mov'd,
Two fight with danger, for a doubtfull praise;
Whil'st valour blindely, but by chance is prov'd,
That ones disgrace, anothers fame must raise:

O! what a foole his judgement will commit,
 To grace the one, with a not gain'd applause?
 Where fortune is but to give sentence yet,
 Whil'st bloudy agents plead a doubtfull cause:
 "This world a field is, whereas each man fights,
 "And arm'd with reason, resolutely goes
 "To warre, (till death close up the bodies lights)
 "Both with externall, and internall foes;
 "And how can he the Victors title gaine,
 "Who yet is busied with a doubtfull fight?
 "Or he be happy who doth still remaine
 In fortunes danger for a small delight?
 "The wind-wing'd course of man, away fast weares,
 "Course that consists of houres, houres of a day,
 "Day that gives place to night, night full of feares:
 "Thus every thing doth change, all things decay:
 "Those who doe stand in peace, may fall in strife,
 "And have their fame by infamy suppress:
 "The evening crownes the day, the death the life;
 "Many are fortunate, but few are blest.
Cræ. I see this Grecians sprite but base appeares,
 Which cannot comprehend heroicke things:
 The world of him more then he merits heares,
 At least he knowes not what belongs to Kings:
 Yet fame his name so gloriously array'd,
 That long I long'd to have him in my house;
 But all my expectations are betray'd,
 I thinke a Mountaine hath brought forth a Mouse.

Act 2. Scene 2.

Solon, Æsop.

His King hath put his trust in trustlesse toyes,
 Whil'st courting onely temporary things,
 And like a hooded Hawk, gorg'd with vaine joyes
 At randon flies, born forth on follis wings:
 O how this makes my grieve exceeding great,
 To see ones care, who lives for dead things such,
 Whil'st shew-transported mindes admire his state:
 Which I not envy, no, but pitty much.
 "Thus wormes of th'earth (whil'st low-plac'd thoughts prevaile)
 "Love melting things, whose shew the body fits,
 "Where soules of clearer sight doe never faile,
 "To value most the treasure of good wits.
 "Those worldly things doe in this world decay,
 "Or at the least we leave them with our breath,
 "Where to eternity this leades the way,
 "So differ they as farre as life and death.

Æsop.

Aesope. And yet what wonder though he wander thus,
Whom still by successe treacherous fortune blindes?
Though this indeed seem somewhat strange to us,
Who have with learning purifi'd our mindes;
Was he not borne heire of a mighty state?
And us'd with fortunes smiles, not fear'd for frownes,
Doth measure all things by his owne conceit?
A great defect, which fatall is to Crownes;
Then from his youth still trusting in a Throne,
With all that pride could crave, or wealth could give,
Vs'd with entreaties, and contrould by none,
He would the tongue of liberty deprive;
Though to his sight I dare not thus appeare,
Whose partiall judgement, farre from reason parts;
I grieve to see your entertainment here
So farre inferiour to your owne desert;
That matchlesse wisdom which the world admires,
And (ravish't with delight,) amazed heares,
Since not in consort with his vaine desires,
Did seeme impleasant to distemper'd cares:
Eares which can entry give to no discourse,
Save that which enters fraughted with his praise;
He can love none but them that love his course,
And thinks all fooles who use no flattering phrase:
This with the great ones doth the gods displease,
Though spreading all her heavenly treasures forth,
They (if not in their livery them to please)
Doe vertue vilifie, as of no worth.

Solon. I care not, *Aesope*, how the King conceiv'd
Those my franke words which I must alwaies use;
I came not here till he my comming crav'd,
And now when come, will not my name abuse;
Should I his poyf'nous Sycophants relemble,
Whose filken words their Soveraigne doe o'rethrow?
I for his Diadem would not dissemble,
"What hearts doe thinke, the tongues were made to show.
And what if I, his humour to content,
The worlds opinion lost by gaining ones?
He can but give me gifts which may be spent,
But nought can cleere my fame if darkned once;
That so he might my reputation raise,
If I sooth'd him, it would procure my shame;
"Whil'st those who vicious are, our vertues praise,
"This in effect is but a secret blame.
"Though as a simple man he me despise,
"Yet better simply good, then doubly ill;
"I not my worth by others praises prize,
"Nor by opinions doe direct my will.
That praise contents me more which one imparts,
Of judgement sound, (though of a meane degree)

Then

Then praise from Princes voyd of princely parts,
Who have more wealth, but not more wit then he.

Æsop. Who come to Court, must with Kings faults comport.

Solon. Who come to Court, should truth to Kings report.

Æsop. A wise man at their imperfections winks.

Solon. An honest man will tell them what he thinks.

Æsop. So should you lose your selfe, and them not save.

Solon. But for their folly, I no blame would have.

Æsop. By this you should their indignation finde.

Solon. Yet have the warrant of a worthy minde.

Æsop. It would be long ere you were thus prefer'd.

Solon. Then it should be the King, (not I) that err'd.

Æsop. They guerdon as they love, they love by guesse.

Solon. Yet when I merit well, I care the lesse.

Æsop. It's good to be still by the Prince approv'd.

Solon. It's better to be upright, though not lov'd.

Æsop. But by this meane, all hope of honour failes.

Solon. Yet honesty in end ever prevailes.

Æsop. I think they should excell (for vertue rare)

All men in wit, who unto men give lawes;

Kings of their kingdomes, as the centers are,

To which each weighty thing by nature drawes:

For as the mighty rivers, little streames,

And all the liquid pow'rs which rise or fall,

Doe seeke in sundry parts by severall seames,

The Oceans bosome that receives them all.

It as a Steward of the tumid deeps

Doth send them backe by many secret veynes,

And (as the earth hath need of moisture) keeps

These humid treasures to refresh the Plaines.

Thus are Kings breasts the depths where daily flow

Cleare streames of knowledge with rare treasures charg'd,

So that continually their wisdomes grow,

By many helpes, which others want, enlarg'd:

For those who have intelligence ov'rall,

Doe commonly communicate to Kings,

All th'accidents of weight that chance to fall;

Which great advantage, Greatnesse to them brings.

They (jealously dispos'd) comment on mindes,

And these who Arts, or Natures gifts enhance,

(Whose value no where else a Merchant findes)

Doe come to Kings, as who may them advance.

No doubt great love, since they supply his place,

(So with their charge to make their vertues even)

Doth give to them some supernaturall grace,

Vice-gods on th' earth, great Lieutenants of heaven.

Solon. As you have shown, Kings good occasion have

To sound the deepes and mysteries of wit,

And those who so their states from ruin save

Doe well deserve upon a Throne to sit,

But

But ah those rivers are not ever pure,
Through tainted channels which oft times convoid,
By flatteries poyson rendred are impure;
"Oft Princes hearts are by their eares betray'd:
For impudent effronted persons dare
Court with vaine words, and detestable lyes,
Whil'st men of minds more pure must stand afarre,
"The light is loathsome to diseased eyes.
But with amazement this transports my minde,
Some who are wise grosse flattery can digest,
And though they know how all men are inclin'd,
Yet please the bad, and do but praise the best.
Is't that such men no error can controll,
Nor will not crosse their appetite in ought,
But (nothing censuring) every thing extoll,
Where better wits would argue as they thought;
Or since the world of worth in all esteemes,
They never like a pregnant sprite to raise,
So to have none who but to help them seemes,
Or may pretend an int'rest in their praise:
This self-conceit is a most dangerous shelve,
Where many have made shipwrack unawares,
"He who doth trust too much unto himselfe,
"Can never faile to fall in many snares.
"Of all men else great Monarchs have most need
"To square their actions, and to weigh their words,
"And with advice in all things to proceed;
"A faithfull Counsell oft great good affords.
"Loe, how th'inferiour spheares of force do bend
"As the first mover doth their courses drive,
"The Commons customes on the Prince depend,
"His manners are the rules by which they live;
"As for himselfe none onely is brought forth,
"Kings for the use of many are ordain'd,
"They should like Sunnes cleare Kingdomes with their worth,
"Whose life a patterne must be kept unstain'd:
"All vertuous Princes have a spacious field
"To shew their worth, though even in Fortunes spight,
"Where meane men must to their misfortune yeeld,
"Whil'st want of power doth cloud their vertue quite;
"As pretious stones are th'ornaments of rings,
"The stone decors the ring, the ring the hand,
"So Countries are conforme unto their Kings,
"The King decors the Court, the Court the Land;
"And as a drop of poyson spent alone,
"Infected fountains doth with venome fill,
"So mighty states may tainted be by one:
"A vitious Prince is a contagious ill.

Aesop. It easie is anothers faults to spie,
And paint in th'aire the shadows of our mindes,
Whil'st apprehending with the inward eye
A high perfection which no practise findes.

Solon. I grant, those grounds which we imagine may,
 Will move no charmed man, much lesse a Prince,
 To disenchant himselfe, and seeke some way
 At Reasons Court, his passions to convince;
 Ere *Cræsus* can refraine from this his fury,
 He must forsake himselfe (as one renew'd)
 And in the *lethe* of oblivion burie
 The vanities that have his soule subdew'd;
 Those his prerogatives he first must bound,
 And be a man, a man to be controll'd,
 Then all his faults (as in another found)
 An arbiter with equall eyes behold;
 Could he cast off this vaile of fond self-love,
 Through which each object Pride too grossly spies,
 He would these ravenous Parasites remove,
 Vile instruments of shame that live by lyes;
 The onely meanes to make such people part,
 That he might judge more freely of his state,
 Were to cast out the Idoll of his heart,
 Which (when o're-thrown) he must disclaime too late:
 For, forraine flatterers could finde no accessse,
 If not that weighing his owne worth too much,
 He first concludes (to sooth himselfe inclin'd)
 That all their praises should of right be such;
 And when those hireling Sycophants have found
 A Prince whom too secure opinion makes,
 His noblest part they by smooth weapons wound,
 "All spoyle by pleasing them whom flattery takes:
 Ore rulers, rule when such a person beares,
 Of vertuous men the rising to prevent,
 From wholsome counsell they close up his eares
 To crosse the better sort in all things bent.

Æsop. If you at Court to credit would arise,
 You must not seek by truth to gaine renowne,
 But sometime must applaud what you despise,
 And smile in show whil'st in effect you frowne.

Solon. From hence in haste I will my selfe retyre,
 I hate Courts slavery, it my freenesse scornes,
 Nor am I one whom *Cræsus* doth desire,
 Since I detest what him (he thinks) adorne;
 O how light Fortune doth his folly flout,
 While as he glories in this flying show!
 With greedy harpies hedg'd in round about,
 Which gape to be made rich by his o're-throw.
 Not all the wealth that his great kingdome shows,
 Can make me from my resolution shrink;
 Nor can the terrour of a Tyrants blows
 Enforce my tongue to speake more then I thinke;
 Nothing so much as doubts doth vex the minde,
 Whil'st anxious thoughts to fix no where can come,
 Yet every one the way to rest may finde,
 A resolution all things doth o're-come.

" And since my thoughts in Innocency rest,
 " No outward warre can inward peace surprise,
 " What can imagin'd be to brave a brest,
 " That both doth death, and povertie despise? *Exeunt.*

Chorus.

OF all the Creatures bred below,
 We must call Man most miserable;
 Who all his time is never able
 To purchase any true repose;
 His very birth may well disclose
 What miseries his blisse o're-throw:
 For, first (when borne) he cannot know,
 Who to his state is friend or foe,
 Nor how at first he may stand stable,
 But even with cryes, and teares, doth show
 What dangers do his life enclose;
 Whose griefes are sure, whose joyes a fable;
 Thus still his dayes in dolour so
 He to huge perils must expose;
 And with vexation lives, and dyes with woe;
 Not knowing whence he came, nor where to go:

Then whil' st he holds this lowest place,
 O! how uncertaine is his state?
 The subject of a constant fate,
 To figure forth inconstancy,
 Which ever changing as we see,
 Is still a stranger unto peace:
 " For if man prosper but a space,
 " With each good successe fondly bold,
 " And puf't up in his owne conceit,
 " He but abuses Fortunes grace;
 " And when that with adversity
 " His pleasures treasures end their date,
 " And with disasters are controll'd,
 " Straight he begins for griefe to dye:
 " And still the top of some extreame doth hold,
 " Not suffering Summers heat, nor Winters colds

" His state doth in most danger stand,
 " Who most abounds in worldly things,
 " And soares too high with Fortunes wings,
 " Which carry up aspiring mindes,
 " To be the object of all windes;
 The course of such when rightly scan'd,
 (Whil' st they cannot themselves command)
 Transported with an empty name,
 Oft unexpected ruine brings;
 There were examples in this Land,

How worldly blisse the senses blindes,
 From which at last oft trouble springs,
 He who presumes upon the same,
 Hidde poyson in his pleasure findes;
 And sayling rashly with the windes of fame,
 Doth oft times sinke downe in a Sea of shame.

It may be fear'd our King at last,
 Whil'st he for nothing is afraid,
 Be by prosperity betray'd:
 For, growing thus in greatnesse still,
 And having worldly things at will,
 He thinks though time should all things waste,
 Yet his estate shall ever last
 The wonder of this peopled round;
 And in his own conceit hath said:
 No course of heaven his state can cast,
 Nor make his fortune to be ill;
 But if the gods a way have lay'd
 That he must come to be uncrown'd,
 What sudden feares his minde may fill,
 And in an instant utterly confound
 The state which stands upon so slippery ground?

When such a Monarchs minde is bent
 To follow most the most unwise,
 Who can their folly well disguise
 With sugred speeches, poisonous baits?
 The secret canker of great States,
 From which at first few disassent,
 The which at last all do repent,
 Then whil'st they must to ruine go;
 When Kings begin thus to despise
 Of honest men the good intent;
 Who to assure their Soveraignes seats,
 Would faine in time some help devise,
 And would cut off all cause of woe,
 Yet cannot second their conceits:

These dreadfull Comets commonly fore-go
 A Kings destruction, when miscarried so.

Act. 3. Scene 1.

Cræsus. Adrastus.



Hat fancies strange with terrour strike my soule,
 The tortur'd captive of distrustfull feares:
 Huge cares (suggesting harme) my joyes controul,
 Whose minde some comming crosse charactred beares;
 And credulous suspition (too too wise)
 To fortifie my feares doth meanes invent;
 Whil'st sudden trouble doth my sprite surprise,
 A presage sad which boasts some bad event;

" I thinke the soule (since an immortall brood)
 " Hath by inheritance an heavenly power,
 " Which some fore-knowledge gives of ill, and good,
 " But not the meanes to scape a fatall houre;
 " Though with this mortall vaile, when made halfe blinde;
 " Not well fore-seeing what each time fortune brings,
 " Yet it communicates unto the minde
 " In cloudy dreames true (though mysterious) things;
 " Imagination wonderfull in force,
 " The judgement oft foiles with confusion so,
 " That (then they prove things presupposed worse)
 " Ere time distress'd, man multiplies his woe:
 " For as the shadow seemes more monstrous still,
 " Then doth the substance whence the shape it takes;
 " So the conjecture of a threatned ill,
 " More then it selfe some to be troubled makes;
 This alteration too seemes more then strange,
 Which suddenly so moved hath my minde.
 I see (more then I thought) all states may change,
 " When heaven pursues, th'earth no defence can finde;
 My soule all pleasure is already loathing,
 This hath indeed so deep impression left,
 A dreame, a fancy, froth, a shadow, nothing
 Hath all my mirth even in a moment rest.

Adrast. Whence (mighty Sovereigne) can this change proceed,
 Which doth obscure the rayes of Princely grace?
 Those who are school'd in woe, may clearly reade
 A mighty passion written in your face;
 And (if a stranger may presume so farre)
 What friend is false, or who are fear'd as foes?
 For I imagine in what state you are:
 A secret sympathie imparting woes;
 Two strings in divers Lutes set in accord;
 (Some say) th'one onely touch'd both give a sound;
 Even so souls tun'd to griefe, the like afford,
 Whose airie motions mutually do wound.

" *Cræ.* No doubt, it must disburden much the minde;
 " A Secretary in distresse to have;
 " Who by his owne, anothers griefe can finde,
 " Where glad mindes scorne what they cannot conceive:
 And I (*Adrastus*) would the cause declare,
 With which I so torment my soule in vaine,
 But yet I blush to tell my foolish care:
 The fond illusion of a drowsie braine.

Adrast. As bodie's temper'd are, or souls inclin'd,
 All dreames by night th'imagination makes,
 Or else th'impression thoughts worke in the minde,
 By which (when wakening) one most travell takes.

Cræ. By sleepe arrested as o're-come by death,
 In Natures bosome I imbrac'd true rest,

And in that Masse where nothing mov'd but breath,
Lifes faculties sleep for a time suppress;
Then whil'st the sprite most pow'rfull did remaine,
Since least distress'd by this terrestriall part.

Adrast. Souls at such times their strength so strongly straine,
That oft their burdens as astonish'd start.

Cræ. To rarifie the aire from vapours pow'rs,
When first *Aurora* rose from *Tithons* bed,
Ere *Phæbus* blushing stole from *Thetis* bowres,
This apprehension in my braine was bred:
I onely have two sonnes, and th'one (you see)
The signe of Natures indignation beares,
And from his birth-day dumbe is dead to me,
Since he can give no comfort to mine eares;
The other *Atis* (all my lifes delight)
In whom the treasures of my soule are kept,
I thought (vaine be my thought) in the twi-light,
(I know not whether yet I wak't or slep't)
Whil'st he was sporting, void of worldly cares,
And not in danger, which could threaten death,
A pointed toole of iron fell unawares;
And from his body banish did his breath;
Whil'st the pale carkase did upbraid mine eyes,
The horror of the sight my sense re-call'd,
Which when I thinke of, yet my courage dyes,
Such an exceeding feare my sprite appall'd;
This touch'd my state so much, it hath me mov'd
To match my Sonne in marriage at this time
With vertuous *Cælia*, whom he dearely lov'd,
That both might reape the pleasure of their prime;
And if the heavens his o're-throw have decreed
By destiny which cannot be revok'd,
So may we have behinde some of his seed,
Ere in his blossome all our hopes be choak'd;
Thus, ere his soule lodge in the lightlesse shade;
Some of his off-spring may content my minde,
"I cannot hold him altogether dead,
"Who leaves his Image in some one behinde;
And though we do what ever seemes the best
To disappoint those but surmiz'd annoyes,
Yet for all this my minde hath never rest,
Some secret terrour doth disturbe my joyes.

Adrast. Ah (Sir) if such a dreamed ill as this,
Hath plung'd your soule even in the depths of griefe;
Unhappie I, who waile a thing that is,
Whil'st hope (though rack'd) dare promise no reliefe;
Though all those dreadfull fancies took effect,
(Which heavy chance th'almighty *love* with-hold)
None can compare them, no, in no respect
With those mis-fortunes which my state enfold:

For though your Sonne dye by anothers hand,
You shal but waile his death, and not your crime;
The heavens of me my brothers blood demand,
His fate, my fault, mourne must I all my time.

Cræ. In what strange forme could this disaster fall,
From which there flow salt flouds of just distresse:
Tell on at length the fatall cause of all,

“A greater grieve makes one forget the lesse.

Adrast. My sorrows ground I smother'd still till now,

As too offensive food for dainty eares,

But since of such discourse you do allow,

Ile tell a tale that may move stones to teares;

Of *Phrygian* Princes my great Father come,

Had in my growing age a tender care,

That all my education might become

One whom he might for mighty hopes prepare;

As yet foure lustres scarcely had begun

To grace my witnes'd sex with blooming cheeks,

When I (fond youth) that lab'rinth could not shunne,

Whence backe in vaine the straying Entrer seeks.

I lov'd, O fatall love, unlovely fate!

The vertuously faire, yet fairest Dame

That ever was enshrin'd in soules conceit,

Or ditties gave to grace the sounds of fame;

Straight were my fancies to her beauties ty'd,

“None can paint passions, but in feeling mindes,

I burn'd, freez'd, doubted, hop'd, despair'd, liv'd, dy'd,

With actions chang'd as oft as Autumnes windes;

Yet many conflicts past 'twixt hopes and feares,

To feast, at least to nurse my starv'd desires;

She granted had a truce unto my teares,

And temper did with equall flames my fires:

For as she was the most esteemed Saint,

Whose image Love erected in my minde,

So when her eares had harbour'd once my plaint;

It pitie first, and then did favour finde;

But ah triumphing in mine owne conceit

As one whose love his Lady did preferre,

I was corrivall'd (O disastrous fate!)

By one who lov'd, but was not lov'd by her,

He looking as I look'd, saw what I saw,

Saw Natures wonder, and the worlds delight,

And straight as that blinde god (blinde guide) did draw,

Still (like a Lizard) liv'd upon her sight.

Then labour'd he that Jewell straight to wonne,

Whose matchlesse worth he priz'd above his breath,

And loath'd all light which flow'd not from that Sunne,

As life without her had beene worle then death;

Yea, Fortune seem'd to favour his desire,

And where to build high hopes did give him grounds;

The Nymph her parents daily did require,
 That she might furnish physick for his wounds;
 Of my distracted thoughts strange was the strife,
 Who threatned thus with eminent mishap,
 Was like to lose a thing more deare then life,
 Whil'st others striv'd my treasure to entrap;
 The man who sought my joyes to undermine,
 I could not justly with his state o're-throwne,
 Nor blame the sprite that sympathiz'd with mine;
 I envi'd not his lot, but wail'd mine owne.
 Now in my breast a mighty rage did raigne,
 Which forc'd my soule with inward wounds to bleed,
 Some fancies fear'd what once his love might gaine,
 Since it was possible that he might speed,
 Then others call'd her constancy to minde,
 Which would not yeeld by such assaults though prov'd,
 Yet forc'd to feare the frailty of her kinde,
 "A hearing woman may in time be mov'd;
 Thus toss'd with doubts amidst a deep of woe,
 Which with suspition did my joyes supplant,
 I blam'd the thoughts that durst accuse her so,
 As vertues patterne could one vertue want;
 And, nor I hop'd, his toils no further wrought,
 "(Affliction oft affection doth enflame)
 She of her sex who was the wonder thought,
 Would thus not wrong the glory of her name;
 Though in my absence they had oft assai'd,
 That from her minde they might have me remov'd,
 (The Sunne burns hottest when his beames are stay'd)
 The more they cross'd her love, the more she lov'd;
 For finding that delay no end affords,
 And how faire Generals onely flow'd from Art,
 She did upbraid him with disdainfull words,
 To raze those hopes that had abus'd his heart;
 "Love is a joy which upon paine depends,
 "A drop of sweet, drown'd in a sea of sowres;
 "What folly doth begin, oft fury ends,
 "They hate for ever, who have lov'd for houres:
 When all his arguments prov'd of no force,
 Straight with disdain his soule in secret burn'd,
 And what he thought was ill, to make farre worse,
 That Apostate to furie favour turn'd;
 Through love preposterous procreating hate,
 His thoughts amongst themselves could not agree,
 Whil'st what was best he deeply did debate,
 To see her dead, or then enjoy'd by me:
 What (said he) when he first had mus'd a space,
 (So hard it is to quench affections fires)
 Shall I disfigure that Angelike face,
 And cloud those beauties which the world admires?

Shall

Shall she by me be to confusion brought,
 To whom I vows, and prayers did impart?
 To whom I sacrific'd each secret thought,
 And on her beauties altar burn'd my heart?
 Or shall I see her in anothers pow'r,
 And in his bosome laid, upraid my losse,
 Whil'st both with scornfull smiles; then death more sowre,
 To point me out for sport, report my crosse?
 That sight which sometime did me sweetly charme,
 Should it become a cause of grieve to me?
 No, none who lives shall glory in my harme,
 Since she will not be mine, she shall not be.
 The hatefull lover having vow'd her death,
 Did with a cup of poyson drowne my joyes;
 The fairest body from the sweetest breath
 Was parted thus (O ocean of annoyes!)
 That Monster Fame, whose many mouthes and eares
 Must know, but not conceale a rare thing long,
 And prodigall of ill, most chiefly beares
 The worst news first, inform'd me of this wrong:
 For neighbouring neare the most unhappy part,
 That had beene spoyl'd of such a noble guest,
 As death had hers, the furies seiz'd my heart,
 Whose paine did spring from that which bred her rest;
 How huge a weight did first confound my soule
 No tongue can tell; it still my minde torments,
 Rage did of grieve the outward signes controll;
 "When great windes blow the fire, the smoak worst vents;
 Whil'st generous furie did disguise my grieve,
 I ranne transported with a mighty rage,
 Bent (by revenge, or death to get reliefe)
 A tragicke actor for a bloody stage:
 For I was come no sooner to the place,
 Whereas I thought the Murtherer to have found,
 But I did meet (O ruine and disgrace!)
 Too deare a friend to catch an enemies wound;
 Ah! passions dimn'd mine eyes, wrath led my hand,
 I was no more my selfe, Griefe had me kill'd;
 The first by Night, who did before me stand,
 (As one whose breast with rage *Alecto* fill'd)
 By chance encount'ring, ere he spake a word,
 I bath'd his bosome with a crimson floud,
 And in his breast did drowne the cruell sword,
 That in anothers body drank my bloud;
 But when a Torch had partly rob'd the night,
 Proud of suppos'd revenge (ah bitter gaine)
 I saw, I knew, black knowledge, cruell sight,
 My brother was the man, whom I had slaine;
 O bitter losse, which nothing can repaire!
 My soule with two such monstrous deeds annoy'd,

Griefe,

Griefe, rage, spite, shame, amazement, and despaire,
 Gall'd, toss'd, burn'd, dash'd, astonish'd, and destroy'd;
 The thought of my offence doth grieve me most;
 Yet am I sometime by loves verdict cleans'd;
 And straight my brothers violated ghost,
 By dreadfull dreames doth bragge to be reveng'd.

Cræ. Now whil'st this great disaster did occurre,
 What had the author of your anguish done?

Adrast. He having heard this lamentable stirre,
 Whom self-accusing thoughts convicted soone,
 Straight (wounded by a wonderfull remorse)
 Led by mad love, or desp'rate feare to death,
 He bent to follow her, or dreading worse,
 (Stab'd by himselfe) dy'd to defraud my wrath.

Cræ. Those strange mishaps your enemies eyes must weete,
 And force compassion from your greatest foe,
 Since many monstrous circumstances meet
 To make a horrid harmony in woe;
 "But what doth touch ones selfe, most force doth finde,
 "For ills when felt, then heard, griefe more abounds;
 This extasie hath so o're-whelm'd my minde,
 A melancholy huge all mirth confounds;
 "Yet such disasters past, we must omit,
 "At least no more immoderately lament,
 "And as for those which are but comming yet,
 Use ordinary meanes them to prevent.

Adrast. No wonder (Sir) though by all means you strive;
 From dangerous actions *Atis* to restraine.

Cræ. I will unto his youth attendance give,
 Which in my age may guerdon'd be againe;
 If it be possible for mortall states
 To strive against the Starres, and be more strong;
 I Fortune must unarme, and crosse the fates,
 By barring both all meanes to do me wrong:
 I have commanded under paine of death,
 That no such weapon be within my walls,
 As I suppos'd extinguish might his breath,
 To scape a storme which oft by Fortune falls;
 He to frequent the fields must oft deferre;
 And without guards his lodging never leave;
 Loe where with Countrey-men he doth conferre;
 We will go try what they of him would have.

Act. 3. Scene 2.

Chorus of Countreymen, Cræsus, Atis,
Adrastus, Cælia.



End (Sir) a willing care to humble words,
Let not our basenesse barre us from your grace;
Which still it selfe alike to all affords,
Who blesse their sight with that Majesticke face;
“ For simple subjects Monarchs must take care,
“ Though this our state be thought but abject now,
“ You are our head, and we your members are,
“ And you must care for us, we care for you;
“ Our poverty to us is no reproach,
“ Which innocent integrity adornes,
“ On others states we never do encroach,
“ But live by labours, prickt with many thornes;
“ And ever busied for the Countries good,
“ We have no time to muse of vaine conceits,
“ But (earning with continuall toile our food)
“ Must entertaine the pompe of prouder states;
“ And (Sir, though plaine) thinke not our meaning ill,
“ Who thus dare speake so freely as we do,
“ Whil’st Mediatours do dilate our will,
“ They wrest it as they will, and spoile us too;
“ To count’nance such as us, you need not shunne:
“ A great man too well grac’d may do more harmes;
“ And it stains not the glory of the Sunne,
“ Though oft his beams an abject object warme.

Cræ. Be not discourag’d by your base estate,
Ye are my people, and Ile heare your plaint,
“ A King must care for all, both small and great,
“ And to do good (like God) should never faint;
“ The Scepter such as those should chiefly shroud,
“ Not Cotages, but Castles spoile the Land,
“ To spare the humble, and to plague the proud,
“ A vertue is that doth make Kings to stand.

Cho. Sir, our estate some hastie help requires:
In *Misia* neare the celebrated rounds
Of great *Olympus* which the world admires,
There haunts a Boare the horror of these bounds:
His body bigge, and hideous is his forme,
Whose foamic jaw with tusks like javelins strikes,
And in deformity all parts conforme,
His backe hath bristles like to iron pikes.
This Natures Monster, wondred at by men,
The forrests Tyrant, and the Countries terrour,
Doth murder all, and draws them to his denne,
Who chance to crosse his way by fatall error;

The Tragedy of Cræsus.

In teares whil' st melting, tender mothers waile,
 (The goared infants tumbling in their bloud;)
 This beast to be abhorr'd doth them assaile,
 And in his bowels buries both for food;
 Then when we flie the field where he doth haunt,
 To have his hunger, or his rage allay'd,
 He all our labours quickly doth supplant,
 And poore mens hopes are strangely thus betray'd;
 Ere this, of true repose we were the types,
 And pasturing on each plaine our fleecie flocks,
 Did make a consort of our warbling pypes
 With moving Crystals, playing on the rocks;
 And oft to ease our toils (all rang'd in bands)
 With garlands guarded from *Apollo's* beames,
 We gaz'd upon *Pactolus* golden sands,
 Glass'd, bath'd, and quench'd our thirst, with his pure streames;
 Whil' st we preferr'd, the river seem'd amaz'd,
 Even to his golden bed his grassie banke,
 And lay and look'd whereas our cattell graz'd,
 Farre from all envy of a greater ranke;
 That to repressse oppression you take care;
 Though we were dumbe, the publick rest may speake:
 Your Laws, like Spiders webs are not a snare
 For little flyes, that them the bigge may breake;
 Meane men by them from great mens pride are sav'd,
 The heavens continue long your prosp'rous raigne,
 And let us not by such a beast be brav'd,
 Which by our ruine would your Scepter staine.

Cræ. What would you then that should be done by me,
 That may repay your losse, repaire this wrong?

Cho. We crave none of your wealth, but wish to see
 This Boare be-bloud the staffe of the most strong:
 Let valorous *Atis* worthily your Sonne,
 With *Lydian* youth incapable of feares,
 Go to the fields before the rising Sunne,
 To quench his thirst have drunk the mornings teares,
 And we shall leade them crown'd with lawrell forth,
 Where in strict bounds, yet a theatre large
 For men to make a triall of their worth,
 They with advantage may this Monster charge;
 So shall we reape repose, and they delight,
 Whil' st that prodigious body justly smarts,
 Though fearfull once, then made a pleasant fight,
 When like a wood it planted is with darts.

Cræ. I may not spare my Sonne for a respect,
 Which is not needfull now to be made knowne,
 But others shall be sent for that effect,
 That this out-ragious beast may be o're-thrown;
 The stately gallants who attend our grace
 (That by the world their valour may be view'd)

This

This enterprife will willingly embrace,
And not returne, till with his blood imbru'd;
I sweare, this monster shall when he is dead,
A memorable monument remaine;
In *Phebes* church men shall admire his head,
As *Pythons* spoiles, when by her brother slaine.

Atis. Ah! wherein Father did I thus offend?
Or what vile signe of a degener'd minde
Have you but mark'd in me, whose course may tend
To the reproach of our imperiall kinde?
An abiect dastard, who for nought availles,
Whose worth the world must trust, but never trie!
As one whose strength, or then his Courage failes,
Must I in vile repose inglorious lie!
Lie like a wanton by vaine thoughts bewich'd!
Who spoild of force, effeminately lives,
A Peacok poore, with painted pennies enrich'd:
Yet bare of every thing that glory gives;
What glory give those titles unto me,
Which by succession fall, not by desert?
Should but my fame with borrow'd feathers flie:
For, come of kings a kingdome is my part;
"Who honour as hereditary claimes,
"Like bastards base, doth but his birth-right blote,
I come to beg my worth from dead mens names,
Or to gaine credite onely by my Coate;
What comfort's this to have the highest seate,
And all the blisse that Majestie imparts,
If those whom onely we exceed in State,
Be our Superiours in farre better parts?
"More then a Crowne true worth should be esteem'd;
"Th'one fortunes gift, the other is our own,
"By which the minde from anguish is redeem'd,
When fortunes goods are by her selfe o'rethrowne.

Cræ. I see what brave desires boile in thy soule,
And make thee thus magnanimous to be,
This high-bent courage nothing can controule,
All *Lydia* is not large enough for thee:
Goe, seeke an Empire equall with thy minde,
Of which a Crowne is due to every thought;
But Glories love whilst courting in this kinde,
I feare by thine, our ruine may be wrought:
And pardon me (deare Sonne) great is the love
Which makes me watch so warily thy wayes;
A Fathers care what kind of thing can move,
Whom such a danger not in time dismayes:
The Heaven of late advertis'd me by dreames,
That some sad fortune threatned thee too soone,
Each day some ominous signe attendance claimes,
Which out of time are mark'd, when all is done:

This was the cause that hastned us so much,
 To have thee bound to *Hymens* sacred law,
 This was the cause that all our care was such,
 Out of our sight all weapons to withdraw:
 Scorne not those Comets which amazement notes,
 "The starres to mortall states a bounds designe,
 And doe not thinke 'tis but my love that dotes,
 For if thou fall, my fate depends on thine.

Atis. Would God I had some meanes once ere my death,
 To satisfie that infinite desert,
 Which I shall hold, so long as I have breath,
 Deepe registred with reverence in my heart;
 "Yet (sir) we see this is a naturall thing,
 "That too excessive loue engenders feares:
 A sport like this can no great perill bring,
 Where either all delights the eyes, or th'eares.
 If from my former deedes I now should shrinke,
 (As voide of vertue) to soft pleasure thrall,
 Of your two Sonnes what might your Subjects thinke,
 Th'one wanting but one sense, the other all?
 What fancies might my late spous'd love possesse,
 To see her husband hatefull in mens sights,
 And honours bounds thus basely to transgresse,
 As womaniz'd still wallowing in delights?

"Though women would have men at their devotion,
 "They hate base mindes that hatch no noble notion.

Cra. Well, well, my Sonne, I see thou must prevaile:
 Goe, follow forth the chase, use thine owne forme,
 Yet stay, or let my words this much availe,
 Walke with more care to scape this threatned storme;
 Thy hawtie sprite to tempt all hazards bent,
 I feare transports thee to a fatall strife,
 I wish to erre, yet the event prevent,
 Lest that thy courage but betray thy life;
 And (deare *Adrastus*) I must let him know,
 What benefits I have bestow'd on thee,
 Not to upbraid thee, no, but so to show
 How I may trust thee best thus bound to mee;
 When thou from *Phrygia* cam'st defil'd with blood,
 And a fraternall violated love,
 When desp'rate quite thou wast distracted stood,
 Fled from thy Fathers face; curst from above,
 Thou foundst me friendly, and my Court thy rest,
 A Sanctuary which thy life did save;
 And dangers scap't (when one hath beene distressed)
 A wary wisdom by experience leave;
 Yet all that favour past, was but a signe
 Of generous greatnesse, which would gracious prove;
 But in thy hands my soule I'll now configne,
 And give the greatest pledge that can binde love.

Behold

Behold how *Atis* of our age the shield,
Whose harme as you have heard, I fear'd ere now,
Is for his pastime to goe range the field,
And with his custodie I will trust you;
I must (my friend) even fervently exhort,
Waite on my Sonne, remem ber of my dreame.
This dangerously delectable sport,
Doth make mee feare the grieve exceeds the game.

Adraft. I never shall those courtesies neglect:
It grieves me not to thinke, nor heare the same,
For whilst this sprite those members doth direct,
All shall concur to celebrate your fame;
Yet were you pleas'd, I would not hence depart,
Who doe all things that mirth may move abhorre,
But with my passions here (retir'd a part).
Woe past would waile, and shunne all cause of more;
If to converse where not one crosse annoies,
I feare my fellowship infect with woe,
Those who themselves would recreate with loyes:
Still strange mishaps attend me where I goe,
But since you will commit this charge to mee,
Your Majestie I'll studie to content,
At least my faith shall from defects be free,
And all my paines shall as you please be spent.

Atis. Now bent to see this monsters ougly shape,
With an inflam'd desire my thoughts doe burne,
And Father feare not, dreame of no mishap,
I hope with speed victoricus to returne.

Calia. Returne? from whence deare love? O deadly word!
That doth import thy parting from my sight,
I heard the name mishap, Ah! (my deare Lord)
Should such strict limites bound so large delight?
O cruell to thy selfe, unkinde to me!
And can'st thou condescend to leave me soe?
If (ere in doubt) abandon'd thus I be,
It may deferre, but not defraud my woe;
This might indeed to thee yeeld some reliefe,
To have thy cares not wounded by my mone,
But would wound me with a continuall grieve,
To feare all things, where I should feare but one;
Desist in time from this intended strife,
A course too rash, and not approv'd by me,
Remember I have int'rest in thy life,
Which thus to venter I doe not agree;
Hast thou not given a prooffe in thy greene prime,
That may content the most ambitious heapes?
Whilst *Atis* was his own, then was it time
To follow fancies unconfin'd Scopes;
Thy selfe then onely camp'd in fortunes bounds,
Thou do'st endanger *Calia* likewise now;

You sigh her breath, she suffers in your wounds,
You live in her, and she must die in you.

Atis. Life of my soule, how doe such broken speeches,

From troubled passions thus abruptly rise?

I know (my love) thy love my minde o're-reaches:

" Affection (Schoold with feares) is too too wise;

I goe alongst the fields, for sport to range;

Thy sighes doe but my soule with sorrow fill;

And pardon (deare) I finde this wond'rous strange,

That thou beginst now to resist my will;

If I trespasse in ought against my dutie,

Which makes thee thus my conitancy mistrust;

Mistrust not yet the Chains of thine own beauty,

Which binde all my desires, and so they must;

Are wee not now made one? such feares o'recome,

Though I would flie, my selfe my selfe doe fether,

And if that I would flie, from whom? to whom?

I can love none so well, none loves me better;

Have pittie of those pearles, (sweet eyes, soules pleasures)

Least they presage what thou would'st not have done;

The Heavens had not given me those pretious treasures,

Of such perfections to be spoil'd so soone.

Chorus.

Those who command above,

High presidents of Heaven,

By whom all things doe move,

As they have order given,

What worldling can arise,

Against them to repine?

Whilst castell'd in the skies,

With providence divine;

They force this peopled round,

Their judgements to confesse,

And in their wrath confound

Proud mortalls who transgresse

The bounds to them assign'd

By Nature in their mind.

Base brood of th'earth, vaine man,

Why brag'st thou of thy might?

The Heavens thy courses scan,

Thou walk'st still in their sight;

Ere thou wast borne, thy deedes

Their registers dilate,

And thinke that none exceeds

The bounds ordain'd by fate;

What Heavens would have thee so,

Though

" Though they thy Wayes abhorre,
 " That thou of force must doe,
 " And thou canst doe no more:
 This reason would fulfill,
 Their worke should serve their will.

Are we not heires of death,
 In whom there is no trust?
 Who toss'd with restless breath,
 Are but a dramme of dust;
 Yet fooles when as we erre,
 And heavens doe wrath contract,
 If they a space deferre
 Iust vengeance to exact,
 Pride in our bosome creeps,
 And misinformes us thus,
 That love in pleasure sleepes,
 Or takes no care of us:

" The eye of heaven beholdes;
 " What every heart enfoldes.

The Gods digest no crime,
 Though they (delaying long)
 In the offenders time,
 Seeme to neglect a wrong,
 Till others of their Race,
 Fill up the cup of wrath,
 Whom Ruine and disgrace,
 Long time attended hath;
 And Gyges fault we feare,
 To Croesus charge be lay'd,
 Which Iove will not forbear,
 Though it be long delay'd:


" For, O! sometimes the Gods
 " Must plague sinne with sharpe Rods.

And loe how Croesus still,
 Tormented in his minde,
 Like to Reeds on a hill,
 Doth quake at every winde!
 Each step a terrour brings;
 Dreames doe by Night afflict him;
 And by day many things;
 All his Thoughts doe convict him;
 He his Starre would controule,
 This makes ill not the worst,
 Whilst he wounds his own soule,
 With apprehensions first:

" Man may his fate foresee,
 " But not shunne heavens decree.

Act. 4. Scene 1.

Adrastus, Croesus, Chorus.


 A N Heaven behold one stand to staine these times,
 Yet to the Stygian streames not headlong hurld?
 And can th'arth beare one burden'd with such crimes,
 As may provoke the wrath of all the world?
 Why sends not *Iove*, to have my course confin'd,
 A death-denouncing flash of rumbling Thunder?
 Else (roaring terror) clouds of circling winde,
 By violence to teare me all a sunder?
 What corner yet unknowne from men remoov'd,
 Both burn'd with rage, and freezing in delpayre,
 Shall I goe now possesse, to be approv'd,
 Where none but monsters like my selfe repaire?
 I'le goe indeede whom all the world detests,
 Who have no intrest in the fields of blisse,
 And barbarize amongst the brutish beasts,
 Where Tigers rage, Toades spue, and Serpents hisse:
 But though in some vast Zone, I finde a field,
 Where melancholy might a monarch be,
 Whilst silent deserts not one person yeeld
 To shrink for horreur, when beholding me;
 Yet of my deeds which all the world doe tell,
 This cannot raze the still proclaimed Scroule,
 Since in my brest I beare about my hell,
 And cannot scape the terrours of my soule.
 Those fearfull Monsters of confus'd aspects,
Chimera, Gorgon, Hydra, Pluto's Apes,
 Which in the world wrought wonderfull effects,
 And borrow'd from th' infernall shades their shapes,
 Their devillish formes which did the world amaze,
 Not halfe so monstrous as my selfe I finde,
 When on mine owne deformities I gaze,
 Amid'st blacke depths of a polluted minde;
 No, but my minde untainted still remaines,
 My thoughts in this delict have had no part,
 Which but by accident this foule fact staines,
 My hands had no commission from my heart;
 Yet, whether it was fortune, or my fate,
 Or some Hel-hag, that did direct my arme,
 The Lydians plague, I have undone this State,
 And am the instrument of all their harme:
 Then mountaines fall, and bruise me by your rounds,
 Your heights may hide me from the wrath of Heaven;
 But this not needes, since mee my fault confounds:
 With my offence no torment can be eaven.

Ah,

Ah! of what desert shall I now make choice,
To flie the count'nance of an angry King?
I know the venging sword of *Croesus* voice,
To wound my soule, hostes of rebukes doth bring;
The patterne of distresse, I'll stand alone,
A memorable monster of mishap;
For, though *Pandora's* plagues were all in one,
All weretoo few, so vile a wretch to tra p.

Cho. O how the king is mov'd at *Atis* death!
His face the portrait of a passion beares,
With bended eyes, crost armes, and quivering breath,
His Princely robe he desperately teares;
Loe, with a silent pittie-pleading looke,
Which shewes with sorrow mixt a high disdain,
He (whilst his soule seemes to dissolve in smoke)
Straies twixt the corpes, and him who hath it slaine.

Cra. Thou ruthlesse tyrant ruine of my blisse,
And didst thou so disguise thy devillish nature,
To recompence my curtesies with this?
Ah cruell wretch, abominable creature!
Thy Tigrish mind what wit could well detect,
In mortall breasts so great barbarity?
What froward Sprite could but such spight suspect,
In hospitality hostility?
Did I revive thee when thy hopes were dead,
When as thy life thy parents had not spar'd?
And having heap'd such favours on thy head,
Is this? Is this? *Chor.* He would say the reward.

Adrast. I grant what you alled ge and more is true;
I have unto the height of hatred runne:
A blood-stain'd wretch, who merit not to view
The rolling Circles, nor the Rayie Sunne;
No kind of art I purpose now to use,
To colour this my crime, which might seeme lesse,
Whilst painted with a pitifull excuse:
No, it is worse then words can well expresse;
Nor goe I thus to aggravate my crime,
And damne my selfe to be absolv'd by others,
No, no, such Rhetorick comes out of time.
I'll not survive his death, as earst my brothers;
O! had that high disaister kill'd me straight,
(As then indeed I di'd from all delight)
I had not groan'd, charg'd with this inward weight,
But slept with shadoves in eternall night:
Yet must I die, at last (though late) growne wise;
This in my mind most discontentment breeds,
A thousand torturing deaths cannot suffice,
To plague condignely for so haynous deeds.
If that revenge th'Elysian Guests delights,
The tombe of *Atis* shall exhaust my blood:

No fitter offering for infernallSprites,
Then one in whom they raig'n'd, while as he stood:
The furies oft in me infus'd their Rage,
And in my bosome did their Serpents place,
Whose indignation labouring to assuage,
Huge hellish horrors spoil'd my thoughts of peace.

Cræ. I find (poore wretch!) when I have search'd, and seene
The fatall meanes which did inflict this wound,
That not thy malice, but my fault hath beene,
Of that which grieves us both the reall ground.

"Whilst barely with a superficiall wit,
"Wee weigh the out-side of such strange events,
"If but the mediate meanes our judgements hit,
"We seeke not the first cause, that much contents:
"But when prodigious accidents fall out,
"Though they amaze our mindes, and so they must,
"The cause of all comes from our selfe no doubt:

"Ah! man hath err'd; the Heavens are always Iust:
In judgement now whilst entring with my soule,
(Those partiall thoughts which flatterd me declin'd)
Loe, marking of past wrongs the burd'nous scroule,
Free from false colours, which did mocke my minde:

O! then I see how heaven in plagues exceeds,
Whilst vengeance due save ruine nought can end;
Thus once the Gods must ballance worldlings deedes,
Both what we did, and what we did intend:

Sonne, Sonne, my faults procured have thy fall,
For, guilty of thy blood, I gave the wound
Which gave thee death, and whose remembrance shall
My life each day with many deaths confound.

Of Iove unjust the Statutes I contemne,
And if I were confronted with the Gods,
Their providence (as partiall) would condemne,
Who in such sorte doe exercise their rods.

He thus now kill'd, with life to let me goe,
May breed reproch to all the pow'rs divine:
But ah! they knew no death could grieve me soe,
As that, which through his heart was aim'd at mine;
Now all the world those deities may despise,
Which strike the guiltlesse, and the guilty spare;
Cease haplesse man to plague thy selfe thus wise,
I pardon thee, and pittie thy despaire.

Adrast. O rigorous judgement! O outrageous fate!
Must I suruive the funeralls of my fame?
All things which I behold, vpbraide my state,
Too many monuments of one mans shame;
All (and none more then I) my deeds detest,
Yet some waile want of friends, and I of foes,
To purge the world of such a dangerous pest,
(Which still contagious) must taint hearts with woes;

To wound this brest where all hells hosts do raigne,
 Sciz'd with just feare none dare a hand forth stretch,
 Else this base charge (as odious) doe disdain,
 To deale with Death in favour of a wretch;
 Or must I yet (till more detested) stand,
 And fill the world with horreur of my name?
 What further mischief can require my hand?
 Must it ingrave on others graves my shame?
 Or would some bastard thought lifes cause debate,
 Which in the blasted field of comfort gleanes?
 No, no, in spite of Heaven I'll force my fate,
 "One, when resolv'd to die, cannot want meanes:
 Proud Tyrant Death, and must thou make it strange,
 To wrap my wearied soule in further strife?
 Vnlesse my courage with my fortune change,
 (Though nothing else) I can command my life;
 But this (ay me!) all hope of helpe devowres;
 What gaines my soule by death in those sad times,
 If potent still in all her wonted pow'rs,
 Shee must remember of my odious crimes?
 What though un-bodied she the world forsake,
 Yet from her knowledge cannot be divorc'd:
 This will but vex her at the shadowie lake,
 Till even to grone the God of Ghosts be forc'd;
 But welcome death, and would the Gods I had
 Lesse famous, or more fortunately liv'd;
 Then knowne if good, and kept obscure if bad;
 Of comfort quite I had not beene depriv'd;
 Ah! have I liv'd to see my Lady die?
 And die for me, whose faith shee never prov'd?
 Ah! have I liv'd (unnaturall I) to be
 My brothers murthrer, who me dearly lov'd?
 Ah! have I liv'd with my owne hands to kill
 A gallant Prince committed to my charge?
 And doe I gaze on the dead bodie still,
 And in his fathers sight my shame enlarge?
 Ah! have I liv'd whilst men my deeds doe scan,
 To be the obiekt of contempt and hate?
 Of all abhorr'd as a most monstrous man;
 Since thought a Traitor (farre worse) ingrate?
 Yet with my blood I'll wash away this staine,
 Which grieve to you, to me disgrace hath brought,
 Would God my name from mindes might raz'd remaine,
 To make my life as an unacted thought;
 Brave *Atis* now I come to pleade for grace,
 Although thou frown'st on my affrighted Ghost,
 And to revenge thy wrong this wound embrace;
 Thus, thus, I toile to gaine the Stygian coast.

Cho. Loe, how he wounds himselfe despising paine,
 With leaden lights, weake legs, and head declin'd;

The bodie beates the ground, as in disdain,
 That of her members one hath prov'd unkind;
 The fainting hand falles trembling from the Sword,
 With this selte slaughtering blow for shame grown red,
 Which straight the blood pursues, with vengeance stor'd,
 To drowne the same with the same floods it shed;
 Who of those parties can the combat show,
 Where both but one, one both strooke and sustain'd?
 Or who triumphs for this most strange o'rethrow,
 Where as the victor lost, the vanquish'd gain'd?

Cræ. Curs'd eyes, what suddaine change hath drown'd your lights,
 And made your mirthfull objects mournfull now?

Ye that were still inur'd to stately fights,
 Since seated under an imperiall brow,
 Ah! clouded now with vapours drawn from cares,
 Are low throwne down amid't a hell of griefe,
 And have no prospect, but my soules despaires,
 Of all the furies which afflict me, chiefe.
 O dead *Adrastus*, I absolve thy Ghost,
 Whose hand (I see) some destiny did charme,
 Thou (hated by the heavens) wast to thy cost
 A casuall actour, not intending harme;
 No doubt some angry God hath laid this snare,
 And whilst thy purpose was the Boare to kill,
 Did intercept thy shaft amidst the Aire,
 And threw it at my Sonne, against thy will,
 Ah! Sonne, must I be witness of thy death,
 Who view thee thus by violence to bleede,
 And yet want one on whom to poure my wrath,
 To take just vengeance for so vile a deede?
 This wretch, whose guiltlesse minde hath clear'd his hand,
 Loe, for his errour griev'd, unforc'd doth fall,
 And not as one who did in danger stand:
 For still he liv'd till I forgave him all.
 Thus have I but the heavens on whom I may
 Blast forth the tempest of a troubled minde;
 And in my soules distresse I grieve to say,
 That greater favour I deserv'd to finde.

Act 4. Scene 1.

Sandanis, Croesus.



Hy spend you (Sir) with sighes that Princely breath,
 Whence Sovereignty authority should take?
 "O weake revenge for one when wrong'd by death,
 "To yeeld him homage prostrated in blacke!
 That Tyrant pale (so hatefull unto us)
 Whose farall shaft so great a griefe hath bred,

Where

Where he triumphs should you reare trophees thus,
And weare his livery, as his captive led?
No, though he might this outward blisse o'rethrow,
And you (save you) of all things else might spoile,
Yet whilst of one, who yeelds, no signe you show,
You are victorious, and he gets the foile;
Those floods of sorrow, which would drown your soule;
In brests more base might better be excus'd,
Since wanting sprite their passions to controule,
As from their birth still to subjection us't.
But you, in whom high thoughts by nature grow,
To this decay, how is your vertue come?
I blush to see my Sovereigne brought so low,
And Majestie by misery o'recome;
Nor doe I thus to make you stupid strive,
As one unnaturall, wanting sense to smart;
"No, none a Prince of kindnesse can deprive,
"The honour'd badge of an Heroicke heart.
"That pow'r supreme, by which great States doe stand,
"Affections order should, but not undoe;
And I could wish you might your selfe command,
Which though you may not well, yet seeme to doe.

Cræ. I will not here rehearse, enlarging woes,
On what just reasons now my grieve I ground,
But still will entertaine my comforts foes,
Whilst many a thousand thoughts my soule doe wound;
What pensive penfill ever limm'd aright
The sad conceits of soule-consuming grieve?
Ah! words are weake to shew the swelling height
Of th'inward anguish desperate of reliefe,
"Though many monarchs jealously despise
"The rising Sunne that their declining stainses,
And hate the Heyre who by their fall must rise,
As griev'd to heare of death, or others raignes;
My love to *Atis* otherwise appear'd,
Whome, whilst for him I did my cares engage,
I as a Father lov'd, as king not fear'd,
The comfort not th'encombrance of mine age;
And had he me (as reason would) surviv'd,
Who glanc'd, and vanish'd like to lightning flashes,
Then death could me not have of life depriv'd,
Whilst such a Phoenix had reviv'd my ashes.

San. Let not those woes ecclipse your vertues light.

Cræ. "Ah! Rage and grieve must once be at a height.

San. Strive of your sorrowes (Sir) to stop the source.

Cræ. These salt eye-floods must flow, and have their course.

San. That is not kingly. *Cræ.* And yet it's kindly,

"Where passions domineere, they governe blindly.

San. Such woefull plaints can not repaire your state.

Cræ. "Vnhappie soules at least may waile their fate;

The

"The meanest comfort that you can returne,
"Is in calamity a leave to mourne.

San. what Stoicke itrange, who most precise appeares,
Could that youths death with tearelesse eyes behold,
In all perfections ripe, though Greene in yeares,
A hoarie judgement under lockes of gold?
No, no man lives, but must lament to see
The worlds chiefe hope even in the blossome choak'd,
"But men cannot controll the Heavens decree,
"And what is done, can never be revok'd.

Let not this losse with griefe torment you more;
Of which a part with you your Country beares:
If wailing could your ruin'd state restore,
Soules charg'd with griefe should faile in Seas of teares;
Lest all our comfort dash against one shelve,
And his untimely death but hasten yours,
Have pittie of your people, spare your selfe,
If not to your own use, yet unto ours.

Cræ. When *Sandanis* I first thy faith did finde,
Thou div'd so deeply in my bosome then,
That since, thou still (entrusted with my minde)
Didst know what I conceal'd from other men:
Behold I goe to open up to you,
(Chiefe treasurer of all my secrets still)
What high designe my Thoughts are hatching now,
A phyicke in some sort to ease my ill;
This may unto my soule yeeld some reliefe,
And for displeasures past may much content,
Or else must purchase partners in my griefe,
If not for me, yet with me to lament.

San. This benefit must binde me with the rest
To serve your Majestie, and hold you deere,
And I'll be free with you, yet I protest,
That what I friendly speake, you freely heare.

Cræ. Since that it hath not pleas'd the heavenly pow'rs,
That of my off-spring I might comfort claime,
Yet lest the ravenous course of flying how'rs
Should make a prey of my respected name,
I would engender such a generous broode,
That the un-borne might know how I have liv'd,
And this no doubt would doe my Ghost great good,
By famous victories to be reviv'd:
I hope to soare with fames Immortall wings,
Vnlesse my high-bent thoughts themselves deceave,
That having acted admirable things,
I death may scorne, triumphing o're the grave;
Yet have I not so settled my conceipt,
That all opinions are to be despis'd;
"A good advice can never come too late;
This is the purpose that I have devis'd:

Some

Some Scythian Shepheards in a high disdain,
As trusted fame yet constantly relates,
To plague some Medes with horror and with paine,
Did entertaine them with prodigious meates,
And to content their more then Tigrish wishes,
They with the Infants flesh, the Parents fed,
Who not suspecting such polluted dishes,
Did in their bowels bury whom they bred,
Then after this abominable crime,
They fled with haste unto my fathers Court,
And (first informers courting trust in time)
Did as they pleas'd, of what was past report;
Whil'st they (save what them help'd) all things suppress'd,
Milde pitty pleading for afflictions part,
His generous minde still tend'ring the distress'd,
Was wonne to them by this deceiving Art.

"*San.* Oft men of Iudges thence have parties gone,
Where both their eares were patent but to one.

Cra. Then *Cyaxare*, Monarch of the Medes,
To prosecute thole fugitives to death,
In indignation of my fathers deeds,
Did bragge them both with all the words of wrath;
My father thinking that his Court should be
A Sanctuary supplicants to save,
Did levie men to make the world then see,
In spite of pow'r that weaknesse help should have.
Thus mortall warres on every side proclaim'd,
With mutuall trouble did continue long,
Till both the Armies by *Bellona* land'd,
Did irke to venge, or to maintaine a wrong:
It chanc'd whil'st peace was at the highest dearth,
That all their forces did with fury fighe,
A sudden darknesse curtain'd up the earth,
And did by violence displace the light.
I thinke the Sunne for *Phaeton* look't sad,
Else blush'd (reflecting bloud) like them he saw:
For (as when wrong'd of old) with grieve gone mad,
He from the world his chariot did with-draw;
Yet Ignorance, which doth confusion breed,
By wresting natures course, found cause of feares,
Which error did so happily succeed,
That it a concord wrought, and truce from teares;
Then straight there was a perfect peace begunne,
And that it might more constantly indure,
Astyages the King of *Media's* sonne,
To be his Queene my sister did procure.

"*San.* A deadly rancor reconcil'd againe,
With consanguinity would seal'd remaine.

Cra. He, since his fathers age-worne course expir'd,
Hath rul'd his people free from bloud or strife,

Till now a Viper hath his death conspir'd,
 Who from his loynes extracted had his life;
 I meane this *Cyrus*, (base *Cambyse* brood,)
 Who by a Bitch, nurst with the Country swaines,
 (No signe observ'd importing Princely blood:)
 The doggish nature of his Nurse retaines.
 He came against his Grand-father to field,
 And unexpected with a mighty pow'r,
 His forces forc'd, did force him selfe to yeeld,
 Who (captive kept) now waites for death each houre.
 That you may marke how great my int'rest is,
 This ruthfull story I did largely touch;
 Those circumstances shew that shame of his
 Doth from our glory derogate too much;
 Dare any Prince presume to trouble thus
 One whom our kingdomes favour should defend?
 In strict affinity combin'd with us,
 Yet not regarded for so great a friend.
 This with some joy doth smooth my stormy minde;
 Whil'st I for Medes against the Persians goe,
 I hope that both by brave effects shall finde
 How kinde a friend I prove, how fierce a foe.
 " *San.* Though natures law you car'd not to transgresse,
 " Nor this your wrong'd ally would not repaire;
 " Yet the regard to Monarchs in distresse,
 " Should move the mighty with a mutuall care;
 " Those terrours too which thunder in your eare,
 " I thinke the Lydians will not well allow:
 " For when the Cedar falles, the Oake may feare,
 " That which o'rethrowes the Medes may trouble you.
 " And when a neighbours house they burning view,
 " Then their owne dangers men may apprehend;
 " It better is with others to pursue,
 " Then be when but alone, forc'd to defend.
 " Ah! this is but the out-side of your course,
 " A dangerous ambush which ambition plants:
 " There may come Rivers raging from this source,
 " To drown your state, whil'st such high thoughts nought daunts;
 " I know those new-borne monsters of your minde
 " Have arm'd your ravish'd heart with faire conceits,
 " Yet may those wonders which you have divin'd,
 " Prove traiterous projects, painted for deceits;
 " And (pardon Sir) it is not good to be
 " Too rashly stout, nor curiously wise,
 " Lest that you leave that which we certaine see,
 " And not attaine to that which you devise.
 " *Cra.* I grant indeed (this very few shall know)
 Though I professe but to relieve my friend,
 My thoughts conceive, as successe best may show,
 And not without great cause, a greater end:

You

You see how fortune nought but change affects,
 Some are reproach'd, that others may be prais'd,
 And every age brings forth some strange effects,
 "Some men must fall, that others may be rais'd:
 I doubt not, you have heard who was the first,
 For warring with the world, whom fame revives,
 Who had of sovereignty, so great a thirst,
 That it could not be quench'd with thousands lives:
 Even he who first obtain'd the name of *Love*,
 And rests reputed for his glorious acts,
 The most imperious of the pow'rs above,
 Who vows and offerings of the world exacts;
 He all his time in state did terror breath,
 Borne to acquaint the world with warre and dearth,
 Whil'st fertile still in misery and death,
 Two fatall furies that afflict the earth;
 Yet since his course (the worlds first plague) was past,
 When his proud race had many ages reign'd,
 That Empire too did perish at the last,
 And what it lost, by martiall Medes was gain'd;
 This was the cause of that great kingdoms fall;
 A Prince who could not judge of Princely parts,
 With losse of Scepter, honour, life, and all,
 To buy base joyes, sold all his Subjects hearts;
 To that disastred Monarchies decay,
 Th' aspiring Persians purpose to succeed:
 But I intend their lofty course to stay,
 And that in time, ere that it throughly speed;
 The Persians once the Lydians force must prove,
 And O! who knowes but that it is ordain'd
 At the tribunall of the States above,
 That I should raigne where famous *Ninus* reign'd?
 This all the hoste of heaven oft-times foretels,
 To this the Gods of *Greece* my minde have mov'd,
 And he that in Arabia's desert dwels,
 By his response this enterprize approv'd.
 " *San.* Thus still in love with what we minde to doe,
 " What we affect, we fairest still conceive,
 " This feeds our humour, whil'st (selfe-flatterers) loe,
 " To shew our wit, we would our selves deceive;
 " Vaine hopes so maske all doubts, you cannot spy
 " What secret danger this designe doth beare;
 " But whil'st well view'd with an indifferent eye,
 " There want not grounds, where fore-sight may find feare:
 " You unadvis'dly purpose to pursue
 " A barbarous people opposite to peace,
 " Who but by robbery to their greatnesse grew,
 " And would for each light cause, the warres embrace;
 " No dainty filkes, dipt in Assyrian dye,
 " Doe decke their bodies, to abase their mindes:

"Skinnes reft from beasts them cloath, who danger ply,
 "Not mov'd by flattering Sunnes, nor bragging windes;
 "They simply feed, and are not griev'd each day,
 "With stomackes cloyd, decocting divers meates,
 "They fare not as they would, but as they may,
 "Of judgement found, not carried with conceits.
 "Those ancient cūstomes which they strictly hold,
 "Make all things easie, that they feele no paine,
 "This cooles the summers heate, kils winters cold:
 "This makes the Rivers dry, the Mountaines plaine.
 "They whose ambition poverty did bound,
 "Of *Lydia's* dainties if they once doe taste,
 "Will have in hatred straight their barren ground,
 "And all our treasures insolently waste;
 "To governe such, although that we prevaile,
 "You shall but buy vexation with your bloud,
 "And doe your selfe, and yours, if fortune faile,
 "From Sovereignty (by time secur'd) seclude;
 Yea, though this rash desire your judgement blindes,
 I for my part must praise the Gods for you,
 Who have not yet inspir'd the Persians mindes;
 To waste with warre all *Lydia* long ere now.

Cræ. Those flames, which burn my brest, must once burst out,
 Your counsell for more quiet mindes I leave,
 And be you still thought wise, so I prove stout,
 I'll conquer more, or lose the thing I have.

Cælia.

AH! am I forc'd out of afflictions store,
 For my mindes ease a few sad words to straine:
 But yet unlode it now, to lode it more,
 I empty but mine eyes to fill againe;
 My soule must sound even as my passions strike,
 Whil'st sighes and teares would faine afford reliefe;
 My brest and eyes are both accurst alike,
 The Cabinet of care, the Springs of griefe;
 O cruell heaven, fierce starre, unhappy fate,
 Too foule injustice of celestially pow'rs!
 Whose high disdaine to me with partiall hate
 The comfort of the world (poore world) devoures:
 Curst be the day in which I first was borne,
 When lying tongues affirm'd I came to light,
 A monstrous blasphemy, a mighty scorne,
 Since where darke sorrow breeds an endlesse night;
 Would God I then had chanc'd this life to leave,
 The tombe straight taking what the wombe did give;
 Then alwayes buried, changing but the grave,
 I had not liv'd to dye, but dy'd to live.

What

What profited to me my Parents joyes,
 VWho with such pompe did solemnize my birth,
 Since still my soule must flote amidst annoyes,
 So to defray one dramme of tasted mirth?
 And it did onely serve to make me know
 The height of horreur, threatening to succeed;
 I was but rais'd up high, to be brought low,
 That short liv'd joyes might endlesse anguish breed;
 Whil'st nothing did for my confusion lacke,
 All my best deeds did but betray my State,
 My vertues too were guilty of my wracke;
 And warr'd against me, banded with my fate;
 For whil'st my Virgin-yeares with praise I past,
 Which did (ah that it did) too much import,
 My modest eye told that my minde was chaste,
 Which gain'd the warrant of the worlds report:
 "And all should have a great respect to fame,
 "No greater dowry then a spotlesse name.
 Faire beauties Goddesse, thou can'st beare record,
 My offering never made thine Altar rich;
 Lascivious fancies highly I abhorr'd,
 Whose free-borne thoughts no folly could bewitch;
 Till happily (ah so it seem'd to some)
 O but unhappily the end hath prov'd,
 All this, and more, to *Atis* eares did come,
 Who straight did like, and after liking lov'd;
 He to our eares, his purpose did impart,
 Not lip-sicke-lover like, with words farre sought,
 Whose tongue was but an agent for his heart,
 Yet could not tell the tenth part that it thought;
 And lest his travels should have seem'd to tend
 My honours fame by fancies to betray,
 He brought his wishes to a lawfull end,
 And in effect, affection did bewray;
 There *Iuno*, president of wedlockes vow,
 And *Hymen* with his odoriferous cote,
 With sacred customes did our love allow,
 Whil'st th'ominous Owles no crosses did devote;
 The blessing that this marriage did procure,
 It was too great to have continued long:
 "A thing too vehement cannot endure,
 Our joyes farre past the reach of any tongue;
 We ever did full satisfaction finde,
 Yet with satiety were never cloyd,
 But seem'd two bodies, manag'd by one minde,
 Such was the happinesse that I enjoy'd;
 He lov'd me dearly, I obey'd his will,
 Proud of my selfe, because that I was his,
 A harmony remain'd betwixt us still,
 Who each in th' other plac'd their soules chiefe blisse:

This mov'd th'immortals to a high disdain,
 That thus two worldlings, who of death were heires,
 Should in a Paradife of joyes remaine,
 Which did exceed, at least did equall theirs;
 But chiefly *Iuno* did despight it most,
 Who through a jealousie still jarres with *Iove*,
 That body-prison'd soules of that could boast,
 Which she (although heavens Queen) had not above;
 Thus even for envy of our rare delights,
 The fatall Sisters (by the heavens suborn'd)
 Of my soules treasure clos'd the lovely lights,
 By which they thought the earth too much adorn'd.
 O but he is not dead, he lives in me.
 Ah, but I live not: for I dy'd in him:
 How can the one without the other be?
 If death have set his eyes, mine must looke dimme;
 Since to my sight that Sunne no more appear'd,
 From whom my beauties borrowed all their rayes:
 A long eclipse, that never shall be clear'd,
 Hath darkened all the poynts of my sad dayes;
 Aye me, I live too long, hé dy'd too soone,
 Thus still the worst remaine, the best depart,
 Of him who told how this curs'd deed was done,
 The words (like fwords) shall ever wound my heart.
 Fierce tyrant death, who in thy wrath did'st take
 One halfe of me, and left one halfe behinde:
 Take this to thee, or give me th' other backe,
 Be wholly cruell, or be no way kinde;
 But whil'st I live (beleeve) thou canst not dye,
 O! even in spite of death, yet still my choice,
 Oft with the inward al-beholding eye,
 I thinke I see thee, and I heare thy voyce;
 And to content my languishing desire,
 To ease my minde, each thing some helpe affords;
 Thy fanci'd forme doth oft such faith acquire,
 That in all sounds I apprehend thy words:
 Then with such thoughts my memory to wound,
 I call to minde thy lookes, thy words, thy grace,
 Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground,
 And where thou stept, O sacred seemes that place!
 My solitary walkes, my widow'd bed,
 My driry fighes, my sheets oft bath'd with teares,
 These shall record what life by me is led,
 Since first sad newes breath'd death into mine eares.
 Though for more paine, yet spar'd a space by death,
 Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave:
 For my chaste flames, which quench'd were with thy breath,
 Can kindle now no more but in thy grave.
 By night I wish for day, by day for night,
 Yet wish farre more, that none of both might be;

But

But most of all, that banish'd from the light
 I were no more, their constant change to see.
 At night whil' st deeply musing of my State,
 I goe to summe with sighes my wonted joyes,
 An agony then (in a sad conceit)
 Doth blot the blubred count with new annoyas;
 When Sleep, the brother most resembling death,
 Of darkeness childe, and father unto rest,
 Doth bound (though not restraine) confused breath,
 That it may vent, but not with words exprest;
 Then with my sprite thou dost begin to speake,
 With sugred speeches to appeale my grieves;
 And my bruis'd heart which labour'd long to breake;
 Doth in this comfort fain'd, finde some reliefe;
 Yea, if our soules remain'd united so,
 This late divorce would no way vex my minde,
 But when awaking, it augments my woe.
 Whil' st this a dreame, and me a wretch I finde.
 If never happy, O thise happy I!
 But happy more had happinesse remain'd,
 Yet then excessive joy had made me dye;
 Since such delights, what heart could have sustain'd?
 Why waste I thus, whil' st vainely I lament,
 The pretious treasure of that swift past-time?
 Ah, pardon me (deare love) for I repent
 My lingring here, my fate, and not my crime:
 Since first thy body did enrich the Tombe,
 In this spoil'd world, my eye no pleasure sees,
 And *Atis*, *Atis*, Loe I come, I come,
 To be thy mate, amongst the Myrtle trees.

Chorus.

" *L*oe all our time even from our birth,
 " *In misery almost exceeds:*
 " *For, where we finde a moments mirth,*
 " *A month of mourning still succeeds;*
 " *Besides the evils that Nature breeds,*
 " *Whose paines doe us each day appall,*
 " *Infirmities which frailty sends,*
 " *The losse of that which fortune lends;*
 " *And such disasters as oft fall,*
 " *Yet to farre worse our states are thrall,*
 " *Whil' st wretched man with man contends,*
 " *And every one his whole force bends,*
 " *How to procure anothers losses,*
 " *But this torments us most of all:*
 " *The minde of man, which many a fancy tosses,*
 " *Doth forge unto it selfe a thousand crosses.*

O how the soule with all her might,
 Doth her celestiaall forces straine,
 That so she may attaine the light
 Of natures wonders, which remaine
 Hid from our eyes! we strive in vaine
 " To seeke out things that are unsure :
 " In Sciences to seeme profound,
 " We dive so deepe, we finde no ground;
 " And the more knowledge we procure,
 " The more it doth our mindes allure,
 " Of mysteries the depth to sound;
 " Thus our desires we never bound;
 " Which by degrees thus drawn on still,
 " The memory may not endure;
 " But like the Tubs which Danaus daughters fill,
 " Doth drinke no ofner then constrain'd to spill.

Yet how comes this? and O how can
 Cleare knowledge thus (the soules chiefe treasure)
 Be cause of such a crosse to man,
 Which should afford him greatest pleasure?
 This is, because we cannot measure
 The limits that to it belong,
 But (bent to tempt forbidden things)
 Doe soare too high with Natures wings,
 Still weakest whil'st we thinke us strong;
 The heavens which hold, we do them wrong
 To try their grounds, and what thence springs,
 This crosse upon us justly brings :
 With knowledge, knowledge is confus'd,
 And growes a grieve ere it be long;
 " That which a blessing is when rightly us'd,
 " Doth grow the greatest crosse when once abus'd.

Ah! what avaiels this unto us,
 Who in this vaile of woes abide,
 With endlesse toyles to study thus
 To learn the thing that heaven would hide?
 And trusting to too blinde a guide,
 To spy the Planets how they move,
 And too (transgressing common Barres)
 The constellation of the starres,
 And all that is decreed above,
 Whereof (as oft the end doth prove)
 A secret sight our wel-fare marres,
 And in our brests breeds endlesse warres,
 Whil'st what our horoscopes foretell,
 Our expectations doe disprove :
 Those apprehended plagues prove such a hell,
 That then we would unknow them till they fell.

This is the pest of great estates,
 They by a thousand meanes devise
 How to fore-know their doubtfull fates;
 And like new Gyants, scale the skies,
 Heavens secret store-house to surprize;
 Which sacrilegious skill we see
 With what great paine they apprehend it,
 And then how foolishly they spend it.
 To learne the thing that once must be;
 Why should we seeke our destiny?
 If it be good, we long attend it;
 If it be ill, none may amend it:
 Such knowledge but torments the minde;
 Let us attend the heavens decree
 For those whom this ambiguous Art doth blinde,
 May what they seeke to flye, the rather finde.

And loe of late, what hath our King
 By his preposterous travels gain'd,
 In searching out each threatned thing,
 Which Atis horoscope contain'd:
 For what the heavens had once ordain'd,
 That by no meanes he could prevent;
 And yet he labours to finde out
 Through all the Oracles about,
 Of future things the hid event.
 This doth his raging minde torment:
 (Now in his age unwisely stout)
 To fight with Cyrus, but no doubt
 The heavens are griev'd thus to heare told
 Long ere the time their darke intent.
 Let such of Tantalus the state behold,
 Who dare the secrets of great Iove unfold.

Act 5. Scene 1.

Cyrus, Harpagus.

Let us triumph o're them (though proud of late)
 Whose glory now doth with their greatnesse faile:
 Since with their fortune forfeiting their state:
 No warre's approv'd unlesse that it prevaile:
 The world, that whil'st we fought, did doubtfull stand,
 As for the one, ordain'd to be a prey,
 Saw how the heavens plac'd lightning in my hand,
 Those thund'ring downe, who would not us obey:
 Goe pay our vowes, ere enterprising more;
 The Gods detest a minde that is ingrate;

And

And who delight their Deities to adore,
 Are alwaies bent to stablish their estate;
 Cause burden Altars, smoke each sacred place
 With Bullockes, Incense, Odours of all kindes;
 "But none can give the Gods (still great in grace)
 "A sacrifice more sweet, than thankfull mindes.

Harp. Though all who partners are of th' earth and ayre,
 Still whil'st tapestred with this azure pale,
 If for nought else, yet for those gifts least rare,
 To serve th' all-pow'rfull pow'rs, should never faile;
 Yet there are some whom successe hath design'd,
 Whose names are written in respected scroules,
 Whom benefits (not ordinary) binde
 To love them more then life, yea, then their soules:
 Of those that you are one, your deeds declare,
 Of whom amid'st innumerable broiles,
 Even from your cradle they have had a care,
 And led you safe through many dangerous toiles;
 Though of the troubles of your youth I see,
 You have not heard the wonderfull discourse,
 I them remember, who did chance to be
 An actor in your Tragick-Comicke course.

Cyrus. The accidents which in our nonage chance,
 A ripened age not to remembrance brings,
 Like fabulous dreames which darkenesse doth advance,
 That are by day disdain'd as frivolous things:
 For, our conceptions are not then so strong
 That they can leave impressions long behinde,
 Yet mixe (deare friend) old griefes new joyes among,
 And call afflicted infancy to minde.

Harp. Who would not wonder at thy wondrous fate,
 Whom (even or borne) destruction did attend,
 Whil'st ere thou could'st offend, pursu'd by hate,
 Even then to end what now shall never end?
 Your mother first her fathers minde did sting,
 Whil'st once he dream'd, which yet his soule confounds,
 That of a tree which from her wombe did spring,
 Th' umbragious branches, darkened *Asias* bounds;
 Then to the Magies straight he gave in charge
 To try what this strange vision did presage,
 VVho having studied their darke Art at large,
 Gave this response with a propheticke rage:
 That once his daughter should a sonne bring forth,
 Who should (by valour gaining great renowne)
 Make vanquish'd *Asia* witnesse of his worth;
 But from his grand-father first reave the Crowne.
 This to *Astyages* a terrour bred,
 Who (vainely bent to scorne the heavens decree)
 His daughter (out of policy) would wed,
 To some weake stranger of no great degree.

And

And to *Cambyfes*, who of her made choice;
 He, for his Country (then contemn'd) gave care,
 Whom by your birth the *Princesse* did rejoyce,
 And gave her father further cause of feare,
 " Thus tyranny (their brood whose courage failes)
 " Doth force the Parents in despaire to fall,
 " To fight a dastard, proud when it prevailes,
 " But yet (as fear'd of all,) doth still feare all;
 " And tyrants no security can finde,
 " For every shadow frights a guilty minde.
 This Monarch then who could not dreame of harmes,
 Whose guards did glance all still with Steele array'd,
 Then whil'st he liv'd secure from forraigne Armes,
 A babe, scarce borne, and his, did make afraid.
 And whil'st *Lucina* the last helpe did make,
 As if some ugly monster had beene borne,
 A Minotaure, a Centaure, or a Snake,
 The peoples terrour, and the Mothers scorne;
 The Grand-childes birth, which justly should impart,
 To grand-fathers the greatest cause of joyes,
 Did (long ere wounded, making him to smart)
 Involve him in a maze of sad annoyes;
 And to prevent what did him fondly fright,
 By giving cause of a deserved hate,
 He sought by robbing you the new-found light,
 To make your birth and buriall of one date.
 Soone after this he sent for me in haste,
 Whom at that time (and not in vaine) he lov'd,
 And told the summe of all things that were past,
 By which his marble-minde seem'd nothing mov'd;
 Yet in the same, as he would let me know,
 Though pittie none, some horreur did remaine,
 Whil'st damn'd in substance, to seeme cleere in show,
 Your bloud his heart, but not his hand should staine.
 " Thus having lull'd asleepe their judgement still,
 " The wicked would extenuate their crimes,
 " Not knowing those who but allow of ill,
 " As actors guilty, differ but in times.
 With his vile fault he would have burden'd me,
 Whom straight he charg'd an Innocent to slay;
 I promis'd to performe his rash decree,
 Well weighing whom, not what I should obey;
 When I had parted from his Highnesse face,
 And carried you (then swadled) with me too,
 Whil'st horreur did congeale my bloud, a space
 I stood perplex'd, not knowing what to doe,
 And (as to purge my part) even shedding teares,
 By troupes of passions grieve, my soule assail'd,
 Thus (when distress'd for easing others feares,)
 Th'intended death of you, your murd'ers wail'd;
 For

For him I sent a servant of mine owne,
 VVho for the time was heardf-man to the King,
 To whom I made all my Commission knowne,
 But as enjoy n'd to him, shew'd every thing;
 Delivering you with an unwilling breath,
 Whom of pure gold, a glistering robe array'd,
 I threatned him with many a cruell death,
 If that your death were any way delay'd;
 Straight then to execute the Tyrants doome,
 He from my sight did all astonish'd goe,
 Too great a charge for such a simple Groome,
 The shew of Majestie amaz'd him so;
 What man (not wondring) can by deeds behold
 The providence of all-commanding love,
 Whose brazen edicts cannot be contrould:
 "Firme are the Statutes of the States above:
 "That mortall whom a Deities favour shields,
 "No worldly force is able to confound,
 "He may securely walke through dangers fields,
 "Times and occasions are to serve him bound:
 For loe, before the heardf-man was come home,
 His wife had chanc'd a breath-lesse childe to beare,
 Who wondred so to see her husband come,
 While by his conscience crush'd, he quak'd for feare;
 And straight she curious grew to know the forme,
 How he a babe so beautifull obtain'd;
 Who her of all did suddenly informe,
 And to what cruelty he was constrain'd;
 She quickly then th' occasion to embrace,
 (No doubt inspir'd by some celestiaall pow'r)
 Pray'd that her infant might supply your place,
 Yet where no beasts his body might devour,
 So shall we have (saith she) a double gaine,
 Since our owne childe shall get a stately tombe,
 And we a Princely brood, which may remaine,
 Still nurst with us as th'issue of my wombe.
 The husband lik't so well his wives designe,
 That he perform'd all what she did require,
 And when I had directed one of mine,
 This Tragedies last act, who might enquire:
 My man who spy'd a babe there breathlesse lye,
 With that rich funerall furniture array'd,
 Told what the fellow told, (a generous lye)
 So that thus try'd, I trusted what they said.
 In end, Time (posting with houre-feather'd wings)
 Had given you strength, with others of your yeares
 You haunted games, not nephewes unto Kings,
 But for that time admitted for your Peeres,
 They faile call fortune blinde, she sight bewray'd,
 And your authority by lot enlarg'd,

In pastorall sports, who still the Scepter sway'd,
And as but borne for that, that best discharg'd
With other children then, as once it chanc'd,
A Noble-man of *Medeus* Sonne remain'd,
Who swolne with envy to see you advanc'd,
Your childish charge with scornfull words disdain'd;
You raging at that proud attempt of his,
Did punish him, as it became a Prince,
I doubt now (Sir) if that you thinke of this:
The rest of rashnesse did your deed convince.

Cyrus. Though now my breast doth greater thoughts embrace,
Of youthfull sports, yet do not spare to speake;
"Let cares alternatly give pleasure place:

"That which is bended still, must sometime breake.

Harp. The childe's great Father did inform the King,
How that so base a boy his Sonne abus'd,
And of the guard one hasted you to bring,
As for an odious crime to be accus'd;
But when the King (expostulating long)
By terrours striv'd to cast your courage downe:
You boldly said, that you had done no wrong,
To punish one who had contemn'd your Crowne;
You so magnanimous amaz'd to finde,
Whil' st pausing long with an attentive Eye,
That speech imperious told the King your kinde:
Whose brood but th' Eagles durst have soar'd so high?
The fained Father to the King was brought,
Who (fear'd for torture) telling truth in time,
Where he reward deserv'd, but pardon sought,
As if the saving you had beene a crime.

Then (as it seem'd) delighted with the rest,
The King did cause a sumptuous feast prepare,
And me desir'd as his most speciall guest,
That with my Sonne I would to Court repaire;
When I was come, the King great joy disclos'd,
And sooth'd my words which did his chance applaud,
But for another end then I suppos'd:

"What fairer cloke then courtesie for fraude?
When th' absence of the Sunne did darknesse breed,
The Candles light inheriting his place,
On my Sonnes flesh they caus'd my selfe to feed,
Then did upbraid me with his bloudlesse face;
VVhat anguish, or what rage o're-flow'd my soule,
A loving Father may imagine best,
Yet at that time I did my rage controull,
But laid it high up in a stormie brest.

Cyrus. Some of the wise-men then I heard remain'd,
VVho from their former sentence did recoyle,
And said, no danger was, since I had raign'd,
Then did dismiss me for my native soile;

VWhere when I had my blooming season spent,
 To weakened wrath your lines did strength afford,
 Informing us that many *Medes* were bent
 For his great cruelty to leave their Lord;
 And wish'd (if to their Scepter I aspir'd)
 That I should move the *Persians* to rebell,
 VWhich did succeed even as my soule desir'd:
 For they disdain'd in bondage base to dwell;
 VWhen my encourag'd troupes all arm'd did stand,
 Ere they from Strangers could attend releefe,
 I quickly march'd, encountring with that band,
 Of which the King had chanc'd to make you chiefe.

Harp. "Loe how those wretches whom the heavens would wrack,
 " (To plagues expos'd) of judgement are unarm'd;
 " The King of me his Captaine straight did make,
 " And look't for help of him whom he had harm'd;
 " Yet was th'old wrong so rooted in my heart,
 " My Countries thraldome, and mine owne disgrace,
 " That all the horrors mischief could impart
 " Seem'd nought to me, to my disdain took place.

Cyr. "On those whom they have wrong'd, none should relye:
 " Iust rancour unreveng'd, can never dye.

Harp. This enterprize at first so well did speed,
 That since, your Greatnesse still began to rise,
 Which may by time to brave a story breed,
 As may be pretious in all Princes eyes.

Cyr. Behold how *Cræsus* with his riches blinde,
 Durst even encounter with my warre-like band;
 And whil'st a prosp'rous course betray'd his minde,
 Did not suspect what pow'r was in my hand;
 But he and his confederates have seene
 How victory doth still my troupes attend,
 And *Persia* must be once all *Asia's* Queene,
 On whom for servants Princes shall depend;
 Now *Cræsus* is o'recome, this Towne surpris'd,
 And *Lydia* charg'd with gold, doth yeeld rich spoyles;
 The League unprosp'rous, *Egypt* hath despil'd,
 This is the happy end of all our toiles.
 But ah! one sowre unseasons all my sweets,
 That gallant man who was my Mate in armes,
 Whose praise through all the peopled circuit fleets,
 And with his love each generous courage warms;
 Then when (though weake in troupes) in courage strong,
 Th' *Egyptian* Chariots desperately he charg'd
 There (whil'st he fought unfortunately long)
 Mars from terrestriall bands his soule enlarg'd.

Harp. No doubt that Dame this trouble hardly beares,
 Who onely seem'd for him to like of life,
 I heard him (whil'st she bath'd his breast with teares)
 Oft wish by prooffe to merit such a wife.

When

When their farewell was seal'd, last speeches spent,
She kiss'd the Coach that did containe her trust,
And with eyes bigge with pearle, gaz'd where he went,
Still till her sight was choak'd with clouds of dust.

Cyrus. And have you then not heard, his death but prov'd
The black beginning of a bloody Scene?
His wife *Panthea* at the first not mov'd,
Seem'd as she had some marble image beene;
The body that had oft her fancies fir'd,
She caus'd beare out of sight, still deare, though dead;
But where the River ranne, when once retir'd,
She 'twixt her bosomes Rounds entomb'd his head;
And then from Rage she borrowed some reliefe:
For sorrow by degrees, a passage seeks,
Vapouring forth sighs, which made a cloud of griefe,
A mighty storme of teares rain'd downe her cheeks;
Then, whil'st her Eyes the wonted object miss'd,
With heavy looks resolving fatall haste,
Pale senselesse lips she prodigally kiss'd,
With as great ardour then as in times past.
I posted thither, bent to have releev'd
This Lady of a portion of her woes.
Heaven beare me witnesse! I was greatly griev'd,
Who would to save one friend, spare hosts of foes;
She first a space me passionately ey'd,
Then with those words, her lips did slowly move;
My husband, loe, hath valorously dy'd,
As of your friendship, worthy of my love.
"My comming but encreas'd griefes starving store:
"For, till that passion of it selfe expire,
"All kinde of comfort but augments it more,
"Like drops of oyle thrown on a mighty fire.
A constant count'nance though I striv'd to make,
And what her woes diminish might, did tell;
That comfort which I gave, I could not take,
And scarcely could throw forth my last farewell;
When I had left her but a little space,
She did discharge the Eunuchs from her sight,
Then pray'd her Nurse to bury in one place
Her and her Lord, as they deserv'd of right;
Last, looking on his corps, she drew a sword,
And even as if her soule had flown in him,
(Pure snows in Crimson dy'd) imbrac'd her Lord,
Whil'st beauties blubbred Starres were waxing dim;
Then bent to fall, when her they could not raise,
(As scorning to survive their prosp'rous state)
In emulation of their Ladies praise,
The *Eunuchs* did precipitate their fate.
O sweet *Panthea*, rich in rarest parts,
I must admire thy ghost though thou be gone!

Who mightst have made a Monarchy of hearts,
 Yet loath'd unlawfull loves, and lov'd but one;
 O wond'rous wonders, wonders wond'rous rare!
 A woman constant, such a beauty chaste,
 A minde so pure, joyn'd with a face so faire,
 With vertue beauty in one person plac't;
 Both were well match'd as any could devise,
 Whose death confirms the union of their life;
 He valorous, she vertuous, both wise,
 She worthy such a Mate, he such a wife.
 And *Harpagus*, lest that it should be thought;
 That of brave mindes the memory may dye,
 Cause build a stately Tombe with Statues wrought,
 Where both their bodies with respect may lye.

Harp. I'll raise a Pyramide of *Cræsus* spoils,
 Where of their worth each part shall be compris'd,
 But how to do in these tumultuous broils,
 Now time requires that you were well advis'd:
 Your adversary doth attend your will;
 This haughty Towne for feare to fall doth bow;
 And therefore pardon, ransome, quite, or kill,
 Do what you please, none can controll us now.

Cyr. As for old *Cræsus*, I am else resolv'd,
 He with some captives whom I keep in store
 Shall have their bodies by the fire dissolv'd,
 As offerings to the Gods whom I adore.
 My Souldiers paines this City shall defray,
 Since by their meanes it hath beene gain'd for us,
 I yeeld it unto them, as their just prey,
 Who taste the sweetnesse of their travels thus;
 Of other things we shall so well dispose
 That our renowne through all the world shall shine,
 Till *Cyrus* name give terror to all those,
 Who dare against his Sovereignty repine.

Act. 5. Scene 2.

Nuntius. Chorus.

A H! to what part shall I my steps addresse,
 Of bondage base the burden to eschue?
 Lo, desolation, ruine, and distresse
 With horreur do my native home pursue;
 And now poore Countrey, take my last farewell,
 Farewell all joy, all comfort, all delight.

Cho. What heavy tydings hast thou now to tell,
 Who tear'st thy garments thus? what forc'd thy flight?

Nunt. I tell the wracke of us, and all who live
 Within the circuit of this wretched soile.

Cho.

Cho. A hideous shout we heard the Citie give,
Have foes prevail'd, do they her beauty spoile?

Nunt. They may it spoile. *Cho.* And is our Sovereigne flaine?

Nunt. No, but scarce scap't doth live in danger still.

Chor. Then let our mindes no more in doubt remaine;
And must we yeeld to that proud Strangers will?

Nunt. You know how *Cræsus* at advantage lay,
Still seeking meanes to curbe the *Persians* pride,
And how th' *Affyrians* had assign'd a day
When led by him, they battell would abide;
But *Cyrus* having heard how that they would
Against his State so great an armie bring,
Straight raising forces, providently bold,
Prevents, invades, o're-comes, and takes our King.

"*Cho.* This shews a Captaine both expert and brave,
"Who wisely doth advise, performe with speed,
No circumstance (friend) unrelated leave,
Which with our Kings did our confusion breed.

Nunt. When *Cræsus* saw that *Cyrus* came so soone,
He stood a while with a distracted minde,
Yet what time would permit, left nought undone,
But made his musters, march'd his foe to finde.
Our stately troups that for rich armes excell'd,
And with umbragious feathers fann'd the aire,
With insolency, not with courage swell'd,
A triumph dream'd, scarce how to fight took care.

The *Lydian* horse-men never stain'd, but true,
And for their worth, through all the world renown'd;
Them chiefly *Cyrus* labour'd to subdue,
And this device for that effect was found:

Untrussing all their baggage by the way
Each of the Camels for his charge did beare
A grim-fac'd Groome, who did himsele array
With what in *Persia* horsemen use to weare;
To them th'infantry did follow next,
A solid Squadron like a brasen wall;
But those in whom all confidence was fix'd,
The brave Cavallery came last of all,

Then *Cyrus* by the raines his Courser tooke,
And bravely mounted, holding out his hands
With an assured, and imperious look
Went kindling courage through the flaming bands;

He them desir'd, who at deaths game would strive
To spare none of their foes in any forme;
But as for *Cræsus* to take him alive,
And keep him captive for a greater storme:

Where famous *Hellus* doth to *Hermus* pass,
To give another both his strength, and name;
Our army ranne against a greater host,
To grace it likewise with our force and fame.

Each troupe a time with equall valour stood,
 Till giving place at length we took the chace,
 While as the River ranne to hide our bloud,
 But still his borders blush'd at our disgrace;
 For when the Camels to the field were come,
 Our horses all affrighted at their sight,
 Ranne raging backe againe, and of them some
 Disordering ranks, put many to the flight;
 Yet some who had beene us'd with martiall traines
 The stratagem (though out of time) perceiv'd,
 And lighting downe (red heights rais'd from green plains)
 Did vengeance urge of those who them deceiv'd;
 There whil'st the world prov'd prodigall of breath,
 The headlesse trunks lay prostrated in heaps;
 This field of funerals sacred unto death,
 Did paint out horror in most hideous shapes:
 Whil'st men unhors'd, horses unmastr'd, stray'd,
 Some call'd on those whom they most dearly lov'd,
 Some rag'd, some groan'd, some sigh'd, roar'd, promis'd, pray'd,
 As blows, falls, faintnesse, paine, hope, anguish mov'd.
 Those who then scap'd (like beasts unto a den)
 A fortresse took where valour none renounes,
 "Walls are for women, and the fields for men,
 "No Towne can keep a man, but men keep Townes;
 And we were scarcely entred at the Ports,
 When straight the Enemies did the Towne enclose,
 And quickly rear'd huge artificiall Forts,
 Which did to the besieg'd more paine impose:
 All martiall Engines were for battery found,
 At like encounters, which had ear'st prevail'd,
 Whil'st both they us'd the vantage of the ground,
 And borrow'd help from Art, where Nature fail'd;
 They alwayes compassing our Trench about,
 Still where the walls were weake, did make a breach,
 Which (straight repairing) darts were hurled out,
 To kill all those who came where we might reach;
 There all the bolts of death, edg'd by disdain,
 Which many curious wits enclin'd to ill,
 Whil'st kindled by revenge, or hope of gaine,
 Had skill to make, were put in practise still;
 Yet as we see it oft-times hath occur'd,
 Where least we did suspect, we were surpris'd,
 Whil'st Fortune and the Fates in one concurr'd,
 That in Fames rolls our fall might be compris'd:
 That side of *Sardis*, farre from all regard,
 Which doth next *Imolus* lye, thought most secure,
 Through this presumption, whil'st without a guard,
 All *Lydia's* o'rethrow did with speed procure:
 As one of ours (unhappily it chanc'd)
 To reach his helmet, that had scap't his hand,

Alongst

Alongst that steepie part his steps advanc'd,
And was returning back unto his band;
He was well mark'd by one, who had not spar'd
To tempt all dangers which might make us thralls:
For *Cyrus* had proclaim'd a great reward
To him whose steps first trod the conquer'd walls;
And this companion seeing without stay
One in his sight that craggie passage climè,
Straight on his foot-steps followed all the way,
And many a thousand hasted after him;
Then all that durst resist, were quickly kill'd,
The rest who fled, no where secure could be:
For every street was with confusion fill'd;
There was no corner from some mischief free:
O what a piteous clamour did arise
Of ravish'd virgins, and of widow'd wives!
Who pierc'd the heavens with lamentable cries,
And having lost all comfort, loath'd their lives.
Whil'st those proud Victors would themselves have stain'd
With all the wrongs that Pride, or power could use,
They by a charge from *Cyrus* were restrain'd,
And durst no more their captives thus abuse.

Chor. No doubt but high mishaps did then abound,
Whil'st with disdain the Conqu'rous bosome boyl'd,
As some the sword, disgrace did some confound,
Not onely houses, Temples too were spoyld.
"What misery more great can be devis'd,
"Then is a Cities when by force surpris'd?
But whil'st that stately Towne was thus distress'd,
What did become of our unhappy King?

Nunt. Then when the Enemy had his state possess'd,
And that confusion seiz'd on every thing:
He scarcely first could trust his troubled sight,
(The Fortune past transported had him so)
Yet having eyes who can deny the light:
He saw himselfe inferiour to his foe;
And apprehending there whil'st left alone,
How that his judgement long had beene betray'd,
(As metamorphos'd in a marble stone)
His ravish'd thoughts in admiration stray'd;
But such a weight of woes not us'd to beare,
He first was griev'd, then rag'd, and last despair'd,
Till through excessive feare, quite freed from feare,
He for his safetie then no further car'd;
And never wishd he so to have long life,
But death farre further was affected now,
Still seeking danger in the bounds of strife,
So he were sure to dye, he car'd not how;
Whil'st furies thus were fostred in his brest,
Him suddenly a Souldier chanc'd to meet,

As insolent as any of the rest,
 Who drunk with bloud, ran raging through the street;
 And wanting but an object to his ire,
 He fought to him, and he to him againe;
 I know not which of them did most desire,
 The one to slay, the other to be slaine;
 But whil' st so base a hand to wring aloft,
 Did to so great a Monarch threaten death,
 His eldest Sonne, who (as you have heard oft)
 Was barr'd from making benefit of breath:
 I cannot tell you well, nor in what forme,
 If that the destinies had so ordain'd,
 Or if of passions an impetuous storme
 Did raze the strings that had his tongue restrain'd;
 But when he saw his Syre in danger stand,
 He with those words a mighty shout did give:
 Thou furious Stranger stay, hold, hold thy hand,
 Kill not King *Cræsus*, let my Father live;
 The other hearing this, his hand retyr'd,
 And call'd his Kings commandement to minde;
 High were those aymes to which his thoughts aspir'd,
 Whom for great fortunes this rare chance design'd;
 Now when that *Cræsus*, who for death long long'd,
 Was quite undone, by being thus preserv'd,
 As both by life, and death, then doubly wrong'd,
 Whil' st but by fates for further harme reserv'd;
 He with sad sighs those accents did accord:
 Now let the heavens do all the ill they can,
 Which would not unto me the grace afford,
 That I might perish like a private man,
 Ah, must I live to sigh that I was borne,
 Charactring shame in a dejected face?
 Ah, must I live, to my perpetuall scorne,
 The abject object, pointed for disgrace?
 Yet this unto his soule more sorrow bred,
 He (scorne pretending state) as King array'd,
 Was with great shouts ridiculously led
 Backe to the Tent, whereas their Emp'rour stay'd;
 Then that he might his misery conceive,
 Those robes so rich, were all exchange'd with chains,
 And prisons strictnesse bragg'd him with the grave,
 So soone as death could make a choice of paines;
 They caus'd in haste a pile of wood to make,
 And in the mid' st where all men might him spie,
 Caus'd binde the captive King unto a stake,
 With fourteene others of the *Lydians* by;
 There (as if offerings fit to purge the state)
 Foes fought with flames their ruine to procure,
 Though *love* prepostrous piety doth hate:
 "No sacrifice is sweet, which is not pure.

New

Now whil'ft the fire was kindling round about,
 As to some pow'rfull God, who pray'd, or vow'd,
 With eyes bent up, and with his hands stretch'd out:
 O! *Solon, Solon, Cræsus* cry'd aloud;
 Some hearing him to utter such a voice,
 Who said that *Cyrus* curious was to know
 (When dying now) what deity was his choice;
 Did him request his last intent to show:
 His exclamation was (said he) on one,
 With whom he wish'd (their frailty so to see)
 That all who ever trusted in a Throne,
 Had but conferr'd a space as well as he;
 Then there he told what *Solon* had him showne,
 Whil'ft at his Court (which flourish'd then) arriv'd;
 How worldly blisse might quickly be o're-throwne,
 And not accomplish'd was, while as one liv'd;
 Whil'ft forth salt flouds attending troupeſ did powre;
 He ſhew how much the wiſe-man did diſdaine
 Thoſe who preſum'd of wealth, or worldly pow'r,
 By which none could a perfect blisse obtaine;
 This ſpeech did *Cyrus* move to ponder much
 The great uncertainty of worldly things,
 As thinking that himſelfe might once be ſuch,
 Since thrall'd to Fortunes throne, like other Kings;
 Then ſuch a patterne ſtanding him before,
 Whom envy once, then pitie did attend,
 He to our King did liberty reſtore,
 And with his life did *Solons* fame extend;
 Yet him the fire ſtill threatned to devour,
 Which (riſing high) could hardly be controll'd,
 But O devotion! then appear'd thy pow'r,
 Which to ſubdue the heavens makes worldlings bold!
 To quench the flames, whil'ft divers toild in vaine,
 (Love mov'd by prayer) as *Cræsus* did require,
 The azure Ciſterns open'd did remaine,
 And clouds fell downe in flouds to quench the fire.
 Then whil'ft the Souldiers did the Citie ſack,
 To ſave the ſame (as to his Countrey kinde)
 The hopeleſſe *Cræsus* thus to *Cyrus* ſpake,
 With words which pitie melted from his minde:
 Great Prince, to whom all Nations now ſuccumbe,
 And do thy yoke ſo willingly embrace,
 That it ſome comfort gives to be o're-come
 By one whoſe glory graces our diſgrace;
 Since now I am conſtrain'd your thrall to be,
 I muſt conforme my ſelfe unto my fate,
 And cannot hold my peace, whereas I ſee,
 That which may wrong the greatneſſe of your ſtate;
 Your ſtate is ſpoil'd by not ſuſpected pow'rs,
 If this rich Citie thus do reſt ore-throwne,

Which

Which now no more is mine, but is made yours:
 And therefore (Sir) have pittie of your owne;
 Yea, though the losse of such a populous Towne,
 Both rich, and yours, your minde could nothing move,
 Yet thinke of this, which may import your Crowne,
 A peece of policy which time will prove:
 The haughty *Persians* borne with stubborne mindes,
 Who but for poverty first followed you,
 Their matchlesse worth in armes large *Asia* findes,
 Their feare is false upon all Nations now;
 But if you suffer them in such a sort
 To be made rich with plenteous *Lydia's* spoiles,
 Not able then their conquest to support,
 The vanquish't by their fall the victor foils;
 Let not vain pleasures entertaine their fights:
 " Rest wealth, wealth pride, pride warre, warre ruine breeds,
 Whil'st (faint through pleasures, weakened with delights)
 No thought of honour from base breasts proceeds.
 Then *Cyrus* straight approving what he spake,
 His souldiers were from pretious spoys restrain'd,
 Whil'st he the tenth part did pretend to take,
 A fatall off'ring for the Gods ordain'd;
 This is the summe of our disastrous state,
 We must a Stranger serve, as thrall'd long since;
 With losse of all which he possesse of late
 Our King bought breath, a poore thing for a Prince.

Chor. O wretched people! O unhappy King!
 Our joyes are spoyl'd, his happinesse expir'd,
 And no new chance can any comfort bring,
 Where destinies to ruine have conspir'd,
 Go wofull messenger, hold on thy course,
 For, to have heard too much, it irks our eares;
 And we shall note of this thy sad discourse,
 With sighs each accent, and each point with teares.

Cræsus.

LOe! I who late did thunder from a Throne,
 Am now a wretch whom every one disdaines;
 My treasure, honour, state, and freedome gone;
 No kinde of comfort, no, nor hope remains,
 And after me, let none whom greatnesse shrouds,
 Trust tumid titles, nor ostentive shows:
 " Sailes swolne with windes, whil'st emulating clouds,
 That which puffes up, oft at the last o're-throws.
 O! had this pretious wit enrich'd my minde,
 Which by experience I have dearly bought,
 Whil'st fortune was within my Court confin'd,
 And that I could not thinke a bitter thought;
 Then satisfi'd with Sovereignty ear'st prov'd,

I had disdain'd new dangers to embrace;
And cloath'd with majestic, admir'd, and lov'd,
Had liv'd with pleasure, and had dy'd in peace.
" But what more wonderfull in any State,
" Then power (when courted) that is free from pride;
" But chiefly those who live securely great,
" They oft may erre, since Fortune is their guide,
What could the world afford, or man affect,
Which did not smoothe my soule, whil'ft I was such;
Whom now the changing world doth quite neglect,
By prosper'ing plagu'd, starv'd onely with too much;
Long lull'd asleep with scornfull Fortunes lyes,
A slave to pleasure, drown'd in base delights,
I made a covenant with my wandring eyes,
To entertaine them still with pleasant sights;
My heart enjoy'd all that was wish'd of late,
Whil'ft it the height of happinesse did cloy,
Still serv'd with dainty, but suspected meat,
My soule with pleasure sicke, was faint for joy;
All, with much care what might procure mine ease:
(My will divin'd) obsequiously devis'd,
And who my fancy any way could please,
As prais'd by me, was by all others pris'd.
Save serving me none else could have deserv'd,
Of whom what ever came, was held of weight,
My words and looks were carefully observ'd,
And whom I grac'd, were had in honour straight;
For pompe and pow'r, farre passing other Kings,
Whil'ft too secure with drowsie thoughts I slumbred,
My coffers still were full of pretious things,
Of which (as wealth least weigh'd) gold scarce was numbred;
I rear'd rare buildings, all embost with gold;
Made ponds for fishes, Forrests for wilde beasts;
And with vain thoughts which could not be controll'd,
Oft spent the day in sport, the night in feasts.
I toss'd the Elements with power like *Joves*,
Driv'd water up, aire downe, a pleasant change;
For, stately fountains, artificiall groves,
As common things were not accounted strange.
With me (what more could any Monarch crave?)
In all the parts of pompe, none could compare:
My Minions gallant, Counsellours were grave,
My guards were strong, my Concubines were faire;
Yea, whil'ft light Fortune my defects supply'd,
I had all that could breed (as now I finde)
In others wonder, in the owner pride,
So puffing up the flesh to spoyle the minde.
Thus with delight (long pressing pleasures grapes)
With Fortune I carrows'd what men deare hold,
But ah! from misery none alwayes escapes,

"One must be wretched once, or yong; or old;
 Then weary to be well, and tyr'd of rest,
 To waken trouble, I th'occasion sought;
 And yet to cloake the passions of my brest,
 Did with devotion long cloud what I thought:
 Of all the Oracles I did enquire
 What was to come of this intended warre,
 Who said (as seem'd to second my desire)
 That I a mightie Monarchie should marre.
 Thole doubtfull words I wresting to my will,
 In hope to breake the haury *Persians* pow'rs,
 Did ruine quite (whil'st all succeeded ill)
 What many a age had gain'd, even in few houres;
 And this may be admir'd as more then strange,
 I who disdain'd an equall of before,
 (What cannot Fortune do, when bent to change?)
 Then servants lesse, must dreame content no more;
 What eye not bigge with scorne my state surveyes,
 Whom all do pittie now; or worse, do blame,
 And bound even to my foe for some few dayes,
 Which borrowed are with th'intrest of my fame.
 Though this sweet gale of life-bestowing windes
 Would seeme a favour (so it seemes to some)
 Who by the basenesse of their muddie mindes
 Shew from what vulgar stock their kinde doth come;
 I scorne unlike my selfe thus to be scene,
 Though to my comfort this appear'd to tend,
 As if misfortunes past had onely beene
 A Tragick entry to a Comick end.
 Of all that plague my State, what greater pest
 Then servile life, which faints from th'earth to part?
 And hath in one united all the rest
 To make me dye each day, yet live to smart;
 Life in my brest no comfort can infuse:
 "An En'mies gift could never come for good,
 It but gives time of misery to muse,
 And bathe my sorrows in a bitter flood:
 Ah! had my breath straight vanish'd with my blisse,
 And clos'd the windows that gave light to life,
 I had not borne (to misery submitte)
 The height of those mishaps, which now are rife:
 Whil'st with a thousand sighs I call to minde
 The death of *Atis*, and mine owne disgrace,
 In such an agony my soule I finde,
 That life to death would willingly give place;
 But since I see reserv'd for further spight,
 I with sad thoughts must burden yet my soule,
 My memory to my distracted spright
 Of all my troubles shall present a scroule,
 Of which, while as th'accounts I go to cast,

When

When numbring my misfortunes all of late,
I will looke backe upon my pleasures past,
And by them ballance my (now) haplesse stare.

Chorus.

" 'Tis not a wonder thus to see
" How by experience each man reeds
" In practis'd volumes penn'd by deeds,
" How things below inconstant be;
" Yet whilst our selves continue free,
" We ponder oft, but not apply
" That pretious oyle, which we might buy,
" Best with the price of others paines,
" Which (as what not to us pertaines)
" To use we will not condescend,
" As if we might the fates defie,
" Still whilst untouch'd our state remaines;
" But soon the heavens a change may send.
" No perfect blisse before the end.

When first we fill with fruitfull seed,
The apt conceiving wombe of th' earth,
And seeme to banish feare of dearth,
With that which it by time may breed,
Still dangers doe our hopes exceed:
The frosts may first with cold confound
The tender greenes which decke the ground,
Whose wrath though Aprils smiles asswage,
It must abide th' Eolian rage,
Which too o're-com'd, whilst we attend
All Ceres wandring tresses bound,
The reines let from their cloudy cage
May spoile what we expect to spend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

Lee, whilst the Vine-tree great with Grapes,
With nectar'd liquor strives to kisse
Embracing Elmes not lov'd amisse,
Those clusters lose their comely shapes,
Whilst by the thunder burn'd, in heapes
All Bacchus hopes fall downe and perish
Thus many things doe fairely flourish,
Which no perfection can attaine,
And yet we worldlings are so vaine,
That our conceits too high we bend,
If fortune but our Spring-time cherish,
Though divers stormes we must sustaine,
To harvest ere our yeares ascend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

By all who in this world have place,
 There is a course which must be runne,
 And let none thinke that he hath wonne,
 Till first he finish'd hath his race;
 The Forrests through the which we trace,
 Breed ravenous beasts, which doe abhorre us,
 And lye in wait still to devoure us,
 Whil'st brambles doe our steppes beguile,
 The feare of which though we exile,
 And so our marke with gladnesse tend,
 Then balles of gold are laid before us,
 To entertaine our thoughts a while,
 And our good meaning to suspend:
 No perfect blisse before the end.

Behold how Cræsus long hath liv'd,
 Throughout this spacious world admir'd,
 And having all that he desir'd,
 A thousand meanes of joy contriv'd;
 Yet suddenly is now depriv'd
 Of all that wealth; and strangely fall's:
 For every thing his sprite appalles,
 His sonnes decease, his countryes losse,
 And his owne state, which stormes doe tosse:
 Thus he who could not apprehend,
 Then whil'st he slept in marble walles,
 No, nor imagine any crosse,
 To beare all those his brest must lend:
 No perfect blisse before the end.

And we the Lydians who design'd
 To raigne over all who were about us,
 Behold how fortune too doth flout us,
 And utterly hath us resign'd;
 For, to our selves we that assign'd
 A Monarchie, but knew not how,
 Yet thought to make the world to bow,
 Which at our forces stood afraid,
 We, we by whom these plots were laid,
 To thinke of bondage must descend;
 And beare the yoke of others now;
 O, it is true that Solon said!
 While as he yet doth breath extend,
 No man is blest; behold the end.

FINIS



THE TRAGEDY OF DARIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

DARIUS, the fourteenth from Cyrus King of Persia, being after the death of Occhus, for his singular valour, from the government of Armenia, advanced to the Persian Empire, became so arrogant (a good success as it were, saving him forward to confusion) as he sent to demand tribute of Philip the King of Macedonia who being of a haughty nature (and inferiour to none of that age in courage, or for military discipline) requited this contumelious message, with as disdainfull an answer; threatening that he would come and deliver it in Persepolis. But being prevented by death, he left the execution of his designe to his sonne Alexander, who for the great victories which thereafter he obtained, was surnamed the great: He inheriting the hatred of his Father towards Darius, and farre surmounting him in ambition, past in person to Asia, with an army of thirty thousand men onely.

After his arrivall, Darius wrote to him in a proud and contemptible manner, ascribing to himselfe the title of the King of Kings, and kinsman of the Gods, and naming Alexander his servant; Hee also in vaunting manner, bragged that he would have that mad boy, the sonne of Philip (for so in derision he tearmed him) bound, and beaten with roddes, and after brought to his presence apparcked like a Prince. For performance whereof he directed one of his Minions, with forty thousand men to make impediment to his passage at the River of Granick, where by the wonderfull valour of Alexander, they were overthrowne.

Darius being advertised of this, came himselfe in proper person, accompanied with infinite (but evill ordered) numbers, and encountred Alexander beside Issus, in the strait of Cilicia: where having fought a doubtfull and bloody battell, in end by the invincible valour and never-failing fortune of Alexander his Army was deteated, himselfe put to flight, and his mother, wife, and children made captives. Who were most courteously entertained by Alexander, who notwithstanding their exceeding great beauty, yet would not abuse them, nor suffer them to be abused by others: nor visited he them more then once (and that to comfort them) all the time of their imprisonment.

Darius, notwithstanding of all his losses (his courage being in the full, whilst his fortune was in the waine) wrote very proudly to Alexander, taking still the title of a King to himselfe, but not giving it to him, offering him a much gold, as Macedon could containe, for ransome of the captives. Which being

The Argument.

very disdainfully refused by Alexander, he having re-enforced his troupes, and comming forward to fight with greater force then before, was informed how his wife had died in prison, whose death he bewailed with exceeding great sorrow. And understanding what courtesie Alexander had used towards her, he sent to sue for peace, not for any feare of his force, but allured (as he alledged) by his courtesie. This sute being likewise rejected, he fought beside Arbella, with no better fortune then before.

Yet for all these misfortunes, being of an invincible courage, and despairing of peace, he re-assembled all his forces, which were augmented by the comming of the Bactrians, and was comming forward, with intention at last either to dye, or prevaile. But in the meane time, two traiterous subjects of his owne, Bessus, whom he had preferred to be governour of Bactria, and Nabarzanes, one in speciall credit with him, conspired his death. Which danger, though it was revealed to him by Patron, Captaine of the Greekes, yet he could not, or rather would not eschew. At length, those two Traitors tooke, and bound him with golden chaines, and cast him in an old Chariot, with purpose to present him to Alexander. But they hearing how he would not accept their Present, and how he was comming to invade them, threw their darts at Darius, and left him for dead. In this estate he was found by Polystratus, and after the delivery of some few words dyed. Alexander having exceedingly lamented his miserable and undeserved end, directed his body to his mother Sisigambis to be honourably buried.

The persons names that speake.

DARIUS.

SISIGAMBIS, his Mother.

STATIRA his Wife.

STATIRA his Daughter.

TIRIOTES their Eunuch.

NABARZANES. } two Trai-

BESSUS. } tors.

PATRON, Captaine of the Mercenary Greekes.

NUNTIVS.

ALEXANDER.

PARMENIO, his Lieutenant.

HEPHESTION, his Minion,

POLYSTRATUS, a Souldier.

ARTABAZUS, a Noble man of Persia.

CHORUS, all Persians.

The Scene supposed in Babylon.

The



THE TRAGEDY OF DARIUS.

Act 1.

Darius.

What thund'ring pow'r grown jealous of my state, (fears
 Which (having daunted th'earth) perchance heaven
 Thus arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,
 Big with disdain, high indignation beares?
 Long smooth'd of all, whilst I (pale cares despis'd)
 In fortunes lap asleep, of greatnesse dream'd,
 Even in that calme, my state a storme surpris'd,
 And ere I wak't, my ruine was proclam'd;
 Thus I, whose onely name did terroure give
 (As Idoll of the world,) ador'd over all,
 (With crosses compass'd,) such a wretch doe live,
 That who admir'd my might, admire my fall;
 Ah, then indeed I fell, when gallants stood,
 And Phoenix-like renew'd their lives by death;
 Who having seal'd their force, and faith, with bloud,
 Would rather dye, then draw a borrowed breath;
 Yet I, not I, did view, not venge (though neare)
 Those monstrous mountaines of my Subjects flaine,
 Though even my enemies must my courage cleare,
 Which flames of fury lightned forth in vaine;
 Through greatest dangers, death I did pursue,
 Till heapes of slaughtred bodies barr'd my way,
 And chang'd my Chariot to a scarlet hue,
 Ere wounded honour could be drawne away;
 O how I envy yet their happy Ghosts,
 Who dy'd whilst hope of victory remain'd,
 And in the presence of two famous hosts,
 To praise their valour, even their foes constrain'd:
 Shall I survive that memorable shame,
 Which Persia's glory with disgrace confin'd?

No, rather let me dye, and let my name
 As vaine, quite vanish, raz'd from every minde.
 Starre-boasting *Babylon*, all *Asia's* Queene,
 Blush to behold thy King in such a state,
 That by the gazing world he now is seene,
 (A scorned suter) humbly to entreate;
 But not turn'd vassall, as by pow'r appall'd;
 Though all my Empire to a period come,
 Yet none shall vaunt that ever I was thrall'd :
 "Hearts holding courage, are not quite o're-come:
 Should I whose Sovereignty so oft was sworne,
 Be seene submisse to scape a minutes paines,
 No, let them bow, who but to bow were borne :
 For *Darius* this indignity disdaines,
 Since I was once judg'd worthy to command,
 Shall I descend a Subjects state to try ?
 No, whilst a sword yeelds homage to this hand,
 I scorne to grant a greater man then I.
 Brave sprites, who now possesse the pleasant bow'rs,
 And glorious Gardens of th'Elysian Plaines,
 (For, (if deserts may move th'infernall pow'rs))
 That happy shade your shadowes now containes)
 Those fatall fields where I did leade you forth,
 Your bodies bury, but enlarge your fames,
 Men shall adore the relickes of your worth,
 And Trophees reare to your immortall names;
 I'll sacrifice as Incense to your soules,
 His dying sighes, and sorrowing Parents teares,
 Who now, whilst none his prospering pride controules,
 Our conquer'd Ensignes in his triumph beares:
 For, it may ease your Ghosts to heare his grones,
 Whilst burden'd earth rebounding backe doth send
 A wailing eccho (rais'd from woods and stones,)
 With wounded words to shew that Armies end.
 Why spend I speeches to disturbe your rest,
 As but with words (an idle speaker) pleas'd ?
 A mighty fury hath enflam'd my brest,
 And I will rage, till by revenge appeas'd.
 Did I that strong Cadusian first afront,
 Who durst advance himselfe to brave our bands,
 Then turn'd applauded, and in high account,
 Charg'd with his spoiles, the honour of my hands ?
 What, could I then (all kinde of doubt remov'd)
 Alone adventure to an Armies shame ?
 And should I now (that ancient praise disprov'd)
 With squadrons compass'd, lose that glorious name ?
 Blinde fortune, O! thy stratagems are strange !
 Which spoile my pow'r, and staine my honour too,
 And (having made my state the stage of change)
 Hast acted all was in thy power to doe;
 Lo, I, who late of swarming troupes did boast,

Neere

Neere left alone, have fortunes fraud disclos'd;
And those made captives whom I fancy most;
To vaunting Victors are by fates expos'd:
O torment but to thinke, death to beleewe,
That any may my dearest part annoy,
And I, wretch'd I, not able to releeve
Mine eyes chiefe jewel, and my hearts chiefe joy;
Deare object of my thoughts, my life, my love,
Sweet Spring of my delights, my one, my all,
Bright image of th'excellencies above,
What? do'st thou breath, and com'st not when I call?
And can I be, and not be where thou art?
Hath heaven the force me from thy face to barre?
Or are my hands growne traitours to my heart?
That they should shrink from doing what it dare:
O! could my minde but distribute a space
Those emulating thoughts which tossle my brest,
To pointlesse ciphers, who but spend a place,
Then I alone might animate the rest;
Since in this great disgrace, I chanc'd to fall,
Now nothing rests to raise my fame forlorne,
But by some desperate course to hazard all;
I'll live with praise, or by my death flye scorne;
Some prosp'rous issue afterward may purge
This crime which fortune hath impos'd on me,
This crime that carries with it selfe a scourge:
No greater torment then the want of thee;
"But fortunes course, what mortall can restraine;
"Who Diadems through dust for sport doth roule?
A stranger now o're my delights doth raigne,
And may extort the treasures of my soule;
Now, not till now, I apprehend my harmes,
When I imagine how my best belov'd
Must entertaine mine enemy in her armes;
And I so faire from offering ayde remov'd;
A host of furies in my brest I finde,
Which doe my soule with dreadfull horrors fill,
Whilst Melancholy musters in my minde
Strange apprehensions that affright me still;
And this surmiz'd disgrace, grown throughly strong,
Reades houely in mine eares a hatefull scroule
Of an imagin'd, yet a helpelesse wrong,
Such poison'd thoughts like Serpents sting my soule;
Blinde love beguiles me not, sharpe sighted feares
With reason fed, doe make suspicion live:
Would God that I had neither eyes nor eares,
Which to the heart intelligence might give;
This aggravates the weight of my despaire,
When doubt objects to breake loves last defence,
How he is yong and fierce, she yong and faire,

He to offend, she subject to offence;
 From wronging me, both cannot long abstaine:
 Her beauty is sufficient to allure,
 His bravery is sufficient to obtaine.
 "Captaines will force, and Captives must endure.
 O *Alexander*, tender my renowne,
 Though thus thou travell to usurpe my throne,
 "I rage to have a rivall in my Crowne,
 "But in my love I can comport with none;
 That boundlesse flame which in thy bosome boyles,
 If quench'd with ought save bloud (as base) I blame:
 My fortunes take, but spare her honours spoiles,
 Which not thy glory, yet must breed our shame.
 But pardon deare that which griev'd thoughts burst forth,
 More bright thy fame, that darkened is my state,
 "By many meanes men may approve their worth:
 "A woman onely with a wretched mate:
 "Chast mindes still pure, doe then most firmly stand,
 "When fortifi'd with wedlockes sacred band.
 Yet let me doubt, or let me leave to love,
 "To feare the worst it is affections part:
 I doubt not of thy truth; yet it may prove
 Thy face betray thy faith, thy hap thy heart;
 But on thy worth my confidence relies,
 This doth dissolve suspitions power againe;
 I will repell reports as slanderous lyes,
 Which would my judgement, or thy vertue stain.
 Though fortune now my ruine doth designe,
 Yet, with that traitresse scorne to be conjur'd,
 She soone may helpe her fault, thou never thine:
 "No helpe for honours wounds, all else are cur'd.

Chorus.

"O More then miserable minde,
 "Which of all things it selfe worst knowes!
 "And through presumption made quite blinde,
 "Is puffed up with every winde,
 "Which fortune in derision blowes.
 "The man no stable blisse can finde,
 "Whose heart is guided by his eye,
 "And trusts too much betraying shewes,
 "Which make a cunning lye;
 "Oft short prosperity
 "Breeds long adversity:
 "For, who abuse the first, the last o'rethrowes.
 "What thing so good which not some harme may bring?
 "Even to be happy is a dangerous thing.

Who

"Who on himselfe too much depends,
 "And makes an Idoll of his wit;
 "For every favour fortune sends,
 "Selfe-flatterer still himselfe commends,
 "And will no sound advice admit;
 "But at himselfe beginnes and ends,
 "And never takes a moments leisure
 "To try what fault he may commit;
 "But, drunke with frothes of pleasure,
 "Thirsts for praise above measure,
 "Imaginary treasure,
 "Which slowly comes, and flies at every fit;
 "And what is most commended at this time,
 "Succeeding ages may account a crime.

A mighty man who is respected,
 And by his Subjects thought a God,
 Thinkes as his name on high erected,
 Hath what he list at home effected,
 It may like wonders worke abroad,
 O how this folly is detected!
 For, though he sit in Royall seat,
 And as he list his vassals lead,
 Yet others who are great,
 Live not by his conceit,
 Nor weigh what he doth threat;
 But plague his pride oft ere he feare the rod;
 There are rare qualities requir'd in Kings,
 "A naked name can never worke great things.

They who themselves too much esteeme,
 And vainely wilipend their foe,
 Oft finde not fortune as they deeme,
 And with their treasure would redeeme
 Their error past; behold even so
 Our King of blame doth worthy sceme,
 His adversary who did scorne
 And thought who in his name did goe,
 The laurell should have warne,
 His triumphs to adorne,
 But he with shame hath shorne
 The fruits of folly ever ripe with woe;
 "An enemy (if it be well advis'd)
 ("Though seeming weake,) should never be despis'd
 But what? the Minions of our Kings
 Who speake at large, and are beleev'd,
 Dare brag of many mighty things,
 As they could flye, though wanting wings,
 And deeds by words might be atchiev'd;

But

But time at length their lies to light,
 Their Sovereigne to confusion brings:
 Yet so they gaine, they are not griev'd,
 But charme their Princes sight,
 And make what's wrong, seeme right,
 Thus ruine they his might:
 That when he would, he cannot be reliev'd,
 "Moe Kings in chambers fall by flatteries charms,
 "Then in the field by th' adversaries Armes.

Loe, though the successe hath approv'd
 What Charidemus had fore-showne,
 Yet with his words no man was mov'd,
 "For good men first must be remov'd,
 "Before their worth can well be known;
 The King would heare but what he lov'd,
 And what him pleas'd not, did despise,
 So were the better sort o'rethrowne,
 And Sycophants unwise,
 Who could the truth disguise,
 Were suffered high to rise,
 That him who rais'd them up, they might cast downe!
 "Thus Princes will not heare, though some deceive them,
 "Things as they are, but as themselves conceive them.

Act 2.

Alexander, Parmenio.

BEhold, the heavens with a benigne aspect,
 To prosper this brave enterprize intend,
 And with propitious Starres seeme to direct
 This great beginning to a glorious end.
 "Who would be famous, must of force aspire,
 All those (astonish'd) who my Troupes doe view,
 Doubt of these two, which most they should admire,
 My comming, or my conquering with so few;
 "So mighty mindes whilst for great actions bent,
 "Force fortune oft to favour them in all,
 "Where brefts more base divining bad event,
 "Through superstitious feares procure their fall.
 O how I wonder, when I call to minde
 That monstrous campe, which not so much as doubted,
 Dimme seem'd the sunne, while as their armour shin'd,
 Men had not heard the thunder, whilst they shouted.
 Avant-courours advanced to examine,
 When they so meane my numbers had perceiv'd,
 Did thinke them small to satisfie the famine
 That their huge host of slaughter had conceiv'd,

And

And yet in end this prov'd a poyson'd food,
Which of their owne to their confusion yeelds,
Huge mounts of murdered corpes, and seas of blood:
Unburied bodies buried all the fields.
So now, that few whom they contemn'd so farre,
(See how mortality it selfe deceives)
Have quite o're-match'd their multitudes in warre;
And made the world neere waste to people graves.
Then, deare *Parmenid*, since the fates afford
So faire an chtry to our first designs,
Let us goe follow (lantern'd by the sword,)
That fortune which the heavens our hopes assignes.

Parm. This high attempt, as we would wish succeeds;
What hosts have we o'rethrowne, what Cities raz'd?
Loe, populous *Asia* trembles at our deeds,
And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd;
Greece, (which both *Mars* and *Pallas* did defend :)
A humble supplicant before thee falles,
Rebellious *Thebes*, which durst with thee contend;
Lyes now entomb'd within her broken walles;
That Sea-commanding *Tyre*, reposing much
In liquid Towers that *Neptun* rear'd in vaine,
Hath now confirm'd thy forces to be such,
That nothing can resist thy just disdain.
No doubt the ancient *Grecians* Ghosts are glad
To see the fierce Barbarians brought so low,
Yet are for envy of thy fortune sad,
And though un-bodied blush at this o're-throw:
Miltiades by all men was admir'd,
Who once in *Greece* their flying troupes pursu'd;
And he who with a stratagem retir'd,
And *Salamina's* straits with blood imbru'd;
But yet for all the Captaines of that age,
The easterne Monarches Empire was enlarg'd,
Who in their Country (flaming all with rage,)
The Sea with shippes, the land with Armies charg'd;
He with moe swarmes of men, then *Autumnes* clusters;
Dranke Rivers dry, and march'd on *Neptun's* backe,
By measure, not by number, made his musters,
Did scourge the windes, striv'd mountaines plaines to make;
All *Europe* fear'd then to be forc'd to bow,
Whilst th' earth did groane to beare so great an host;
But thou hast come, scene, and over-com'd them now,
Even in the bounds wherein their pow'r was most.
That haughty foe, who vilipended off
Our predecessors force, and scorn'd our owne,
Now laid as low, as he was once aloft,
With his disgrace, must make thy valour knowne;
He doth by this acknowledge his distresse,
In labouring thus to have his friends restor'd,

Thi

This message (mighty Prince) imports no lesse,
 By his request thy conquest is decor'd;
 For the recovery of his captiv'd Queene,
 He offred hath innumerable gold;
 A masse so great, that such was never seene,
 More (as they bragge) then *Macedon* can hold:
 My counsell is, that you accept his offers,
 And with his daughters render her againe,
 "Who would make warre, must not have empty coffers,
 "Where one for glory, thousands fight for gaine;
 And if those Ladies guarded Captives stay,
 It cost and trouble breeds to fit their state;
 Thus more to charge, or charges to defray,
 To vex or ease, advise, and not too late.

Alex. If come to trafficke in a servile sort,
 And like a Merchant bent but to embrace
 (All else despis'd) that which might gaines import,
 Then your opinion purchase might a place:
 But soone I surfet of such melting things,
 And famish but for fame, and Crownes of Kings.

Parm. If *Alexander*, I, so would I doe.

Alex. If I *Parmenio* were, so would I too.

Parm. So you binde Souldiers, let them Dames redeeme.

Alex. Save thanks, or praise, no treasure I esteeme.

Parm. Even good proves ill when done unto a foe.

Alex. What greater glory then to conquer so?

Parm. "Gold is the God that conquers in all parts.

Alex. "True magnanimity doth ravish hearts.

Parm. "Warrs sinewes treasures are which most not faile.

Alex. "Stout breasts, strong hands (not basely given) prevaile.

Parm. "The want of wages makes a mutinous band.

Alex. "But who dare disobey when I command?

Parm. "Those are thought fooles, who riches do disdain.

Alex. "A gallant minde likes glory more then gaine.

Parm. But who delights in such an alery store?

Alex. If I be singular, I seeke no more.

Parm. "The truth by Princes is not understood:

But yet I heare your Souldiers oft exclaime,

That your ambition but exhausts their blood,

Who perill all to purchase you a name;

Yet carelesse what they lose, so you may winne,

That like your minde, your Kingdome may want bounds,

One battels end, another doth beginne,

Whilst you the glory gaine, they nought but wounds;

Such rash reports oft blowne in every eare,

Doe breed bale grudge, and losie tumults too,

"When leaving reverence, duty, love and feare,

"What dare not mutinous troupes attempt to doe?

Retire in time while as the heavens are cleare;

You have perform'd, perform'd, and that even soone,

More

More then your own could hope, your foes could feare,
 Yea (yet more strange) then some can trust, though done;
 Your worth in warre (as bright as glory) showne,
 Which even by envy never could be stain'd,
 Your skill in peace would likewise now be knowne:
 Calme vertue guiding, what sterne valour gain'd:
 "A State well rul'd, the fame of Kings doth raise,
 "No lesse then foughen fields, or batter'd Townes.
 "More hard it is, and doth deserve more praise
 "To guide, then get, to keep, then conquer Crownes:
 In Fortunes spheares chiefe height your glory plac'd,
 Can now not move unlesse it be more low,
 And if it once descend, then quite disgrac'd,
 Each Artizan your Statues will o're-throw;
 For in the warre as you may well perceive,
 There doth no little part depend on Fame;
 If we but once the least small check receive,
 The world will gather to procure our shame;
 Then tempt not Fortune further then you need,
 Your rashly mounting thoughts let reason raine,
 Lest whil'st your hopes with Trophies fain'd you feed,
 A moment lose what many dayes did gaine.
 Let *Darius* prove all Monarchs patterne now
 (What wandring Starre doth sway the course of Crownes)
 That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow,
 Him onely now his misery renownes,
 Scarce mov'd to call you King, though twise o're-throwne;
 At last to match with you he doth agree,
 And with his daughter hath for dowry showne
 That great *Euphrates* shall your border be;
 Or otherwise he condescends to give
 Great store of gold, or what your selfe desires,
 If that his mother, wife, and children live,
 To have them rendred, as he oft requires:
 And let not loftie thoughts cloud Reasons eyes,
 Remember what strange Realmes will him embrace,
 Which scarce he knows, by name, nor never tries,
 Where if he fled, your troupes would tyre to chace.

Alex. Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou mak'st me rage,
 With those thy words not worthy of our cares;
 It seemes the coldnesse of declining age
 Hath kill'd thy courage with a frost of feares:
 Did I abandon thee my native soyle,
 And made my Ensignes shadow torraine fields,
 As fear'd for danger, or else flying toyle,
 That I should turne whil'st yet our foe not yeelds:
 Then all my labours are but lost at last,
 Which have but bred an appetite of praise,
 That I might dye displeas'd, the time once past,
 When meanes remain'd, a state like *Ioves*, to raise

H

No,

No, I will raigne, and I will raigne alone,
 Disdaining to admit of more Commanders:
 For (as the Heavens can hold no Sunne but one)
 The Earth cannot containe two *Alexanders*;
 The spacious circuit of this peopled Round,
 Seemes not sufficient to confine my thought,
 And, O, would God there could moe worlds be found,
 That many might to grace our deeds be brought;
 O! I could wish that th'ocean were firme Land,
 Where none but hideous Gyants had retreat,
 Such as at *Phlegra* field in strife did stand
 Against the gods for the etheriall seat:
 These could encourage martiall mindes to strike,
 Who when subdu'd, would yeeld eternall praise.
 I conquer men, but many did the like,
 And after-ages may my equall raise:
 But since none such my triumphs are to grace,
 Such as there are, Ile to subjection bring,
 And as a pest, I vow to flie all peace,
 Till all the world adore me for their King:
 Let them retyre in time who danger dread,
 Yet thinke on this (whilst glory bent to wed)
 That ye abandon'd me in time of need,
 And that I stay'd to fight when as ye fled;
 Passe home in darknesse, servile rest to finde,
 I measure not my courage by my numbers.

Par. Your majestie doth much mistake my minde,
 You know what I endur'd, what cares, what cumbers;
 And for my part, I to your eyes appeale,
 Which well can witnesse what my hands have wrought,
 All what I spake, proceeded of cleare zeale,
 And not of cowardice, or feare of ought;
 Nor match I vile repose with honest paines,
 My courage (oft-times try'd) is not grown cold,
 Nor yet that vigour hath not left my veines,
 Which spurr'd my sprite in youth, though I be old.

Alex. Tis not enough, that you your selfe be so,
 To be the same you should the rest exhort;
 Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to go
 And view the captives? what doth he report?

Parm. As we have heard of him who thither went,
 While they as yet not of support despair'd,
 And courteously were led unto a Tent
 Which we of purpose caus'd to be prepar'd:
 Even in the way one fortun'd there to spie
 The Diademe which *Darius* earst had borne,
 (Though glorious once) which low on th'earth did lye,
 As earst for pompe, then wondred at with scorne.
 Straight they imagin'd from his Royall head,
 Whose dignity it sometime did decore,

None could it cast except himselfe were dead,
 And if so were, they wish'd to live no more,
 When they had entred in the Tent to weep,
 Your Servant came, and at the entry knock'd,
 Who (finding them so quiet) thought a sleep
 Had clos'd their eyes, or else that he was mock'd,
 At length by force he made a patent way,
 And was advanc'd them lovingly to greet,
 When (loe) the Ladies prostrated all lay,
 And with a flood of teares be-dew'd his feet.
 Then said (by death expecting to be free)
 Let us entombe great *Darius* like a King;
 Then when we first his funerall honour see,
 Death must to us a great contentment bring;
 This oft they urg'd, though he attested there
 That *Darius* was not dead (as they suppos'd)
 But liv'd with hope, his ruines to repaire,
 And in the pow'r of other Realmes repos'd.
 Then did he urge what comfort and reliefe
 They might attend, depending on your Grace;
 Thus having toil'd to mitigate their griefe,
 It seem'd they long'd to see my *Soveraignes* face.
Alex. I pitie still, and not insult o're such,
 (Though once mine Enemies) who are humbled
 And lest weake feare oppresse their mindes too much,
 To comfort them, straight to their Tent I'll go.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

"OF all the passions which possesse the soule,
 "None so disturbs vaine Mortals mindes,
 "As vaine Ambition which so blindes
 "The light of them, that nothing can controule,
 "Nor curb their thoughts who will aspire;
 "This raging vehement desire
 "Of soveraignty no satisfaction findes,
 "But in the breasts of men doth ever roule
 "The restlesse stone of Sisyph to torment them,
 "And as his heart who stole the heavenly fire,
 "The Vulture gnaws, so doth that monster rent them:
 "Had they the world, the world would not content them.

This race of Ixion to embrace the clouds,
 Contemne the state wherein they stand,
 And save themselves, would all command;
 "As one desire is quench'd, another buds,
 When they have travell'd all their time,
 Heapt bloud on bloud, and crime on crime,
 There is an higher power that guides their hand.

More happie he whom a poore Cottage shrouds
 Against the tempest of the threatening heaven;
 He stands in feare of none, none envies him;
 His heart is upright, and his wayes are even,
 Where others states are still twixt six and seven.

That damned wretch up with Ambition blowne,
 Then whil' st he turnes the wheele about,
 Throwne high, and low, within, without,
 In striving for the top is tumbling downe.
 "Those who delight in climbing high,
 " Oft by a precipice do dye,
 So do the Starres skie-climbing worldlings flout;
 But this disease is fatall to a Crowne:
 Kings, who have most, would most augment their bounds,
 And if they be not all, they cannot be,
 Which to their damage commonly redounds,
 "The weight of too great states themselves confounds.

"The mighty toying to enlarge their state,
 "Themselves exceedingly deceive,
 "In hazarding the thing they have
 "For a felicity which they conceive;
 "Though their Dominions they encrease,
 "Yet their desires grow never lesse,
 "For though they conquer much, yet more they crave,
 "Which fatall Fortune doth attend the great,
 "And all the outward pompe that they assume
 "Doth but with shows disguise the Minds distresse;
 "And who to conquer all the earth presume,
 "A little earth shall them at last consume.

And if it fortune that they dye in peace,
 (A wonder wondrous rarely scene)
 Who conquer first, heavens finde a meane
 To raze their Empire, and oft-times their race,
 Who comming to the Crowne with rest,
 And having all in peace possesse,
 Do straight forget what bloody broyles have beene,
 Ere first their Fathers could attaine that place;
 "As Seas do flow and ebbe, States rise, and fall,
 "And Princes when their actions prosper best,
 "For feare their greatnesse should oppresse the small,
 "As of some hated, envied are of all.

We know what end the mighty Cyrus made,
 Whom whil' st he striv'd to conquer still,
 A woman (justly griev'd) did kill,
 And in a bloody vessell roll'd his head,
 Then said (whil' st many wondring stood)

Since

Since thou didst famish for such food,
Now quench thy thirst of bloud with bloud at will;
Some who succeeded him, since he was dead,
Have raignd a space with pompe, and yet with paine,
Whose glory now can do to us no good;
And what so long they labour'd to obtaine,
All in an instant must be lost againe.

Loe, Darius once so magnified by fame,
By one whom he contemn'd o're-come,
For all his bravery now made dombe,
With down-cast eyes must signifie his shame;
Who pufte up with ostentive pride,
Thinke Fortune bound to serve their side,
Can never scape, to be the prey of some;
Such spend their prosp'rous dayes, as in a dreame,
And as it were in Fortunes bosome sleeping,
Then in a dull security abide,
And of their doubtfull state neglect the keeping,
Whil'st fearfull ruine comes upon them creeping.

Thus the vicissitude of worldly things
Doth oft to us it selfe detect,
When heavenly pow'rs exalt, deject,
Conferme, confound, erect, and ruine Kings.
So Alexander mighty now,
To whom the vanquish'd world doth bow,
With all submission, homage, and respect,
Doth flie a borrow'd flight with Fortunes wings;
Nor enters he his dangerous course to ponder;
Yet if once Fortune bend her cloudy brow,
All those who at his sudden successe wonder,
May gaze as much to see himselfe brought under:

Act. 3. Scene 1.

Sisgambis, Statira, Regina Statira virgo.



Dismall day detested be thy light,
And would the Gods (but Gods neglect our case)
The world were wrapt in a Cymmerian Night,
That no proud eye might gaze on our disgrace.
Why did the Heavens reserve my feeble age
To make my burden more, when strength grows lesse;
Could nothing but my harmes their wrath assuage,
Thus offred up on th'Altar of distresse?
Ah! have I spent my youth in pompe, and pleasure,
And had my spring-time grac'd with pleasant flowres,
That th'Autumne which should reape the Sommers treasure

Might be distempred with such stormy showres?
 And did smooth calmes and Sunne-shines for a space,
 Make all my voyage through the world a sport,
 That I should fall when neere to end my race,
 (And toss'd with stormes) even perish at my port?
 Yet for all this, were I expos'd alone,
 The wretched object of *Ioves* thund'ring armes,
 I should not thinke I had just cause to mone,
 When I but wail'd mine owne, not others harmes;
 Ah me! on those whom more then life I love
 The state-disturbing blasts of Fortune fall,
 Yet each of them some severall losse doth move,
 But I in anguish beare a part with all:
 I suffred when I saw *Oxatres* flaine,
 My loving Sonne, and most entirely lov'd;
 I dy'd in *Darius*, when he try'd in vaine
 What Fates would do, yet still their hatred prov'd;
 The heavens to plague me more, yet make me breath,
 O rigour rare! what tortures rack my breast?
 Who feele the sowre, but not the sweet of death,
 Still cours'd, not kill'd, lest that should breed me rest;
 Yet, *love*, if this may dis-enflame thine ire,
 Let all thy lightning light upon my head,
 To be consum'd with a celestiall fire,
 Some comfort were, since that I must be dead.

Sta. Reg. Leave mother those complaints, as fit for me,
 Who still must grieve my friends, and grace my foes:
 Whose fortune is so wretched still to be,
 That all the world may wonder at my woes.
 Loe, that deare Lord and treasure of my thought,
 Whose presence I my Paradise esteem'd,
 To such a precipice is headlong brought,
 That he from ruine cannot be redeem'd;
 Ah! on what prop can I repose my trust,
 When of his state I first the greatnesse ponder?
 Next, how his Diademe (drencht in the dust)
 Was Fortunes Tropee, and all *Asia's* wonder?
 He whose imperious speech the world respected,
 And as an Oracle had in regard,
 He vanquish'd now, and with contempt neglected,
 (Even as a suppliant) can scarce be heard;
 And yet I know this more doth grieve his soule
 Then all the harme which happ'ned to his state,
 His pow'r ov'r me that any can controull,
 Who (as his Idoll) was ador'd of late;
 Shall he (pure quintessence of my best part)
 Then onely testifie the love he beares?
 No, by mine eyes I will distill my heart,
 And for his sake dissolve my selfe in teares;
 Would God my breast might still transparant be,

That

That as through Cryftall all might marke my minde;
And of my loyall thoughts the secrets fee,
Whofe great affection cannot be confin'd.
This prifons worft hath bounded but mine eyes;
And banish'd them the object of their joy,
My fiery heart well wing'd with fancies flies,
And where thou go'ft doft ftill thy fteps convoy;
Deare, whil'ft thou doft enjoy this common ayre,
Thofe who me captive thinke, do grofly erre:
For whil'ft thou liv'ft, how can thy Queene despaire;
Whom thou to foule, and Scepter, doft preferre;
Yet flatter I my felfe who am accurst:
Of thofe mishaps which make my thoughts to stray;
The memory may ferve to make me burft;
Ah, ah, I faint, I feele my fpirits decay.

Sif. Help, help, alas, alas the Empreffe falls.

Stat. Vir. O day of darkneffe! what a world of woes!

Sif. This heavy fight my panting heart appals:
Heaven, earth, and all, are now become our foes.

Stat. Vir. No creature hath more caufe to mone then I,
Whofe Fathers Fortune oft afflicts mine eares,
Whil'ft I my mothers misery muft spie,
So that of both my breaft the burden beares.

Stat. Reg. What inhumane humanity is this,
With fuch a cruell pitie to opprefse,
To bring pale ghofts back from the fields of bliffe;
Yet to be plung'd in th' ocean of diftrefse:
O unkinde kindneffe that by faving flayes,
And would with lovelefse love, my love controull:
Ah! of this braving Sunne the loathfome rayes
Do cleare mine eyes, but to confound my foule.

Sif. Deare daughter, ftrive your paffions to reftaine,
Left that the torrent of your grieve grow fuch,
That both it carry you where horrors raigne;
And him o're-whelme for whom you mourn fo much?
No doubt but he, if we reft captives thus
Disdaining thofe indignities of ours,
To venge himfelfe in reobtaining us,
Will hazard all his orientall pow'rs;
But ah, what comfort can a wretch afford,
Whofe care-worne breaft the worft of woe containes?
Yet though my heart would faine impugne my word,
I hopelefse fpeake of hope, to eafe her paines.

Stat. Reg. Plagu'd with what is, what may be never pause,
Since we muft hold our grieve our greateft good,
And do not feed falfe hopes, for we have caufe
Even to figh out our fouls, and weep our bloud!

Sif. I waile my Sonne. *Stat. Reg.* And I my husbands fall.

Stat. Vir. I waile my Father, and in him us all.

Sif. No woe like mine, mine cannot be releev'd,

I waile his woe who should my woe asswage,
Who lives by me, by whom I should have liv'd,
Sport of my youth, and pillar of mine age.

Stat. Reg. No woe like mine, who for my Mate mourne here,
For love of whom, I had all others left;
But what a Mate? my selfe, or one more deare,
Yet from my selfe, my selfe by force am rest.

Stat. Vir. No woe like mine, who born a Monarchs childe,
Hop'd by my birth of Fortunes best to boast,
Yet are my hopes even at the height beguill'd,
And what I hop'd in most, hath harm'd me most.

Sis. I mourne for him who in my wombe was form'd.

Stat. Reg. I mourn for him in whom love me transform'd.

Stat. Vir. I mourn for him who did give forme to me.

Sis. Shall I no more in him my Image see?

Stat. Reg. Ah! shall I never in his joy rejoyce?

Stat. Vir. Ah! shall I never heare his chearfull voyce?

Sis. Would God my ruine might his ransome be.

Stat. Reg. Would God my life my lifes life might set free.

Stat. Vir. Would God the life he gave him life might give.

Sis. Must those gray haire my Sonnes greene youth survive?

Stat. Reg. Lest twise made dye, I'll first prevent his fall.

Stat. Vir. Shall I live last to suffer for you all?

Sis. But whil'st our wretched state we justly mone,
We may lament this Infant too a space,
Who in mishap inferiour were to none,
If he could apprehend his Tragicke case.

Stat. Reg. O then how can my heart but bursted be,
Whom Nature moves most to bemoane his harmes?
I thinke the hosts of heaven I thund'ring see
On me, my husband. and him in my armes:
Deare Image of my selfe, in whom I live,
Thy shape not shames the greatnesse of thy Sire,
But of thy birth cleare evidence doth give,
Thy sowre-sweet sight addes coals to my desire.
Thou who should'st comfort most, torment'st thou me?
Huge hosts of passions now my soule assembles;
O how I grieve, and yet am glad to see
Thee, though not him, whom thy sweet face resembles!
Go beare this Babe from hence, a wound too deep
Hath pierc'd me with compassion of his part,
Yet let him stay, I joy to heare him weep;
This mothers passion melts my bursting heart;
Of many woes this last is not the least,
That unbegun thy glory thus must end:
Thy Fortunes Sunne (my Sonne) set in the East,
Whil'st all the world thy rising did attend;
Ah! must this Innocent taste of mishap,
Whose tender age cannot discerne his state,
And thus be plagu'd, yea, in his Nurses lap,

Inherit woe by birth? ah cruell fate!
 If thou could'st hope, what great hopes hast thou lost
 Who art defrauded of so high a Throne?
 Ah! in thy cradle must I see thee crost
 Whom I design'd so great when we were gone?
 Yet happie haplesse childe, who can'st not know
 From whence the fountaine of our sorrow flows,
 Nor what it is that men call high, or low,
 Nor on what thorne the rose of honour grows.
 Yet hast thou felt the pricke before the smoll;
 Is this the benefit thy birth-right brings,
 A captive here in misery to dwell?
 Then better not be borne, nor come of Kings.
 O! what a noise is this that thus affrights?
 I thinke of teares the torrent to restraine,
 (Since soules when sad a just complaint delights)
 They still would plague, yet stop me to complaine;
 Or is it one who doth lament our case,
 And is (a rare thing) in affliction kinde?
 Who would behold how we can death embrace!
 Death soveraigne phyicke for a troubled minde.

Sis. By many signes we may our selves assure
 T'is *Alexander* whom we long'd not for.

Stat. Reg. What? ah I die, and must mine eyes endure
 That hatefull object which I most abhorre?

Sis. Spare, spare such speeches now, lest all go wrong,
 We are environ'd with outragious hosts;
 Those who are weake must yeeld unto the strong:
 For, Victors rage when as the vanquish'd boasts;
 I will entreat him too, not for my selfe
 (Age bows my body to embrace pale death)
 But that you yet may shunne this wrackfull shelve;
 Whose youth and beauty worthy are of breath.

Act. 3. Scene 2.

*Alexander, Sifgambis, Statira Regina,
 Hephestion.*

Rise Mother, rise, and calme those needlesse cares;
 I come to cure, not to procure your woe;
 The duty which I owe those silver haire,
 Doth grieve my minde to see you humbled so.

Sis. Most gracious Prince, forgive me it I err'd
 In taking him for you, who stands you by.

Alex. I finde no fault to see my friend preferr'd,
 Even to my selfe; this is another I.

Sis. My sorrows so confounded have my minde

That

That scarce I know my selfe, another lesse;
My soule in such an agony I finde,
As words, nor teares, nor grones cannot expresse.

Alex. I pray you mother set those plaints apart,
They vex me more then sterne *Bellona's* broils.

Sis. This tender name of Mother wounds my heart,
Whil'st nam'd by him, who of that name me spoils:
I was (woe that I was) a Mother late
Of two faire Sonnes (faire Sunnes) lights of my life,
But one is dead, and in a worse estate,
The other lives, involv'd in woe, and strife;
Like to the trunke of some disbranched tree
Which *Æolus* hath to confusion brought,
Since I spoil'd of those brave Impes which sprung from me
Unprofitable stock, I serve for nought.

Stat. Reg. I serve for nought, since serving him no more,
Who onely may my blasted hopes revive,
Loe (quite confounded) farre from what before,
Who him of me, me of my selfe deprive.
I live without my halfe, without my whole,
Prodigious Monster, whom the world admires,
I want the point, the pilot, and the pole
Which drew, addrest, and bounded my desires:
Toss'd by sad sighs in floods of bitter teares,
I (save from ruine) look for no reliefe,
By what I feele still plagu'd, but worse with feares,
All comfort loath'd, my glory is my griefe:
My soule seemes to presage disastrous chances,
And warring with it selfe hath never peace,
My heart surcharg'd doth faint in deadly trances,
My eyes must grace the ground of my disgrace.
Hell hath assembled all her horrors here;
Ah! in the dungeons of this desp'rate brest,
As in the dark *Tartarian* groves, appeare
A thousand shadows to bereave my rest.

Alex. Faire Princessse, spare those passionate complaints,
Which may augment, but not amend your harmes;
This voice which with your woe the world acquaints,
Doth move me more then all the *Persians* Armes.
Take courage (Madam) be afraid of none:
That you may hope what help I can afford,
I sweare by *Joves* inviolable Throne,
And do protest by my Imperiall word;
Though for a while barr'd from your royall seat,
You compass'd here with troupes of strangers stand,
Yet shall you still be us'd as fits your state,
And may (as earst in your owne Court) command.

Stat. Reg. Ah! how can I command whil'st I am thrall?
What can I have, who wanting one, want all?

Alex. Though brave it seeme in some proud victors fight,

To plague their captives, and triumph in ill:
The larger grow the limits of my might,
The more I labour to restraine my will.
What can be fear'd by them whom I defend?
Foes have not pow'r, and who with me remaine;
They dare not wrong, nor offer to offend
The least in ranke who doth attend your traine;
If any would impugne what I appoint,
Or would in ambush for your honour lye,
Or discontent you but in any point,
As *Alexander* lives, that wretch shall dye.

Stat. Reg. O what an host of evils where ere I go
Are still encroaching to o're-throw my state?
Ah! must I be beholding to my foe,
And owe him love, to whom my love owes hate?
Should he help me who still his ruine plyes?
Heavens curse my heart, if stain'd with treason thus,
Let death in darknesse first entombe mine eyes,
Ere such a sight accepted be by us.
I (Lord) am thine, and thine I will remaine,
Thy love was planted in a fertile field,
Which gratefull now thee to reward againe
From flourish'd faith chaste flames for fruits doth yeeld;
Yet doth misfortune this good fortune bring,
My constancy shall now be clearly knowne;
Another might have lov'd an happie King:
But I will love thee, though thou be o're-throwne.

Alex. I labour much to comfort in some measure
This grieved Queene, that was a Monarch's choice,
Whose woe doth make my victory no pleasure,
For whil'st she mournes, I cannot well rejoyce.

Sis. Most mighty King thou dost deserve indeed;
That (as for *Darius*) we should pray for thee,
Who do'st so much in clemency exceed,
That thou bewail'st our losse, no lesse then he;
Not onely thou surmount'st all other Kings,
In glory rising from thy labours gone;
And for those benefits which Fortune brings,
But in all vertues worthy of a Throne;
Thou do'st vouchsafe on me (more then I crave)
The title of a Queene, and Mother still,
But I confesse my selfe thy humble slave,
Whose life hath now no limits but thy will:
The dreamed good, that Greatnesse gave, forgot,
My count'nance shall be free from clouds of cares,
And I'll allow of this my present lot,
As one who for my fate my force prepares;
Yea, if this wofull woman here were free,
Who hath no heaven except her husbands face;
I could content my selfe (great Prince) to be

The meanest hand-mayd that attends your Grace.

Alex. As if your Sonnes, command all that is mine,
And I will seek to second your desire.

Sis. Heavens recompense this courtesie of thine,
Which in all ages thousands shall admire.

Alex. Those captiv'd Princesses have pierc'd my soul,
Which even amid'st our heaven, have found a hell.

Hep. His passions so what Stoick could controule,
Whom now to weep, their teares would not compell?
What age could earst such stately beauties show,
Which of perfection hold the highest place,
And borne to bring, though now they be brought low,
Do Beauty beautifie, give Griefe a grace?

Sir, such a victory hath not beene leene
As you have gain'd, since conquering (as appeares)
The largest kingdome, and the fairest Queene,
That *Asia* vauanted of, these many yeares.

Durst *Leda's*, or *Agenors* brood compare
With that sweet Queene, the honour of her kinde?
But as she is above all others faire,
As farre her daughters make her go behinde;
It seem'd at first that sorrow had beene sleeping,
Then whil'st those Virgins in their Grand-dames bosome,
With weeping beauty, and with beauteous weeping,
Did with a haile of pearle, blast Beauties blossome:
So large a pow'r, no Prince on Earth can have,
As hath Loves Empire in their face confin'd.

Alex. What, what, *Hephestion*, what doth thee deceive?

Dare folly seeke to bragge so brave a minde?
Dare *Cupid* enter in an armed Camp,
And them who *Mars* have match'd for sport appall?
Must his soft scale even through hard metall stamp,
And make who conquer men, to women thrall?

Hep. We dare resist (whil'st many a thousand dyes)
The steely tempests of a world of men,
But if from yvorie orbes two Sunnie eyes
Do charge the soule (I know not how) O then
A lecret pow'r (compos'd of hopes and feares)
So charms the minde, that it strange thoughts conceives,
And straight the heart (quaff'd drunke by th'eyes and th'ears)
Doth staggering reele, and full of fancies raves.

Alex. But yet, in my conceit, I scorne all such,
And do disdain to yeeld my selfe at all;
Yea, in that sort to bow I loath so much,
Let rather *Mars* then *Cupid* make me fall:
Should I be bound with fraile affections chains,
As one oblivious of my former fame?
No, no, this purpose still my soule retaines,
To ballance nothing with a noble names;
O! what a great indignity is this?

To see a Conquerour to his lust a slave !
 " Who would the title of true worth were his,
 " Must vanquish vice, and no base thoughts conceive :
 " The bravest Trophies ever man obtain'd
 " Is that, which ov'r himselfe, himselfe hath gain'd.
Hep. I'm glad (my Sovereigne) that as you excell,
 Not onely men, but *Mars* himselfe in armes,
 That from your minde, you likewise may repell
 The flatt'ring pow'r of loves alluring charmes,
 That vertue rare, whose rayes shine in your words,
 With generous ardour doth enflame my soule,
 And o're my selfe to me such pow'r affords,
 That some brave deeds must straight this course controule.

Act 3. Scene.

Bessus, Narbazanes.

N *Arbazanes*, now ere the time be gone,
 Let us accomplish that which we intend,
 And joyne our wit, our force, and all in one;
 (Ere known begun) that it may quickly end
 You see th'occasion (if our course we keepe)
 To raile rare fortunes, points us out the way,
 Yea, blames our sluggishnesse that as a sleepe,
 So great a purpose doe so long delay.
 Loe, angry *Iove* our Princes part disproves :
 For, Fortunes worst what ever he attempt
 From following him, the peoples minde removes :
 " Distresse still is attended by contempt,
 A ground for so great hopes who ere did see,
 As heavens so happily breed in our mind,
 For, since our King confounded is to be,
 We by his fall, a meanes to rise may finde.

Nar. I will most willingly performe my part,
 For, I the same exceedingly allow :
 Deare wealth and honour, Idols of my heart,
 If you I may enjoy, I care not how;
 Yet that this course may best be kept obscure,
 Our care must seeme all for our Country bent;
 " When mask'd with zeale, crimes are reputed pure,
 " A shew of good doth vulgar mindes content,
 " In dangerous plots where courage joynes with Art,
 " Let slow advice, a quicke dispatch be us'd :
 " What can (lave successe) justifie our part,
 " Who must command, or come to be accus'd ?
Bes. To *Alexander* one was sent of late,
 To speake of peace, whose speech was spent in vaine,

So that (thus tofs'd) most desp'rate is his state,
 Who peace cannot obtaine, nor warre maintaine;
 To cleare his thoughts which many doubts doe sway,
 He now craves each mans minde who squadrons leads;
 This for our purpose must prepare the way:
 "Those who would compasse Kings, need crafty heads:
 And that to gaine which we so much esteeme,
 We can upon no meanes more safe conclude,
 Then crooked counsels that doe upright seeme
 To maske our selves, and others to delude;
 He must (advis'd by some) renounce a space
 The shew of pow'r, and from affaires retire,
 That for a fashion one may use his place,
 Not as usurp'd, but at his owne desire:
 So may he try if others can bring backe
 That which his fortunes ebbe hath borne away,
 Then he againe his Diadem shall take,
 And (as before) the regall Scepter sway.

Nar. Well, then amongst our selves to flye debate,
 Which such great actions oft-times under-mines,
 I yeeld that you possesse the highest seat,
 And will my faction frame for our designs.

Bes. All that is one, which of us two receive it,
 Since every thing doth equally belong us,
 I'll take it for the forme, tis one who have it,
 For we will part his kingdomes all among us.
 But if he condescend to this we crave,
 To judgements rash, which would at first seeme good,
 Let him not thinke us two such fooles to leave,
 That which so many else have bought with bloud;
 "Who once advanc'd, would willingly goe downe,
 "And (prop'd with pow'r,) not love in state to stand:
 "This not the custome is to quite a Crowne,
 "When one hath knowne how sweet it's to command;
 "This name of faith but to get credit fain'd,
 "Is (weigh'd with kingdomes) lighter then a Crowne,
 "And even in them whose thoughts are most restrain'd,
 "A Scepters weight would presse all goodnesse down.

Nar. Yet of my thoughts some doubt new counsell claimes,
 And with huge horror aggravates disgrace:
 The staine of treason still attends our names,
 And with our errour burdens all our race;
 Our purpose must accomplish'd be with paine,
 And we (though pompe a space appeale our soules)
 Shall finde afflictions to disturbe our raigne,
 And be when dead, defam'd by famous scroules,
 The sacred title of a Sovereaign King
 Doth worke a terroure more then can be thought,
 And Majestic to brave my minde doth bring,
 Whose count'nance only strange effects hath wrought.

Bes.

Bes. To idle sounds and frivolous reports,
Give straight a passport, for they last not long,
And what thou do'st alledge, not much imports:
"A Crowne may cover any kinde of wrong;
"What hainous thing so odious is by nature,
"Which for a Kingdome not committed is:
"To be a King, let me be call'd a traitour,
"Faith (if for ought) may broken be for this.
"Those are but feeble braines which fancies loade,
"With timorous dreams which bare surmising brings;
"Who feare vaine shadowes, must not walke abroad,
"Too warie wits dare never worke great things.
If our brave project happily succeed,
(As now I doubt not but it shall doe soone)
We straight will numbers finde to praise our deed,
And sooth us up in all that we have done.

Nar. Now that the time and manner may be sure,
The Bactrian bands shall all attend in Armes,
Yet faine a cause that he may live secure,
And be surpris'd not looking for alarmes.
Then through the campe a rumour must be spread,
That hopelesse *Darius* hath despair'dly gone,
By violence to dwell amongst the dead,
Which (as much griev'd) we must appeare to mone:
The Persians may with promises be pleas'd,
So to disarme him of his native powrs,
Then taking him, our thoughts may all be eas'd,
For whil'st he is his owne, we are not ours;
Till strong with titles, we with pow'r command,
His shadow shrouds, while rights are forc'd, or fain'd,
And his to daunt, or strangers to gaine-stand,
To raise our state, his shew must be maintain'd.
To *Alexander* after we will send,
And offer him his foe to bondage brought,
Then crave that us his favour may defend,
As those who all things for his good have wrought;
Then if we thus his grace cannot procure,
But that he us with rigour doe pursue,
With *Darius* death we will our states assure,
Then first our force, and next the warres renew.

Bes. Let us hence-forth for nothing be dismay'd,
But strive our selves courageously to beare.
This dangerous action would not be delay'd,
Least time make him to doubt, and us to feare.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Time, through loves judgement just,
 Huge alterations brings:
 Those are but fooles who trust
 In transitory things,
 Whose sailes beare mortall stings,
 Which in the end will wound;
 And let none thinke it strange,
 Though all things earthly change:
 In this inferiour round
 What is from ruine free?
 The Elements which be
 At variance (as we see)
 Each th' other doth confound:
 The Earth and Ayre make warre,
 The fire and water are
 Still wrestling at debate,
 All those through cold and heat,
 Through drought and moisture larre.
 What wonder though men change and fade,
 Who of those changing Elements are made?
 How dare vaine worldlings vaunt
 Of fortunes goods not lasting,
 Evils which our wits enchaine?
 Expos'd to losse and wasting?
 Lo, we to death are hasting,
 Whil' st we those things dispute:
 All things from their beginning
 Still to an end are running,
 Heaven hath ordain'd it thus;
 We heare how is doth thunder,
 We see th' earth burst asunder,
 And yet we never ponder
 What this imports to us:
 Those fearefull signes doe prove,
 That th' angry powers above
 Are mov'd wth indignation
 Against this wretched nation,
 Which they no longer love.
 What are we but a puffe of breath
 Who live assur'd of nothing but of death?

Who was so happy yet
 As never had some crosse?
 Though on a Throne he sit,
 And is not us'd with losse,

Yet fortune once will tesse
Him, when that least he would;
If one had all at once
Hydaspes precious stones,
And yellow Tagus gold,
The Orientall treasure,
And every earthly pleasure,
Even in the greatest measure,
It should not make him bold:
For while he lives secure,
His state is most unsure;
When it doth least appeare,
Some heavy plague drawes neare,
Destruction to procure.
Worlds glory is but like a flowre,
Which both is bloom'd, and blasted in an houre.

In what we most repose,
We finde our comfort light,
The thing we soonest lose
That's pretious in our sight;
For honour, riches, might,
Our lives in pawne we lay;
Yet all like flying shadowes,
Or flowers enamelling meadowes,
Doe vanish and decay.
Long time we toile to finde
Those Idols of the minde,
Which had, we cannot binde
To bide with us one day:
Then why should we presume
On treasures that consume,
Difficult to obtaine,
Difficult to retaine,
A dreame, a breath, a fume?
Which vexeth them most, that them possesse,
Who starve with store, and famish with excesse.

Act 4. Scene 1.

Darius, Tiriotēs.



H! must I poyson now my Princes eares,
With newes the worst that ever burden'd eares?
Had I as many tongues as I have teares,
All would not serve my sorrowes to proclaime.
Dar. Great signes of griefe I in thy face discern,
And spare not to report this heavie crosse

To one (I feare) whom it doth most concerne:
 Ist death, disgrace, destruction, treason, losse?
 Tell on the summe of horreur at the first;
 With no ambiguous words my paine prolong:
 "A wretch for comfort craves to know the worst,
 And I have learn'd to be unhappy long;
 What least I speake, and yet suspect too much,
 Art thou the Trumpet to proclaime my Icorne
 Which must wound me? (but ah) no torment such
 As this to her who that disgrace hath borne.

Tir. She was not wrong'd, as you have wrong conceiv'd;
 The Gods from harme did study to preserve her;
 She from your foe such favour hath receiv'd,
 As from her Subjects who were bound to serve her;
 But what a volly doth my voyce prepare
 Of woes to charge your eares? woes full of dread,
 Would God ere I my message can declare,
 That I may dye in saying she is dead.
 And was it not enough (poore wretch alas)
 That I beheld her dye, and would have dy'd?
 But that I must (arm'd with sad tidings) passe
 To wound all them who heare what I have spy'd?
 See how he stands (mov'd with those words of mine,)
 As if by griefe arrested unto death.

Dar. Yet doth the Sunne on my affliction shine,
 And cleare the ayre though tainted by my breath?
 And can I live, and looke them in the face,
 Who have my o'rethrow (shamefull o'rethrow) scene?
 And how I vanquish'd, vanquish'd with disgrace,
 Did lose at once my Kingdome and my Queene?
 Heaven bruise me all to powder with thy thunder,
 That I no more may in the world remaine
 The object of thy wrath, and fortunes wonder,
 Spoil'd of all hope, yet kept for greater paine.
 Ah, art thou dead? and doe I live behinde thee?
 Thy faulty husband, think'st thou so to flye?
 If it be thus, then know I where to finde thee,
 This onely grieves me that too late I dye.
 O *Alexander*, what such hainous ill
 Have I done thee, that thou requit'st me thus?
 Whom of thy friends or kindred did I kill?
 This cruelty comes undeserv'd of us,
 Though justly thou intended had this warre,
Mars from his rage made women alwaies free,
 This tyranny shall all thy Trophees marre,
 And still to thy reproch reported be.

Tir. Thus of that Prince, you without cause esteeme,
 I know her death him grievously displeas'd,
 A wondrous thing which few or none would deeme,
 He wail'd it long, and could not be appeas'd.

Even

Even as my Sovereigne now, then did he smart,
And when he came to calme your mothers griefe,
As acting not his owne, but even your part,
He seem'd to need, and not to give reliefe.

Dar. If any sparkes of that respect remaine,
Which much with thee should (duely weigh'd) import,
I pray thee (*Tiristes*) now be plaine,
Or else strange torments shall the truth extort;
I loath to let this question scape my mouth,
Which both I blush to crave, and long to know,
And can it be, that this transported youth
Not urg'd to have that which I onely owe?
Could this fierce Prince even in his flaming age,
Have such a beauty purchas'd by his toiles,
And yet not seeke (forc'd by affections rage)
Her honours ruine, and my pleasures spoiles?
Speake frankly now, and tell what fatall shelve
Hath crush'd my treasures Barke, and me defac'd:
The feare of ill is worse then ill it selfe,
"They twise doe dye, who dye, and dye disgrac'd.

Tir. Let not those love-bred feares abuse your thought;
By all the world no fable I contrive;
If partially I speake, or lye in ought,
Earth open wide, and swallow me alive:
He whom your grace so wrongfully suspects,
Hath not in any sort your Queene abus'd,
But as his sister still (in all respects)
As chastly and as honourably us'd;
When angry *love* subverted had our state,
And view'd our thundred troupes disordered flight;
Light fortune then who flattered us of late,
Did make our state a mirrour of her might,
For, having found a Crowne foil'd on the ground.

Dar. O endlesse shame which never can be cur'd!

Tir. We straight imagin'd that some cruell wound
Had kill'd our Lord, and wail'd it as assur'd.

Dar. Would God I then had dy'd, as I desir'd,
To have prevented those ensuing harmes,
Whil'st ere my honour and my hap expir'd,
A Crowne my head, a Queene enrich'd my armes.

Tir. But *Alexander* having heard our cryes,
Sent one to learne the cause that mov'd our woe;
Who finding whence our errour did arise,
Gave full assurance that it was not so.
Then he himselfe did to our Tent resort,
And with the mildest words he could conceive,
Your Mother, Wife, and Children did exhort
Such terrours vaine (since but surmiz'd) to leave;
And he protested that they should expect
No harme of him their courage to appall,

Then

Then all things did with great regard direct,
 That no man might endamage them at all.
 Thus when they were against all dangers arm'd,
 (I thinke, for feare (for who would not have fear'd?)
 Lest such rare graces might his minde have charm'd)
 He never more before her face appear'd;
 Else generous vertue, jealous of each thing,
 Which (tempting reason) senses might allure,
 (What rare restraint in a victorious King)
 He fled what fault, or scandall could procure.
 He doth his fame above all things preferre,
 And will not be where it may blemish finde,
 Nor give his eyes commodity to erre,
 Lest thoughts impure might strive to staine his minde.
 He whil'st that she was sicke, did loath delight,
 And (gravely griey'd) all pompe and pleasure left.

Dar. O hatefull heaven! that with such hellish spight
 The worlds chiefe treasure, Natures glory rest.

Tir. When he beheld deaths triumph in that face,
 Which had triumph'd o're such a Monarchs heart,
 With witness'd woe, even passionate a space,
 The lookers on did much commend his parts;
 And when some time his dolour had o're-come,
 Her funerall rites solemnly to decore,
 He us'd such honour, as might well become
 The Persian pompe in prosp'rous times before.

Dar. O pow'r supream! that of great states dispos'est,
 And ratifi'st thy will with fearefull thunder,
 Who as thou please'st, place'st, and depose'st
 Vncertaine worldlings, now above, now under:
 I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,
 If that th'inhabitants of heaven can heare
 The plaints of them who this low point possesse,
 Or that th'immortals can give mortals care,
 This favour last I onely doe require,
 Establish first the Scepter in my hand;
 But if through my desert, or thy desire,
 The race of *Cyrus* must no more command,
 Since angry heaven so high a hate contracts,
 That I must needs my Diadem forgoe,
 Let him succeed, who proves in all his acts,
 So milde a Victor, and so just a foe.

Act 4. Scene 2.

Darius, Artabazus, Nabarzanes, Patron,

Bessus.

If joyn'd by fates with men of dastard mindes,
Who to a noble death, base life preferr'd;
I should not waste my words amongst the windes,
But labour would that time might be deferr'd;
Though still resolv'd, your course confirms me much;
Whom no disaster could divorce from me,
What man can doubt whom heavens doe backe by such,
When (bragg'd with bondage) fighting to be free?
My courage twels to see you marching forth,
Whose force and faith, which all the world doth sing,
(Oft clear'd by prooffe, though fortune envy worth)
Might serve to make, farre more to keepe a King.
He gives our rebels Townes, not mov'd by love:
"Each Prince (though using them,) all traitours hates.
But that their courle to take, this might you move,
His turne once serv'd, so forfeiring your states.
Ye to my fortune have not had regard,
As of my peace, so partners of my warres,
Which, though that I might not, love would reward,
And all the world extoll you to the starres.
How long shall I a vagabond remaine,
And flye a stranger who my right would reave,
Since by one battell we may re-obtaine
All that we lost, or lose all that we have?
Like some vile traitors, whom I will arraigne,
To hold me up, shall I goe cast me downe?
Must Darius onely by entreaty raigne?
No, none hath pow'r to give, or take my Crowne.
I shall not my authority survive,
Nor will I proffer a submissive breath,
My hand shall hold a Scepter while I live,
My head shall beare a Diadem till death;
If those franke thoughts which doe possesse my soule,
Such flames of courage kindled have in you,
A Macedonian shall not us controule,
Nor with disdainfull smiles brag whilst we bow:
My state may testifie fraile fortunes change,
May she not him o're-whelme, as well as mee?
At least our hands beare death, if not revenge,
"Brave mindes when no more rests may still dye free.
Now call your valorous ancestors to minde,
Who from the Grecians tribute still requir'd,
And of whose deeds rare monuments we finde,
Whose merits make their memories admird;

Shall

Shall of your deeds, posterity be dumbe,
Which doth your fathers names (though dead) adore ?
I am resolv'd, my triumph, or my tombe,
A Laurell, or a Cypresse shall decore.

Art. What doubtfull silence thus your thoughts detaines ?
We need advise with nought but with our swords;
He who the Persians wonted worth retaines,
Will answer now with deeds, and not with words.
Let us accompany our King in Armes,
Through bloudy Squadrons to this fatall strife :
"No profit can be had without some harmes,
By slaughter onely we must looke for life;
And when our host (as I hope) doth prevaile,
Our Country shall have peace, we praise of right;
And if our fortune (not our courage) faile,
We dye with honour in our Soveraignes fight;
Let us (if vanquish'd) scorne base breath to buy,
A noble death may greater glory give,
Doe to o're-come, and yet not feare to dye :
'Tis needfull that we fight, not that we live.

Nar. My words will first your Majestic displease,
Yet duty makes me speake where silence spilles;
"The best Physitian cures a sharpe disease,
"With some sowre potion that corruption killes;
"And skilfull Pilots when they feare a storme,
"To save the ship, will cast out pretious things,
You in some sort may imitate their forme,
For else a tempest totall ruine brings.
Since bent against the Gods, how can we speed ?
To all our actions, fortune is oppos'd,
We must of force some other way proceed,
So have the heavens of our affaires dispos'd :
Give (Sir,) the state, at least your titles place
On some more happy man, not in effect,
But with your shadow cloath him for a space,
Till he your Realmes from ruine may protect.
This storme once calm'd, that now disturbs your state,
And *Asia* free from any forraigne hoste,
He shall with haste resigne the Soveraigne seat,
These Kingdoms gain'd againe, which you have lost :
All *Bactria* yet abides at your command,
The Indians, loe, would dye to doe you good,
Yea, many thouland thousands armed stand,
Bent for your State to offer up their bloud;
What should we rush like beasts to needlesse strife ?
Be well prepar'd, and then your fortune try,
"Brave mindes should death despise, not loathing life :
"For feare of danger cowards crave to dye.
"But vertue first all hopes accounts doth cast,
"And of each meane to helpe maturely thinkes,

Then

Then

"Then, when all else is done, death is the last,
 "The which to meet true courage never shrinks.
 Now for the time, let *Bactria* be our seate,
 To *Bessus* for the forme your Crowne resigne,
 Who, when he once hath re-advanc'd your state,
 Shall with your foes o'rethrow his charge confine.

Dar. Wretch travell'st thou thy Sovereign to betray?
 Such treason dar'st thou to our eares impart?
 Such treason under trust? stay traitour stay,
 My sword shall search what lurkes within thy heart.

Art. Sir, reyne your rage: this but new trouble breeds;
 And weigh well what they are, what is the time;
 It may be this from ignorance proceeds,
 "In thought, and not in word, consists a crime;
 Since that against your enemies you goe,
 Be not severe in censring Subjects parts,
 But tolerate your owne, to grieve your foe,
 Now must we strive to gaine, not lose mens hearts.
 It by all meanes shall be exactly try'd,
 How first his braine such fancies did embrace,
 And if but simply, not puffed up with pride,
 He must be pardon'd, and restor'd to grace.

Dar. And of my Subjects I would rather have
 Then one to punish, them to guerdon all.

Nar. If I have err'd, no pardon (Sir) I crave.
 First heare, and if I faile, then let me fall;
 I call the Gods to testifie my part,
 Who can (commenting thoughts) cleare truth afford,
 If ever treason harbour'd in my heart,
 Straight let me dye, not pittied, but abhorrd;
 I counsell gave according to my skill,
 It was my upright minde that made me bold,
 And though my wit not answer'd to my will,
 "Still zeale what it conceives, must needs unfold.
 "We should be loth to speake in grear affaires,
 "Where words are damn'd, or ballanc'd by th' event:
 "For, if things faile, the fault is still thought theirs,
 "Who gave advice, though of a good intent,
 Great Prince forget this not well grounded grudge:
 Who dare be free if thus for words rejected?
 At least examine first before you judge;
 I rather dye absolv'd, then live suspected.

Dar. Your fond opinion justly might be fear'd,
 Which seem'd indeed sinistrouly inclin'd;
 For, at the first your speech to me appear'd
 The poyson'd birth of some malicious minde.
 But your purgation now hath taken place,
 And of your faith I will no further doubt,
 But hold you in the same degree of grace,
 That you enjoy'd, before those words chanc'd out.

I thinke that Patron lookes with speaking eyes,
As if his minde were mightily perplex'd,
Come, Patron, tell what in thy bosome lyes,
By which thou seem'st so wonderfully vex'd.

Pa. Sir, I would speake in private if I could,
That which affection fir'd with zeale affords,
"Let silence leale what friends with feare unfold,
Take you my thoughts, none else shall have my words:
Though onely bound by voluntary choice,
We follow you (all other hopes quite lost)
Your bodies shadowes, th' Ecchoes of your voyce,
As faithfull now as when you flourish'd most;
For where you are, we must remaine with you,
Since both our lots are in one vessell throwne,
I wish our Tent were made your lodging now,
For, we will save your life, or lose our owne.
We have abandon'd *Greece* our native soile,
And our retreat no *Bactria* now attends,
But those who us would of your person spoile,
Spoile us of all, whose all on you depends.
Would God all yours were bent to doe their due,
"Fame big by feare doth bring forth rumours rife;
I grant it grosse, if that his owne were true,
To trust a stranger with a Monarches life.

Dar. What sudden danger doth of late dismay you,
Such inconveniences that you fore-cast?

Pa. Sir, *Bessus* and *Narbazanes* betray you,
This day to you, or them will be the last:
They faine repentance onely for the forme,
Till every thing be for the fact prepar'd,
The clouds are gathering which doe boast a storme,
And they ere night, minde to invade your guard.

Dar. I trust thy words, but yet I cannot wrong
Those who by nature love to me should beare,
Shall I leave them who follow'd me so long?
Then they may thinke, I merit what I feare.
I will await on what the heavens will send,
For, who can stand when fates his fall conspire,
And with mine owne, at least, least griev'd will end,
I live too long if they my death desire.

Bess. Take heed in time (Sir) to this subtile Greeke,
The Grecian faith to all the world is knowne,
I am enform'd he by all meanes doth seeke
To gratifie your foe, as borne his owne;
"And marvell not, though mercenary men,
"Who sell themselves, sell all, this is not strange,
"They have no God but gold, nor house, how then
"Can they be constant, who doe live by change?
Though this vaine man pre-occupy you thus,
And such as would themselves abuse your grace,

Faith shall be found untainted still in us,
When our accuser dare not shew his face.

Dar. Of *Alexander* those who hope for gaine,
By trait'rous meanes do but themselves deceive,
Since none in earth doth Traitors more disdain,
Nor treason can in greater horreur have.

Bes. Well, Sir, you shall know shortly what we are,
I will go see your Ensignes all displai'd.

Dar. It better is since things are gone so farre,
Then seeme but to mistrust, to be betray'd.
Loe, *Artabazus* I have acted here
My part of greatnesse, and my glasse is runne,
Now *Patrons* speech doth evident appeare,
I see my end, yet can their course not shunne.

Art. The *Bactrians* onely have imbark'd in this,
Go to the *Greeks*, which if with courage done,
When once your danger manifested is,
The *Persians* all will follow after soone.

Dar. And what if I were gone to *Patrons* Tent,
And had the *Greeks* for guard as you desire?
He hath but thousands foure which are well bent,
They thirty thousand who my fall conspire;
And (doing this) I should their deed excuse,
In giving them a cause who have most might;
They may indeed my lenity abuse,
But by my deed they shall pretend no right.

Art. O Prince to be bemoan'd, who can but weep
To see thee thus involv'd in such a state?

Dar. Retyre you all, and seek your selves to keep,
Here attend the issue of my fate.
Ye wonder that a wretch yet breathing stands,
To whom the heavens no comfort can impart:
Feare shall not make me fall by mine owne hands,
No, let another sinne though I must smart;
None of you all have falsifi'd your truth,
But loyall still unto the end abide,
Now I you all disburthen of your oath,
Leave me alone, and for your selves provide.

Act. 4, Scene 3.

Darius.

O Stormy state of Kings, vaine Mortalls choice,
The glorious height whence greatnesse grones to fall!
Ah! we (who courting fame, do hunt each voyce)
To seeme but Sovereigne must be slaves to all:
" Yet blowne like bladders, with Ambitions winde,
" On envy'd Scepters weakly we relye;
" And (whil'st swoln fancies do betray the minde)
" Not onely th'earth, but heavens themselves defie.

K

" Whil'st

"Whil'ft loftie thoughts tumultuous mindes do tosse,
 "Which are puffed up with popular applause,
 "A state extended by our Neighbours losse,
 "For further trouble but procures a cause;
 "If Fortunes dark ecclipse cloud glories light,
 "Then what avails that pomp which pride doth claim?
 "A meere illusion made to mock the sight,
 "Whose best was but the shadow of a dreame;
 "Of glassie Scepters, let fraile greatnesse vaunt,
 "Not Scepters, no, but reeds, which (rais'd up) break,
 "And let eye-flatt'ring shows our wits enchaunt,
 "All perish'd are, ere of their pomp men speak,
 "Those golden palaces, those gorgeous Halls,
 "With furniture superfluously faire,
 "Those stately Courts, those skie-encountering walls
 "Do vanish all like vapours in the ayre.
 "O! what affliction jealous greatnesse beares,
 "Which still must travell to hold others downe,
 "Whil'ft all our guards not guard us from our fears,
 "Such toile attends the glory of a Crowne?
 Where are they all who at my feet did bow,
 Whil'ft I was made the Idoll of so many?
 What joy had I not then? what have I now?
 Of all once honour'd, and now scarce of any.
 "Our painted pleasures but apparrell paine:
 "We spend our nights in feare, our dayes in dangers,
 "Balls toss'd by Starres, thralls bound to Fortunes raigne,
 "Though known to all, yet to our selves but strangers.
 "A golden Crowne doth cover leaden cares;
 "The Scepter cannot lull their thoughts asleep,
 "Whose souls are drown'd with floods of cold despair,
 "Of which base vulgars cannot sound the deep.
 "The Bramble grows, although it be obscure,
 "Whil'ft loftie Cedars feeble the blust'ring windes,
 "And milde *Plebeian* souls may live secure,
 "While mighty tempests tosse Imperiall mindes;
 "What are our dayes but dreames, our raigne a glance,
 "Whil'ft Fortunes feaver makes us rage and rave,
 "Which with strange fits doth to a height advance,
 "Till, ere paine us, we first our life must leave?
 "For glist'ring greatnesse by Ambition lov'd,
 "I was the wonder of all gazing eyes,
 "But free from shadows (reall essence prov'd)
 "States just proportion ruine onely tries.
 Loc, charg'd with chains which (though they be of gold)
 My states distresse diminish not the more,
 When this preposterous honour I behold,
 It but upbraids me what I was before,
 And what was I before (as now I see)
 (Though what afflicted was not clearly knowne)

But

But still in fetters, whilst appearing free,
 And in a labyrinth of labours throwne.
 Was I not forc'd to serve a thousand humours,
 To scape the censure of a Criticke storie,
 Still clog'd with cares, enrag'd with many rumours;
 O glorious bondage, and ô burd'nous glory!
 That dignity which deif'd me late,
 And made the world doe homage to my name;
 Doth not oppole that which pursues my state,
 But by my fall gives feathers unto fame;
 My best was but a momentary blisse,
 Which leaves behind this ever-lasting sting,
 That of all woes no woe is like to this,
 To thinke I was, and am not now a king.
 No man with me in all th'accomplish'd joyes
 That satisfie the soule, could once compare;
 No man may match me now in sad annoyes,
 Or any crosse which can provoke despaire.
 Thrice fortune did my gallant troupes entrap,
 And I to fall did desperately stand,
 Yet could not be so happy in mishap,
 As to have di'd by some renowned hand;
 But for my greater grieve, disgrace, and scorne
 (The mindes of men so apt are to deceave)
 They whom aloft my favours wings had borne,
 Even they have made their Master thus a slave.
 Ah! did not death in prison from me reave,
 The sacred Sovereigne of my soules desires?
 And I (wretch'd I) not present to receive,
 The last cold kisse that should have quench'd my fires?
 Yet, o thrice happie thou, who hast not liv'd
 To beare a burden of this great disgrace!
 More then a thousand deaths this had thee grievd,
 To know I di'd, and di'd in such a case.
 Ah! doe the pledges of our mutuall love,
 (The onely comfort that the fates have left)
 Rest prison'd yet? and may I not remove
 My mother thence, as of all power quite rest?
 My paines are more then with my pleasures even,
 Since first my head was burden'd with a Crowne;
 Was I exalted once up to the Heaven,
 That to the Center *love* might throw me downe?
 My ample Empire, and my Princely birth,
 My great magnificence, and vaine excesse,
 All cannot yeeld my minde one minutes mirth,
 To ease me now in this my great distresse.
 Loe here reduc'd vnto the worst of ills,
 Past helpe, past hope, and onely great in grieve,
 Two abject vassals make me waite their willes,
 Not looking, no, nor wishing for reliefe.

If that my honour had beene first repair'd,
 Then what though death had this fraile forresse wonne?
 I waile my life (since for disgrace prepar'd)
 Not that it ends, but that it was begunne:
 What fatall conflict can my count'nance marre,
 Though me to bragge, death all his horrors bring?
 I never shall wrong Majestie so farre,
 As ought to doe that not becomes a king.

Chorus.

Some new disaster daylie doth fore-show
 Our comming ruine: wee have seene our best:
 For fortune bent us wholly to o'rethrow,
 Throwes downe our king from her wheelles height so low,
 That by no means his state can be redrest:
 For, since by armes his pow'r hath beene repress,
 Both friends and servants leave him all alone;
 Few have compassion of his state distrest,
 To him themselves a number false doth show;
 So foes and faithlesse friends conspir'd in one,
 Fraile fortune and the fates with them agree:
 "All runne with Hatchets on a falling tree.

This Prince in prosp'rous state hath flourish'd long,
 And never dream'd of ill, did thinke farre lesse,
 But was well follow'd whilst his state was strong;
 Him flattering Syrens with a charming song
 Striv'd to exalt, then whilst he did possesse
 This earthly drosse, that with a vaine excesse
 He might reward their mercenarie love;
 But now when fortune drives him to distresse,
 His favourites whom he remain'd among,
 They straight with her (as hers) their faith remove;
 And who for gaine to follow him were wont,
 They after gaine by his destruction hunt.

"O more then happie ten times were that king,
 "Who were unhappie but a little space,
 "So that it did not utter ruine bring,
 "But made him prove (a profitable thing)
 "Who of his traine did best deserve his grace;
 "Then could, and would of those the best embrace;
 "Such vulturs fled as follow but for prey,
 "That faithfull Servants might possesse their place.
 "All gallant minds it must with anguish sting,
 "Whilst wanting meanes their vertue to display;
 "This is the griefe which bursts a generous heart;
 "When favour comes by chance, not by desert.

Those

Those minions oft to whom kings doe extend
Above their worth, immoderate good-will,
(The buttes of common hate oft hit in end)
In prosp'rous times they onely doe depend,
Not upon them, but on their fortune still,
Which if it change, they change, them though they fill
Their hopes with honour, and their chests with Coyne;
Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill,
Those whom they rais'd will not with them descend,
But with the side most stronge all straight doe joyne;
And doe forget all what was given before,
When once of them they can expect no more.

The truth hereof in end this strange event,
In Bessus and Nabazenes hath prov'd,
On whom their Prince so prodigally spent
Affection, Honour, Titles, Treasure, Rent,
And all that might an honest minde have mov'd.
So bountyfull a Prince still to have lov'd.
Who so benignely tendred had their state;
Yet Traitors vile (all due respects remov'd)
They him to strike the strength he gave have bent,
Soe as he now may rue, although too late,
That sic Camelions changing thus their hue,
To servants were preferr'd, who still were true.

But though those Traitors for a space doe speed,
No doubt the Heavens once vengeance will exact;
The very horreur of this hainous deed,
Doth make the hearts of honest men to bleed:
Yea, even the wicked hate this barbarous act:
The Heavens no higher choler can contract,
Then for the forcing of a sacred king,
Whose state (if rage doe not their mindes distract)
Must feare and reverence in inferiours breed,
To whom from him all what is theirs doth spring;
But though on th' earth men should neglect this wrong;
Heavens will those Traitors plague ere it be long.

Act 5. Scene 1.

Hephestion, Alexander, Polystратus.



W H A T Story or what fable can record
Of such a numb'rous troupe so strangely lost:
I know they quak'd to know it was my lord,
Whose name alone is worth anothers hoite:
It scarce can trusted be in many parts;
But Traitors feare, though all the world them backe;

K 3

They

They were but bodies destitute of hearts:
 Moe prisoners they were then men to take.
 Who would believe so few durst strive to meete
 So great an Army, and the Army shrinkes?
 "But Glories flattery, and fames sounds are sweet:
 "True valour dare attempt all that it thinkes.

Alex. In this encounter to have had the best,
 It would content more then a common minde;
 But since we want the chiefe, what of the rest?
 I must in all a satisfaction finde;
 Those Traitors thought to finish this the warre,
 By giving me their Lord whom they have bound,
 But I who march with confidence so farre
 Doe scorne to build upon so base a ground;
 To venge my wrongs dare others then designe?
 Since *Darius* was ordain'd my prey to be,
 How durst they but have aim'd at ought of mine?
 His o'rethrowes glory did belong to mee.
 Whilst in himselfe he onely did confide,
 I by all meanes did strive to make him bow,
 But since his hard estate abates that pride,
 My fury turn'd is to compassion now;
 Though he contemn'd me oft, and did me wrong,
 Yet am I griev'd that he was thus deceav'd,
 If but acknowledg'd once to be more strong,
 I not his blood, nor yet his kingdome crav'd;
 And if those Traytors have not kill'd him straight,
 Yet his delivery shall my name renowe;
 I would not lose a Subject of such weight,
 By which my clemency might be made knowne.

Po. Sir, now your coming cannot doe him good.

Alex. What? all are fled, none have my force withstood?

Po. Yet can not *Darius* be redeem'd againe.

Alex. Why, have they set him free, or is he slaine?

Po. Now he enjoyes a libertie at last;
 But ransom'd is by offering up his breath.

Alex. Then is all *Asia's* expectation past?
 Tell on at length the manner of his death.

Po. The boiling ardor of the rising Sunne
 (All moisture gone) did breede so great a drouth,
 That from the way I had a little runne,
 To finde some fountaine to refresh my mouth;
 There, by the borders of a ryfing brooke,
 Which shadow'd was from *Titans* ryfing beames,
 From liquid crystalls I a tribute tooke,
 Which seem'd to murmur, that I forc'd their streames:
 When (loe) I saw (a lamentable sight)
 Two wounded horses draw a bloody Coach,
 Which clad with skinnies, shewd horreur at the height;
 And it to spie when as I did approach,
 One was within, who could not long time scape,

The fatall passage of th'inferhall gates;
 Yet Majestie triumphing o're mishap,
 Hee seem'd to bragge both fortune and the fates;
 And to so base a state as first not borne,
 Then whilst his bloode abundantly did fall,
 He bursted forth those words in fortunes scorne,
 As one whose courage nothing could appall:
 You gaze to see (and have good cause wherefore)
 A man no man, a king no king: what change?
 Now lesse then nought who once was both, and more;
 This would seeme wond'rous, but no state is strange;
 And yet a midst my evils I must rejoyce,
 That this last comfort doth forgoe my end.
 I speake to one who can conceave my voice,
 And not in vaine my dying speeches spend;
 I am, but how? in name, and not in pow'r;
 That wretched *Darius* (which I should suppress)
 Once happie (as was thought) but at this hower,
 A lively patterne of extreame distresse.
 Then having paus'd (he said) my griefe is great;
 Tell *Alexander* (as the world may spie)
 That though of me he never had but hate,
 Yet am I forc'd farre in his debt to die:
 The favour past extended to my Queene,
 And that poore remnant my surviving rest,
 (When weighing well what I to him have beene)
 I wish continu'd, but can scarce request;
 They to his foe belong, and yet he strives
 To have them honour'd now, as in times past;
 But those who held of me both states, and lives,
 Of state and life have me depriv'd at last.
 Entreat him too that unreveng'd below
 I wander not as haplesse in all things:
 Let men his justice, and their treason know;
 This (as a common cause) doth touch all kings.
 Beside the honour which he shall acquire
 In plaguing them who have betrai'd my trust;
 His magnanimity men shall admire,
 And feare to grieve him whom they finde so just.
 "As watrie rounds which rise and reele in raine,
 "Do swell, and flote, yet when they breake (though bright)
 "Last, leave (when fall'n) no token save a stayne,
 Pompe quickly thus both courts and scornes the fight;
 And since my glasse is runne, my glory gone,
 I dead unto the world, the world to me,
 I wish (save his) that th'earth adore no throne:
 For, from his raigne what subject would be free?
 Then drowping downe, faint, bloodlesse, and halfe dead,
 He pra'd me for some water that ranne by,
 (A small request by such a monarch made)

Which

Which when that he had got: yet, eare I die
 This crosse must come (said he) to kill me quite;
 Though Nations once to mee as Sovereigne fought,
 I have not now the pow'r but to requite
 This little benefit, that thou hast brought:
 But *Alexander* shall reward thee well,
 And him the Heavens, still yeelding his desires,
 Since that his foes (though envie burst) must tell
 That courtesie which all the world admires.
 Now none hath pow'r his pleasure to controule,
 But if he use them well whom he retaines,
 It will procure contentment to my soule,
 And make him famous whilst the world remaines.
 When breath abandon'd hath this brittle clay,
 Then cause some friend defray my funerall cost,
 That churlish *Charon* force me not to stray
 Where darkenesse dwells, an unregarded Ghost.
 Last, give my corpes to her who brought it forth,
 Who may it with my Ancestours entombe,
 And since she lov'd me much, though little worth,
 May waile this burden which once grac'd her wombe;
 And to that Prince whose state I wish to stand,
 In signe of love which all my thoughts doe send,
 My soule gives him my heart, it thee my hand:
 Thus though I liv'd his foe, I die his friend.
 I had but held his hand a little space,
 When dying like a Torch whose waxe is spent,
 In spite of payne, even with a princely grace,
 His hands still seem'd directing as he went.

Alex. Who could refraine from teares to heare declar'd
 The huge mishapps, which all at once did light;
 Have subiects slaine their Prince, whom strangers spar'd:
 Vs hath he fled, that perish thus he might!
 I for his fall am wonderfully sorry,
 Whom first I forc'd, but last would have maintain'd:
 I envie death, because it rob'd the glory
 Which I (by giving him his life) had gain'd.

Hep. Since death hath put a period to his woes,
 That favour which to him you would extend,
 Let it with furie flame against his foes,
 For your designs can have no fairer end:
 So shall you both the peoples love obtaine,
 Whilst by your meanes reveng'd their Sovereigne rests,
 And likewise may the more securely raigne,
 The state well purg'd from such contagious pests,
 " If but one vertue did adorne a king,
 " It would be justice; many great defects
 " Are vail'd thereby, whereas each vertuous thing
 " In one who is not just, the world suspects.

Alex. Though this your Counsell, nor yet his request,

Had

Had not the pow'r to penetrate my care,
A generous stomach could not well digest,
So great a wrong which courage stormes to beare.
My sprite (impatient of repose) disdaines,
That they so long their infamie survive:
But I will punish with most grievous paines
The monstrous Treason that they did contrive.
What? doe they thinke (though back'd with numbrous bands)
That *Bactria* is a bulwarke for mine Ire?
Flie where they list, they cannot scape my hands,
My wrath shall follow like consuming fire.
Such damned soules the heaven cannot receive,
He force Hells dungeons, as *Alcides* did,
And they on th'earth no bounds but mine can have,
I'll search them out though in the center hid,
And when as threatening now I once may strike,
Betwixt the bending boughs of some strong tree,
To Traitors terrors who intend the like,
They shall by violence dismembred be.

Poll. Sir, may it please you to extend your care,
That some his funerall offices performe.

Alex. Goe presently, and every thing prepare,
As best becomes the military forme.

Act 5. Scene 2.

Sisigambis, Nuntius, Chorus.

HIS looke alas, hath charg'd my soule with feares:
Speak, for my life doth on thy lippes depend,
Thy count'nance (ah) a dolefull copie beares
Of some sad summons to denounce my end.
Starve not my eares, which famish for thy words,
Though they when swallow'd may but make me burst.

Nun. The meslage (madame) which my soule affords
Must once be knowne, and once knowne still accurst.

Sis. Be not a niggard of ill newes. *Nun.* And why?

Sis. Fame will tell all the world. *Nun.* But first to you.

Sis. Tell soone. *Nun.* Your sonne is dead. *Sis.* Then let me die.

Cho. Her joyes and pleasures all are perish'd now.

Sis. Why opens not the Earth straight to devoure
A hopelesse caitive who all good hath lost?

The longer that I live, my griefe growes more,

As but to mischief borne, kept to be crost;

Would God this masse where miserie remaines,

A weight of Earth from sight of men might keepe;

Or that the Seas all raging through the plaines

Would make my tombe amid't their tumid deepe.

O *Alexander*! hast thou rob'd his life,

Yet

Yet entertain'd me still in hope to finde him?
 Why did'st thou not first kill this poore old wife,
 Who was not worthie to have liv'd behind him?
 That I should live till thou my Sonne had'st slaine,
 Was all thy kindnesse for this cause imploi'd?

Nun. You wrong that Prince, for he with hast in vaine
 Came him to helpe whom others had destroi'd.

Sis. What impious thoughts durst dreame so vile a deed,
 A monarchs murther, *Asia's* glories end?

Nun. Two whom he rais'd did his confusion breed,
 He found his friend his foe, his foe a friend.

Sis. Tell on thy message, messenger of death,
 And loade my minde with mountaines of distresse,
 That tears may drowne my sight, sighs choake my breath,
 Whilst sorrow all my sences doth possesse.

Nun. When *Alexander* (who at peace repin'd)
 Did (save submission) hold all offers vaine,
 Bent of sterne *Mars* to try the doubtfull minde;
 A generall muster *Darius* did ordaine,
 And (in one battell bent to venture all)
 He caus'd his will be publicly proclaim'd,
 Whilst two vile Traitors did conspire his fall,
 Who *Bessus* and *Narbazanes* were nam'd;
 Those two in councell did discover first
 Some portion of the poison of their heart,
 Which caus'd the king suspect, but not the worst,
 Yet with a sword he sought to make them smart.
 But having scap'd what first was fear'd from rage,
 They seem'd so much their errour to lament,
 His indignation that they did asswage,
 (False hypocrits) pretending to repent.
 Whilst *Artabazus* as an honest man
 Who judg'd of others by his vpright minde,
 (No fraud conceav'd) sought more to scape then scan,
 What they with craft to compasse Crownes design'd.

"*Cho.* A mind sincere is ever least suspicious:

"These think all faultie, who themselves are vitious.

Nun. They urg'd him with the king to interceed,
 That in his favour he would give them place,
 And did protest that by some valorous deed,
 They labour would to gaine againe his grace;
 Then *Artabazus* came and told the king,
 That in the battell he might try their faith,
 And both before his majestie did bring,
 Who (when submisse) did quickly calme his wrath.
 With hands stretch'd up to Heaven, and humbled knees,
 With teares like those which Crocodiles doe shed,
 Woe in their face and pitie in their eyes,
 Did for compassion (though from rigour) pleade.
 The king of nature milde did them receave,

And

And them (who thus but for the forme complain'd)
 Not onely all (relenting) quite forgave;
 But wept in earnest too whil' st they but fain'd;
 When in his Coach from all suspicion free,
 With count'nance sad long following on behinde
 (As still pretending supplicants to be)
 They bow'd to him whom they were bent to binde;
 The *Grecian* Captaine curiously neare
 (When mark'd a suter) crav'd what he requir'd;
 By pregnant proofes did evidently cleare,
 What treason was against his state conspir'd;
 He told what way their purpose might be tri'd,
 And how the *Bactrians* were for trouble bent;
 Then for his safety pray'd him to provide,
 By straight with him retyring to his Tent;
 But in the King who did neglect his state;
 No kinde of care this friendly offer bred:
 So that (it seem'd) he by some pow'rfull fate
 Was head-long forward to confusion led:
 The *Greeke* past thence despairing him to save,
 Who thus all meanes to help himselfe refus'd;
 With subtle words then *Bessus* there did crave
 To purge himselfe, and errours past excus'd;
 Old *Artabazus* happ'ning to approach,
 The King to him did *Patrons* speech report,
 Who then perceiv'd what danger did encroach,
 And wish'd he would where *Greeks* were strong resort.
 But in his breast this purpose firmly plac'd,
 That from his Subjects he would never flie,
 With mutuall teares they tenderly embrac'd,
 And parted there, like two who went to dye.
 Now silent night in pitchie vapours cled,
 Had must' red mysts, and march'd out of the West;
 (Dayes beauties darkning, shadowie horrors spread)
 The Sentinels were set, and all at rest,
 When (loe) a terrour did distract the host!
 Whose bands to murmure were dispers'd in parts,
 With sounds resembling ships in stormes neare lost,
 Whil' st each to other cause of feare imparts.
 Those who their King appointed were to guard,
 From what was due by fraud or feare did stray;
 And (to his danger having no regard)
 His Fortunes Minions fled with her away.
 The desolation then growne wondrous great,
 With some few Eunuchs *Darius* left alone,
 (No strength remaining, nor no signe of state)
 He thus them spake, who for his fall did mone:
 Go, part in peace ere further harme be had,
 Lest that my ruine likewise you surprise.
 They hearing those sad words (as men gone mad)

Went

Went howling through the host with dolorous cryes;
 So that all those who heard what plaints they made,
 Thought that they had their Sovereignes death bewail'd;
 And (forcing trust) some forg'd reports were spread,
 That he had kill'd himselfe, all hope quite fail'd.
 The *Persians* griev'd whil' st these things did occurre,
 Did first encourage all their Countrey bands
 To help their Prince, but yet they durst not stirre
 For feare of falling in the *Bactrians* hands;
 Even in the time when this confusion was,
 The Traitors to deferre the fact no more,
 Did to their Sovereignes Tent with Squadrons passe,
 And took, and bound, him whom they serv'd before;
 Who in a golden Coach once proudly rode,
 Was throwne in one for common carriage us'd,
 And who of late was honour'd like a God,
 Two of his owne (as if their slave) abus'd:
 Those royall hands to beare a Scepter borne,
 Were basely bound, and which the more him griev'd,
 " (Thus misery can hardly scape from scorne)
 " With bands of gold, which burden'd, not reliev'd.
 When *Alexander* (great with courage) spy'd
 Our Armies flie, he (who in hope them chac'd)
 To follow us with diligence did ride,
 " Base seem'd the Conquest which no danger grac'd;
 But when at last at length by some inform'd
 How he was made a captive to his owne,
 At this indignity he highly storm'd,
 As if by it his hopes had beene o're-throwne.
 Out of his host he did select a few
 Who were best hors'd, and fit for such a fight,
 With whom his foes he did so fast pursue,
 That ere they could suspect, he came in fight;
 The Traitors vex'd when spying him appeare,
 Came to the Cart whereas the King did stay,
 And call'd to horse in haste, since foes were neare,
 Lest that they else might finde him for a prey.
 He look'd aloft, and cry'd aloud, I see
 That *Nemesis* is frowning from above;
 Should I with Traitors as a captive be?
 And flie from him, who but brave warres doth move?
 Then those in whom impiety abounds,
 Throw'd Darts at him (vile beasts to be abhorr'd)
 And hurt the horses with an hundred wounds,
 Then men more trusty, dying for their Lord;
 As false in hearts, so feeble with their hands,
 When Guilt and Danger doubled had despair'd,
 The Traitors first, then all their trait'rous bands
 Fled from a number lesse by halfe then theirs.
 But to the bounds of Deaths pale kingdome brought,

The King retyr'd where least by people spy'd,
More wounded with ingratitude then ought,
Did leave the world, whose folly he had tri'd;
The last divorce which lasts, was scarcely made
Twixt soule and body whil'st the eyes grew dim,
When *Alexander* came and found him dead,
Who labour'd had so long to ruine him,
And (whil'st his teares a generall mourning mov'd)
That stately vesture which himselfe array'd,
(Much fear'd for valour, more for vertue lov'd)
With his owne hand on *Darius* corps he layd;
Then wailing long as for a brother lost
To have his funerals furnish'd like a Kings,
He bids you use his wealth, and spare no cost,
For, you shall want no necessary things,
He hath his body hither sent by me,
And funerall rites solemnely bent to do,
He thinks that they may best accomplish'd be,
Whil'st who him bred doth see him buried too.

Cho. Behold how grieve hath her of sense bereft,
Whil'st breath for passage struggling is with grones,
No will, nor pow'r to live, just grieve hath left,
Since what she valued vanish'd is at once.

Sis. Ah! shall I see (no, let me first be blinde)
That body breathlesse, which I brought to light?
Where would my soule a force sufficient finde
That could encounter with so sad a sight?
O flinty heart! what hinders thee to breake,
Since (crush'd with cares) a stranger to repose,
Why part'st thou not (poore soule) that whil'st I speake
In opening of my lips, mine eyes may close?
This heritage of death, this wither'd stocke
Is but a place appointed for despaires,
A torture to it selfe, a stumbling block,
Whose aged furrows fertile are in cares.
Once for good Fortunes, now for bad design'd,
(To state betray'd) drawne forth from calme repose,
To have beene happie most afflicts my minde,
Who, rais'd to fall, got much, the more to lose.
Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong,
Who first come to the world, should first depart,
And ah! why should the old o're-live the yong?
This Nature wrongs by a prepost'rous art;
Ah! why should Death so indiscreet be found
To spare a caitive, and to spoyle a Prince?
My halfe-dead body, bending to the ground,
Through grieve is grown ripe for the grave long since.

L

Chorus.

Chorus.

WHat makes vaine worldlings so to swell with pride,
Who come of th' earth, and soone to th' earth returne?

- " So bellish furies with their fire-brands burne
- " Proud and ambitious men, that they divide
- " Them from themselves, and so tarmoyle their mindes;
- " That all their time they study still
- " How to content a boundlesse will,
- " Which never yet a full contentment findes;
- " Who so this flame within his bosome smotheres,
- " He many fancies doth contrive,
- " And even forgets himselfe alive,
- " To be remembred after death by others;
- " Thus while he is, his paines are never ended,
- " That whil' st he is not, he may be commended.

What can this help the happinesse of Kings
So to subdue their Neighbours as they doe?
And make strange Nations tributaries too?
" The greater state, the greater trouble brings;
Their pompes and triumphs stand them in no stead;
Their Arches, Tombes, Pyramides high,
And statues are but vanity:
They dye, and yet would live in what is dead;
And while they live, we see their glorious actions
Oft wrested to the worst, and all their life
Is but a stage of endlesse toyle, and strife,
Of tumults, uproares, mutinies, and factions;
" They rise with feare, and lye with danger downe;
" Huge are the cares which wait upon a Crowne.

And as Ambition Princes under-mynes;
So doth it those who under them rule all:
We see in how short time they rise and fall,
How oft their light eclips'd but dimmely shines;
They long time labour by all meanes to move
Their Prince to value much their parts,
And when advanc'd by subtle arts,
O what a danger is't to be above!
For, straight expos'd to hatred, and despight,
With all their skill they cannot march so even;
But some opprobrious scandall will be given:
For all men envy them who have most might;
" And if the King dislike them once, then straight
" The wretched Courtiers fall with their owne weight.

Some of a sprite more poore, who would be prais'd,

And

And yet have nought for which to be esteem'd,
 What they are not in deed would faine be deem'd,
 And indirectly labour to be rais'd.
 This crue each publicke place of honour haunts,
 And (changing garments every day)
 Whil' st they would hide, do but bewray
 With outward ornaments their inward wants;
 And men of better judgement justly loath
 Those, who in outward shows place all their care,
 And decke their bodies, whil' st their mindes are bare,
 Like to a shadow, or a painted cloth,
 The multitude which but th' apparrell notes,
 Doth homage, not to them, but to their cotes.

Yet Princes must be serv'd, and with all sorts:
 Some both to do, and counsell what is best,
 Some serve for Cyphers to set out the rest,
 Like life-lesse pictures which adorne the ports;
 " Faire Palaces replenish'd are with feares,
 " Those seeming pleasures are but snares,
 " The royall robe doth cover cares;
 " Th' Assyrian dye deare buys he who it beares;
 " Those dainty delicates, and farre-fetch'd food,
 " Oft (through suspition) savour out of season,
 " Embrodred beds, and tapestries hatch treason;
 " The golden Goblets mingled are with bloud.
 " Such shows the shadows are when Greatnesse shines,
 " Whose state by them the gazing world divines.

O happie he who farre from Fame at home,
 Securely sitting by a quiet fire,
 (Though having little) doth not more desire,
 But first himselfe, then all things doth o'recome;
 His purchase weigh'd, or what his parents left,
 He squares his charges to his store,
 And takes not what he must restore,
 Nor eates the spoyle that from the poore were rest:
 Not proud, nor base, he (scorning creeping Art)
 From jealous thoughts and envy free,
 No poyson feares in cups of tree;
 No treason harbours in so poore a part:
 No heavy dreame doth vex him when he sleeps,
 " A guiltlesse minde the guardlesse cottage keeps.

He doth not studie much what stormes may blow,
 Whose poverty can hardly be impair'd;
 He feares no forraine force, nor craves no guard;
 None doth desire his spoyle, none looks so low,
 Whereas the great are commonly once crost,
 As Darius hath beene in his flowre,

Or Sifigambis at this houre,
 Who hath scap'd long, and now at length is lost:
 But how comes this, that Potentates oft fall,
 And must confesse this trouble of their soule?
 There is some higher pow'r that can controule,
 The Monarchs of the Earth, and censure all:
 Who once will call their actions to account,
 And them repress who to oppresse were prompt.

FINIS.

THE
ALEXANDRÆAN
TRAGÆDIE.

THE ARGUMENT.



When Alexander the Great, after all his Conquests (shining with the glory of innumerable victories) was returned back to Babylon, where the Ambassadors of the whole world did attend his coming, as one who was expected to command over all: there, being admired by the Grecians, adored by the Barbarians, and as it were drunk with the delights of an extraordinary prosperity, he suffered himselfe to be transported with an inundation of pleasure; till sitting at one of his feasts by the meanes of the sonne of Antipater, one of his Cup-bearers, in the best both of his age and fortune, he was suddenly poysoned.

Incontinent after his death, those who were in greatest estimation with himselfe during his life, and then with the Armie, assembled themselves together neglecting for a long time his funerals, whilst busied about the disposing of his Empire: at last (after divers opinions) it was concluded, that if Roxane, the widow of their Sovereigne, (who was then at the point to be delivered of her birth) happened to beare a sonne, he should succeed in his Fathers place, and till he were come to some maturity of age, Perdiccas, Leonatus, Craterus, and Antipater were appointed to be his Tutors: But the foot-men in a disdain, that their advice was not required, proclaimed Arideus, Alexanders bastard brother, King, and gave him a guard, of which Meleager procured himselfe to be made Captaine. At this sudden alteration, the horse-men being troubled, following Perdiccas, pitched their Camp without the City yet on the end, this tumult being by the eloquence of Perdiccas appeased, all the Captains re-assembled themselves, and having divided the Provinces, made an agreement, which lasted not long.

For, such was the vehement ambition of those great men, that with all manner of hostility, they studied how to undermine one another, and first of all Meleager after a pretended reconciliation (though having fled to a temple for refuge) was slaine by the appointment of Perdiccas, who (after aspiring to a superiority over the rest) whilst he went to warre against Ptolomic in Egypt, by a sudden mutiny of his owne Souldiers, was miserably murdered. Then the onely Captaine of his faction who remained alive, was Eumenes, a man singularly valorous, who encountering with Craterus and Neoptolemus, by the death of themselves defeated their Army, whereby being highly advanced, he was greatly envied: and (Leonatus having lately before dyed in a conflict betwixt him and the Athenians.) Antigonus in the name of

the rest, was sent against him with a great Army, betwixt whom there having passed divers skirmishes with a variable successe, and some private conference without agreement: In the end, he was betrayed by his owne Souldiers, and delivered bound to Antigonus, who shortly after caused to take his life.

Then Antigonus (his rivals in the authoritie being removed out of his way) did aspire to that himselfe, from which he was sent to seclude others, and having murdered divers of the governours, he disposed of their Provinces as he pleased: whereof Cassander, Ptolomie, and Lyfimachus, advertised by Seleucus, who fled for feare of incurring the like danger; did enter together in a league against Antigonus.

Now at this time Olympias plagued all the faetion of Cassander in Macedonie, having caused Arideus and his Queen Eurydice to be put to death; by which, and by some other cruelties (having lost the favour of the people) she was constrained, when Cassander came against her, to retyre her selfe within a Town; which (by reason of the scarcitie of victuals (not being able to defend) she rendered, together with her selfe to Cassander, by whom notwithstanding of his promise to the contrary) she was violently deprived of life, and so having proceeded so farre in wickednesse, he thought it no time to retyre till he had extinguished all his Masters race; whereupon he caused Roxane and her sonne to be murthered, and soone after, Hercules, Alexanders bastard sonne; which multitude of murthers, gave to him the Crowne of Macedonie, and to me the subject of this Polytragicke Tragedie.



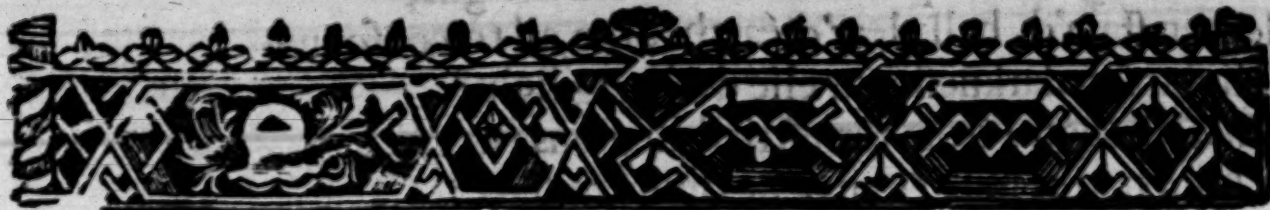
The persons names who speake.

**The Ghost of ALEXAN-
DER,**
OLYMPIAS his mother,
ROXANE his wife,
ARISTOTLE his master,
PHOCION his old friend,
PHILASTRUS a Chaldean,
CHORUS,

PERDICCAS,
MELEAGER,
PTOLOMIE,
ANTIGONUS, his greatest
EUMENES, Captaines.
LYSIMACHUS,
SELEUCUS,
CASSANDER,



THE



THE
ALEXANDREAN
TRAGEDIE.

Act I.

The Ghost of ALEXANDER the Great.

Back from th'umbragious caves (still rob'd of rest)
Must I returne, where *Phæbus* guilds the fields,
A Ghost not worthy to be *Plato's* Guest,
Since one to whom the world no buriall yeelds?
O what a great disgrace is this to me,
Whose Trophees Fame in many a kingdom keeps.
That I (contemn'd) cannot transported be
A passenger for the Sulphurean deeps?
Dare churlish *Charon* (though not us'd to bow)
The raging torrent of my wrath gain-stand?
Must I succumbe amidst hels dungeons now,
Though all the world accustom'd to command?
But it may be that this hath wrought me harme,
What bloud-lesse Ghosts do stray on Strygian banks,
Whose falls (made famous by my fatall arme)
Gave terrour oft to many martiall ranks?
Yet (for a prey expos'd to ravenous beasts)
Could never have the honour of a Tombe;
But (though for such rude guests too pretious feasts)
Were basely buried in a brutish wombe.
Thus (as it seemes) the horror of such deeds,
With like indignity attends my sprite;
What stormy breast this thirst of vengeance breeds,
To plague for that which valour did acquite?
Ah! might *Alcmena's* sonne (as sonne of *Iove*)
Once force the driery forts of endlesse night,
To match sterne *Dis* in the *Tartarian* grove,
And draw forth foaming *Cerberus* to light?
Then leading *Theseus* through the dungeons darke,
A second rape aym'd for their ravish'd Queene,
Durst he (hels terrour) force the fatall Barke,
By squadrons pale (an envi'd victor) secnet

And

And in my rage may I not tosse this Round,
 Till roaring Earth-quakes all the world affright,
 Heaven stain'd, hell clear'd, earth torne, all to confound
 Enlightning darknesse, or else darkning light?
 What, though I from terrestriall Regions swerve,
 Whom in this state (it may be) some mistake?
 May not the voyce of *Alexander* serve
 To make th'earth tremble, and the depths to shake?
 Or, straight return'd, shall I my fortune trust,
 And th'Earth dispeople, slaughtering scatt'ed hosts;
 Then *Pluto* plague, all charg'd with bloud and dust,
 When men are kill'd to be a King of Ghosts?
 O how I burst to thinke how some above,
 Who for their glory did my steps attend,
 My off-springs title proudly do disprove,
 And to my Chaire by violence ascend:
 "Ingratitude doth grieve a generous sprite,
 VVould God therefore that with a body stor'd,
 I might returne these Traitors to acquite,
 My back with Armes, my hand charg'd with a sword:
 As when I entred in a populous Towne,
 To warre alone with thousands in my wrath,
 Whil' st (prizing honour dearer then my Crowne)
 Each of my blows gave wounds, each wound gave death:
 Then thundring vengeance on rebellious bands,
 I would make them redeeme my grace with grones,
 Where now my Ghost (empall'd with horror) stands,
 Lesse grac'd then those whom I commanded once,
 And yet the glory by those Captaines had,
 Whom first my Ensignes did acquaint with fame,
 Doth make my soule (whil' st hating them) more sad,
 Then all the suffrings that the hells can claime.
 O now I see what all my Minions blinde,
 To grace my funerals that they take no paine!
 My state (betraying me) distracts their mindes,
 Who have forgot all love, save love to raigne;
 But *Ptolomie* doth yet by time intend
 To *Alexandria* to transport me once,
 Not mov'd by love, no, for another end,
 In hope my Fortune will attend my bones.
 And must I then so great a trouble have
 (To whom the Earth did all belong before)
 For some few foots of Earth to be a grave,
 VVhich meane men get, and great men get no more.
 Though many thousand at my signe did bow,
 Is this the end of all my Conquests then
 To be thus barr'd that little circuit now,
 A benefit even common unto men?
 But of those kingdomes which were thrall to me,
 Left that a little part my body bound,

Th'earth

Th'earth arch'd with heaven my tatall bed should be,
 Still unconfin'd, and even when dead, yet crown'd.
 O blinde ambition! great mindes viprous brood,
 The scourge of mankind, and the foe to rest,
 Thou guilty art of many millions bloud,
 And whil'st I raign'd, didst raigne within my brest;
 This to my soule but small contentment brings,
 That I some Cities rear'd, and others raz'd:
 And made Kings captives; captives to be Kings,
 Then whil'st the wond'ring world did stand amaz'd.
 All that doth now but torture after death,
 Which rais'd my Fame on pillars more then rare;
 O costly conquest of a little breath,
 Whose flattrring sounds both go and come with th'air!
 Can I be he who thought it a disgrace
 To be but weigh'd with other mortals even;
 Who would be held of an immortall race,
 The off-spring of great *Ioue*, the heire of heaven?
 By many meanes I all mens mindes did move,
 For Altars (as a God) with off'rings stor'd,
 Till of his glory *Ioue* did jealous prove:
 "All kings should reverenc'd be, but not ador'd.
 Ah! whil'st (transported with a prosp'rous state)
 I toil'd to raise my Throne above the Starres,
 The thund'rer straight (who still doth pride abate)
 Did wound my fame with most infamous warres.
 Made I not grave *Calistenes* to smart,
 Who did disdaine a mortall to adore,
 (What knowne unknowing) bent by foolish art,
 Though but a man to be imagin'd more?
 All fear'd the danger of my roaring wrath,
 (Like Lyons when asleep) which none durst wake;
 My fury was the Messenger of death,
 Which when inflam'd, made flaming squadrons quake:
 Ambition did so farre my thoughts engage,
 That I could not abide my Fathers praise,
 But (though my friend) kill'd *Clitus* in a rage,
 Who *Philips* Fame durst in my presence raise.
 Thus though that I mine Enemies did abate,
 I made my greatest friends become my foes,
 Who did my insolence (as barbarous hate)
 And for the like afraid wait'd others woes.
 Those tyrannies which thousands chanc'd to see
 As inhumane a multitude admir'd:
 And my familiars strangers growne with me,
 As from a Tyrant for distrust retyr'd:
 Yea, there were many too who did conspire
 By base ambushments to have snar'd my life,
 Of all my labours, loe, this was the hire!
 "Those must have store of toils who toile for *stife*.

And

And I remember that amid' st my joyes,
 (Even whil' st the chase of Armies was my sport)
 There wanted not a number of annoyers
 To counter-poise my pleasures in some sort.
 "Of those on th' earth most happy that remaine,
 " (As ag'd Experience constantly records)
 " The pleasures farre exceeded are by paine:
 " Life greater grieve then comfort still affords.
 What grieve, no, rather rage did seaze my soule.
 Whil' st bigge with hopes a battell bent to prove!
 That sudden sicknesse did my course controull,
 Which (cold when kinde) embracing fouds did move.
 From the Physician then (though deem'd for ill)
 I took his potion, gave him scandalous lines;
 Then whil' st he red did drinke, yet ey'd him still,
 And by accusing looks sought guilty signes;
 Not that suspitious feares could make me sad,
 This was the ground whence did proceed my paine,
 Lest death my victory prevented had:
 For, I was sure still where I fought to gaine,
 But when that I extended had my state
 From learned *Athens* to the barbarous *Indes*,
 Still my tumultuous troupes my pride did hate,
 As monstrous mutinies unmask'd their mindes.
 I (so my name more wonderfull to make)
 Of *Hercules*, and *Bacchus* past the bounds,
 And (whil' st that *Memnon's* Sunne-burnt bands did quake)
 Did write my worth in many a Monarchs wounds.
 Kings were my Subjects, and my servants Kings,
 Yet my contentment further did require,
 For, I imagin'd still more mighty things,
 And to a greater greatnesse did aspire.
 The spacious carriere of the speedy Sunne,
 (All quickly thrall'd) like lightning I o're-ran:
 Yet wept, and wish'd more worlds t' have been wonne,
 As this had wanted roome to ease one man;
 No wonder I was thought a God by some,
 Since all my aymes (though high as heaven) prevail'd,
 And what man (save my selfe) did still o're-come?
 Of all my fancies, never project fail'd.
 This made me thought immortaliz'd to be,
 Which in all mindes amazement yet contracts:
 I led blinde Fortune, and she courted me,
 As glad to grace the greatnesse of my acts.
 Yet I have found it a more easie thing,
 To conquer all whereon the Sunne ere shin'd,
 Then mine owne selfe, and (of my passions King)
 To calme the tumults of a stormy minde.
 What comfort justly could my soule receive
 Of all my Conquests past, if that even then

Whil' st

Whil'st I triumph'd (to wrath and wine a slave)
 I scap'd not scandall more then other men;
 Ah! (seizing without right on every state)
 I but my selfe too great a Monarch made,
 Since all men gap'd to get the golden bait
 Which by my death seem'd easie to be had;
 Whil'st from humanity too much divorc'd,
 My deeds all hearts with feare, and horreur fill'd,
 I who by foes could never have beene forc'd,
 By friends did fall, yet not over-com'd, but kill'd.
 But now I see the troublous time draws neare,
 When they shall keep my obsequies with blood:
 No wonder too, though such a warriours beere,
 At last doth swimme amidst a scarlet flood:
 For, as my life did breed huge broils o're all,
 My death must be the cause of monstrous cumber,
 And it doth best become a strong mans fall,
 To be renown'd by ruining of humbers.
 The Snake-tress'd Sisters now shall never need
 Their fatall fire-brands, loathsome *Plato's* pests,
 Nor inspirations strange whose rage doth breed
 A thirst of murther in transported breasts:
 Ambitions flames may from my ashes shine
 To burne my Minions mindes with high desires,
 Each of their spirits that hath a spark of mine,
 To ruine all the world, may furnish fires.
 The Beauties of the Earth shall all look red,
 Whil'st my Lieutenants through that pride of theirs,
 With Armes unkinde huge streames of blood do shed,
 By murthering of my heires, to be my heires.
 Is this that Greatnesse which I did designe,
 By being eminent, to be o're-throwne,
 To ruine first my selfe, then root out mine;
 As conquering others, but to lose mine owne?
 O happie I, more happie farre my race!
 If pleas'd with that which was our ancient rent,
 I manag'd had th' *Amethian* pow'r in peace,
 Which was made lawfull by a long discent:
 Then farre sequestred from *Bellona's* rage,
 I had the true delights of Nature tri'd,
 And ag'd with honour, honour'd in my age,
 Had left my Sonne secure before I dy'd;
 And he inheriting a quiet state
 (Which then because lesse great had beene more sure)
 Had (free from envy) not beene harm'd by hate,
 Which of most States the ruine doth procure,
 But since they will en-earth my earthly part,
 Which now no badge of majestie retaines,
 To roaring *Phlegeton* I must depart
 Farre from the lightsome bounds of th' airy plaines.

And

And must I there who did the world surmount
 (Arrested by the Monarch of the Ghosts)
 To *Rhadamanthus* render an account
 Of all the deeds done by my ravenous hosts:
 There whilst with *Minos* ~~Æacus~~ sits downe,
 A rigorous Iudge in hels most horrid Court,
 With me who passe his Nephew in renowne,
 (Though of his race) he no way will comport.
 O what pale Ghosts are here together brought,
 Which were of bodies spoil'd by my Decree!
 And first *Parmenio* without whom I nought
 But who did many great things without me:
 At the tribunall of *Tartarian* pow'rs,
 He aggravates ingratitude too great,
 And (whilst the raging Tyrant foaming lowres)
 All whom I wrong'd, for vengeance do entreat:
 Yet guilty thoughts torment me most of all,
 No spirit can be by plaguing furies pin'd,
 (Though charg'd without with snakes, within with gally)
 As by the stings of a remording minde.
 If it be true that drowfie *Lethe's* streames
 In darke oblivion drowne all things at last,
 There, let me bury farre from *Phæbus* beames,
 The loath'd remembrance of my labours past. *Exit.*

Chorus.

V What strange adventures now
 Distract distressed mindes
 With such most monstrous formes?
 When silence doth allow
 The peace that Nature findes,
 And that tumultuous windes
 Do not disturbe with stormies
 An universall rest:
 When Morpheus hath represt
 Th' impetuous waves of cares,
 And with a soft sleepe bindes,
 Those Tyrants of the brest,
 Which would spread forth most dangerous snares
 To sink affliction in despair:
 Huge horrors then arise
 The Elements to marre,
 With most disastrous signes:
 Arm'd Squadrons in the skies,
 With lances throwne from farre,
 Do make a monstrous warre,
 Whilst furie nought confines:
 The Dragons vomit fire,

And

And make the Starres retire
 Out of their Orbes for feare,
 To satisfie their ire,
 Which heavens high buildings not forbeare,
 But seem the Crystall Towres to teare;
 Amidst the ayre, fierce blasts
 Doe boast with blustering sounds,
 To crush this mighty frame,
 Which (whilst the tempest lasts)
 Doth rent the stately rounds,
 To signifie what wounds
 To all her off-springs shame,
 Shall burst th' earths voyner with bloud,
 And this all-circling floud,
 (As it the heavens would drowne)
 Doth passe the bounding bounds;
 And all the scalie brood,
 Reare roaring Neptunes foemie Crowne;
 Whilst th' earth for feare seems to sinke downe,
 Those whom it hid with horrour!
 Their ashy lodgings leave,
 To re-enjoy the light,
 Or else some Panicke terror
 Our judgement doth bereave,
 Whilst first we misconceive,
 And so preiudge the sight;
 Or, in the bodies stead,
 The genius of the dead
 Turnes backe from Styx againe,
 Which Dis will not receive,
 Till it a time engendring dread,
 Plague (whilst it doth on th' earth remaine)
 All else with feare, it selfe with paine.
 These fearefull signes fore-show
 (All nations to appall)
 What plagues are to succeed.
 Since death hath layd him low,
 Who first had made us thrall,
 We heard that straight his fall
 Our liberty would breed;
 But this proves no reliefe:
 For many (O what griefe!)
 The place of one supply;
 And we must suffer all;
 Thus was our comfort brieft:
 O! rarely doe usurpers dye,
 But others will their fortune try.

Act 2. Scene 1.

*Perdiccas, Meleager, Ptolomie, Antigonus,
Eumenes.*



Hat eye (not big with teares) can view this host,
 Which hath in one (ah, as the end doth prove)
 A King, a Captaine, and a brother, lost,
 Crown'd, follow'd, try'd, by right, for worth, in love?
 I thinke amongst us all, there is not one,
 Whom divers favours doe not justly binde
 To please that *Heroes* Ghost (though from us gone)
 With all the off rings of a thankefull minde.
 Ah, had the fates beene subject to my will,
 So great a losse should not have crost our life;
 But we had kept great *Alexander* still,
 And he those kingdomes which procure this strife.
 " Yet heavens decrees can never be recall'd,
 " And thoughts of harme past helpe, breed double paine;
 " Though once to griefe a space, by passions thrall'd,
 " The living must embrace the world againe.
 As one whose intrest in that Prince was chiefe,
 A sorrow singular my soule affects,
 But I will not defraud the generall griefe,
 To waile a-part particular respects.
 Though all the ayre still Ecchoes plaintive sounds
 Of widow'd hopes now wedded to despaires,
 Yet time must cicatrize our inward wounds,
 And to the publike good draw private cares.
 Let us give physicke to the sickned state,
 Which at this present in great danger stands,
 VVhilst grudging Subjects that our greatnesse hate,
 By bloud would venge their violated lands.
 " Those who by force are thrall'd, to be made free,
 " Precipitate themselves in dangers still,
 " And this of Nature seemes a rule to be:
 " What Realme not scornes to serve a strangers will?
 " From forc'd obedience, nought but hate proceeds;
 " The more we have subdu'd, the more our foes:
 A soveraigne head this States huge body needs,
 That might make us securely to repose:
 And who more meet to have that great mans place,
 Of those whose states he tooke who gain'd the hearts,
 Then one descended from that Regall race,
 Whose birth both worth and right to raigne imparts?
 If heavens enrich *Roxane* with a Sonne,
 That long'd-for birth a lawfull Soveraigne brings,
 And till that course of doubtfull hopes be runne,
 Let some be nam'd who manage may all things.

Anti. The Macedonians (swolne with wrath) would scorne,
That to their King a stranger should succeed:
Can men obey a Babe, a Babe not borne
What fancies strange would this confusion breed:
This could not well become our grave fore-sight,
A doubtfull birth so long attend in vaine,
Which may abortive be, and brought to light,
(Through natures error) made not apt to raigne.
But if affection carry us so farre,
That of that race we must be rul'd by some,
Though neither train'd by time in peace, nor warre,
As those who must indeed by kinde o're-come:
Then have we *Hercules* the eldest sonne,
To our great Prince by faire *Barisus* borne,
Who fourteene yeares of age, hath now begun
His Princely birth by vertue to adorne.

Ptol. To thinke of this, it makes my soule a sham'd,
That we should serve a base Barbarians brood,
What? should we beare the yoke that we have fram'd?
To buy disgrace, have we bestow'd our bloud?
Our ancestors whose glory we obscur'd,
Would get some vantage of their off-spring thus:
That peoples bondage they would have procur'd,
And have we warr'd to make them Lords of us?
Ah, bury this as a most odious thing,
Which may bring danger, and must breed our scorne.
Though (in effect) descended from our King,
They (come of Captives) are but basely borne.
O! brave *Leonides*, I like thy strife,
Who with so few perform'd so glorious things,
And death prefer'd before th' infamous life,
Which bondage still from a Barbarian brings.
Those (loath to take a stranger for their Lord)
Did with their blood renowe a forraigne field,
And shall we honour them whom they abhor'd,
And even (though victors) to the vanquish'd yeld?
To what did tend that eminent attempt,
Which makes the Persians yet abase their brow?
But to our countries scorne (in a contempt)
To take by force that which we offer now.
Was this the scope of all our conquests then,
Of abject Captives to be made the prey?
No, let us still command like valorous men,
And rule our Empire by some other way.
May we not use this policy a space,
Till Time afford, or we a course devise
Least dangerous discord doe disturbe our peace,
Still when we would of serious things advise;
With Majestie let us assembled be,
A sacred Senate with a chayre of state,

That of the Sovereigne pow'r all signes may see,
 Then whilst we compasse that respected seate:
 There, those who were in credit with the King,
 Whose merits in mens mindes have reverence bred,
 Shall (weigh'd by judgement) ballance every thing:
 How kingdomes should be rul'd, how armies led;
 " And what the greatest part hath once approv'd,
 " To that the rest will willingly incline;
 By such a harmony the Army mov'd,
 Will execute what ever we designe.
 This concord would prove happy for us all,
 Whicheach mans state free from all danger renders:
 And by this meanes our Macedonie shall
 In place of one, have many *Alexanders*.

Eum. Though silence (I confesse) becomes me best,
 Who, am a stranger, and the lesse beleev'd,
 Yet of your toyles since I a partner rest,
 I must unfold my minde, a minde much griev'd:
 And thinke you that a Babe repaires our losse?
 How can good wits so grossly be beguil'd?
 This in all Countries hath been thought a crosse:
 " Woe to that soile whose Sovereigne is a childe.
 Nor would these great men (as is thought) agree,
 They be too many bodies for one minde:
 Ah (pardon *Ptolomie*) it cannot be,
 This union would disjoyne us all I finde:
 Thus would the Army from good order swerve,
 " If many might forgive, all would offend,
 " As thinking well though they did death deserve:
 " No man so bad, but some will him befriend.
 And when so many Kings were in one Court,
 One Court would then have many humours too,
 Which fostering factions for each light report,
 Would make them jarre as neighbouring Princes doe;
 No, let this strange designe be quite suppress'd,
 " Whilst equall all, all would unequall be,
 So that their mindes (by jealousie possess'd)
 From pale suspition never could be free:
 But ah! what needs contention at this time,
 To cloud a matter that was made so cleare:
 And doe you now account it not a crime,
 To damne his will, who once was held so deare?
 When that great Monarch march'd to match with death,
 Whilst all his Captaines were assembled there,
 And did demand (whilst he dispos'd of breath)
 Whom he himselfe adopted for his heire:
 Then (that none might such doubtfull questions breed)
 As loving valour more then his owne race:
 He (that a brave man, brave men might succeed)
 Said: let the worthiest have the worthiest place.

Nor did he speake this in a secret part,
 With double words which might more doubt have mov'd,
 As breathing thoughts in each ambitious heart,
 To have his worth in *Vulcans* fornace prov'd:
 For, whil'ft ye hedg'd the fatall bed about,
 (With an unpartiall care distracted long)
 Then he amongst you all did chuse one out,
 Who for so great a charge did seeme most strong.
 He to *Perdiccas* did present the Ring
 That us'd to seale the secrets of the State,
 By which it seem'd that he design'd him King,
 And so would seaze him of the regall seat.
 Thus made this worthy man a worthy choice,
 That further strife might not the state deforme,
 And all the world now justly may rejoyce,
 That who rais'd many, did prevent this storme.
 For, if he had not thus declar'd his will,
 Yee (*Mars* his Minions) should have liv'd at jarres:
 Whil'ft emulation amongst equals still,
 Had made sterne Trumpets thunder civill warres;
 What huge disorders threatned to burst forth,
 If that our Sovaigne had no Prince design'd,
 Who oft hath beene a witnesse of our worth,
 And can weigh vertue in a vertuous minde:
 I see consenting signes applaud my speech:
 Rise, doe, *Perdiccas*, that which they decree,
 Whil'ft modesty doth Majesty impeach,
 Though thou crav'st not this Crowne, this Crowne craves thee.

Meleag. I wonder not though thus *Perdiccas* shrinke,
 To take this place, still brag'd with new alarmes:
 The Sunne must make nights ugly bird to winke:
 This Scepter weighs, too much for so weake armes.
 The Gods will never grant, nor men agree,
 That such a one should tyrannize o're us:
 Though vulgar mindes might yeeld his thralls to be,
 His betters scorne to bow so basely thus.
 He would have us *Roxanes* birth t' attend,
 Which though it come to passe as some expect,
 He can exchange, or cause be brought to end,
 As bent to like all meanes, when one effect.
 Thus would he temporize to our great scorne,
 Till time might helpe to further his designes:
 No Kings *Perdiccas* likes, but babes unborne;
 He labours well in undiscovered Mynes.
 I need not now insist to tell at large,
 What brave men are amid'ft this martiall band,
 Who better doe deserve so great a charge,
 Both for their skill, and courage to command;
 Yet are the best not worthy to succeed,
 That man admir'd who never can be match'd,

The thought of whom must make our mindes to bleed,
 Whose adversaries this advantage watch'd.
 But, if that great man did consent so soone,
 That our obedience should be thus abus'd,
 Of all that ever yet he would have done,
 I thinke this onely ought to be refus'd.
 That valorous band, whose worth the world oft prov'd,
 Then, whil'st their glory shin'd through silver shields:
 By all that Monarchs deeds when no way mov'd,
 (As conquer'd) would have left the conquer'd fields.
 And when despising such a Princes throne,
 To whom his ancestors their Scepter brought,
 What reverence would they beare to such a one,
 Who all this time was as their equall thought?
 "To those who o're their equals raise their state,
 "Advancement envy breeds, and envy hate;
 "If such with all would rest familiar still,
 "This in contempt the Sovereigne title brings:
 "And if they second not their Subjects will,
 "Men cannot beare with them, as with borne Kings.
 Our lofty bands some lofty minde must tame,
 Whose Princely birth doth procreate regard;
 Whose Country may confound each slanderous clayme,
 As one with whom none else can be compar'd.
 Loe, *Alexanders* brother, *Philips* sonne,
 Who alwayes was a partner of our paine:
 Can there be any else below the Sunne,
 O're Macedonians who deserves to raigne?
 And I must wonder what so strange offence
 Hath forfeited his title, maym'd his right?
 That any now with a disguis'd pretence
 Dare wrong him thus, even in his peoples sight.

Ptol. None needs to wonder much, though we neglect

One whole election might procure our shame:
 His mothers basenesse, justice might object,
 Whom bastardy secludes from such a claime.
 But yet had Nature purg'd the spot she made,
 We with his birth the better might comport,
 If (like his Syre, fierce squadrons fit to leade)
 His parts were such as might the State import;
 He falsifies his race, of wit so weake,
 That all his inward wants are soone perceiv'd,
 All of his judgement in derision speake,
 By which great things can hardly be conceiv'd:
 And though his body might from paines be spar'd,
 Whose constitution is not very strong;
 But with infirmities so farre impair'd,
 That it alive cannot continue long;
 "Yet since in State he never hath beene school'd,
 "His ignorance would racke him still with feares:

Whil'st

" Whilst he who rul'd, still needing to be rul'd,
 " Spoke but with others tongues, heard with their cares.
 " A King inconstant, great confusion makes,
 " Whom all mistrust, and most amid'st a Campe:
 " Whilst (soft like waxe) he each impression takes,
 " A little labour changing still the stampe;
 " Ah, should our lives depend upon his breath,
 " Who of himselfe cannot discerne a crime:
 " But for each rash report damnes men to death,
 " Then yeelds a fruitlesse pitty out of time.
 " Thus whilst some alwaies must his judgement sway,
 " Which still doth harbour in anothers head,
 " Of Sycophants this Prince may be the prey,
 " Who where they list him (as quite blinde) will leade.
 " And since but base, that they may be the best,
 " Such still will toyle, that we may be o'rethrowne:
 " And to the credulous King may meanes suggest,
 " To taint our fame, lest it obscure their owne.

What griefe were this to us, whilst such as those
 Might make their vantage of th' all-pow'rfull breath:
 And that our actions ballanc'd by our foes,
 Were guerdon'd with disdaine, or else with death?

Me. Since private hopes your judgements doe bewitch,
 I'le leave this counsell where no good can please:
 Come follow me all those who would berich:
 Few have regard (poore souldiers) to your ease.

Perd. That shall prove best which first I went about,
 Though some would wrest my words from what I thought:
 Loe, *Meleagers* spite doth now burst out,
 Like flaming fires which burne themselves to nought.
 Thus, naughty mindes which never dreame but ill,
 Doe construe all things to a crooked sense:
 What I propos'd, reposing on your will,
 He would interpret for a great offence.
 And (thus puff'd up) this parting hence of his,
 To many former faults hath added one:
 By his seditious words incens'd ere this,
 The souldiers are to sacke the treasure gone.

Ant. With one consent then let us all conclude,
 That *Alexanders* race (when borne) must raigne:
 So shall we stablish still that sacred bloud,
 Which rais'd our state, and may it best maintaine.
 And let us now (before we part) appoint
 Who shall command till that the babe be borne:
 And circumspectly ponder every point,
 That successe so our Councell may adorne.

Eum. I heare a tumult rais'd amongst the Tents,
 And *Arideus* is proclaimed King:
 To which the multitude (soone chang'd) consents,
 As bent for all whose course a change may bring.

The foot-men are to indignation mov'd,
 In this assembly that they want a feat,
 Where our proceedings they might have approv'd,
 As knowing all that did concerne the state.
 They soone forget their Prince (expecting spoiles)
 That dare revolt from what we all advis'd:
 "Thus too much liberty breeds many broiles,
 "And makes the giver still to be despis'd.
 "The want of discipline all things confounds.
 Their deeds want order, and their pride all bounds.
Perd. And dare they then against that fortresse rise,
 Where *Alexanders* Ensignes are displaid?
 Or violate the walles where as he lyes?
 May not his shadow make them all afraid?
 What? how comes this? and dare they then presume,
 To bragge their Captaines, and abuse their Armes?
 Armes, armes, just wrath these Rebels must consume,
 Our count'nance will them curbe, sound, sound th'alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Act 2. Scene 2.

Lyfmachius, Seleucus.



Oe, here a great and more then sudden change!
 All men for mirth were like to have gone mad,
 So that of late it would have beene thought strange,
 In all this Citie to have seene one sad.
 Each wall resounded some melodious song,
 To ravish curious eares with rare delight;
 Strange Tapestries were stretch'd the streets along,
 And stately objects made to charme the sight;
 As if our King his conquests so would crowne,
 Of all the world a Parliament to hold,
 He (plac'd with pompe in this imperiall towne)
 Did of magnificence the height unfold.
 Here glory (in her richest robes array'd)
 Should have shewne all that Greatnesse could expect:
 Yet were our hopes even at the height betraid:
 To death those Trophees fortune did erect.
 A tragicke end this triumph quite confounds,
 All our applauses vanish in complaints,
 Our Musicke marr'd by melancholy sounds,
 Loe, by the Cypresse pres'd, the lawrell faints.
 To funerall shrieks, our shouts of joy we turne,
 (With gorgeous garments, Griefe cannot comport,)
 We that so much rejoyc'd, farre more must mourne,
 "Dayes spent with woe are long, with pleasure short.
 This breeds most anguish, when that one compares
 The present time with others that are past,

Whil'st

Whilst wonted hopes are ballanc'd with despaires,
Which all heroicke mindes with woe doe waste:
Betwixt these two, what difference finde we forth,
The rising Sunne, and it that is declin'd
Where is that Zodiacke (lodging of all worth)
Whence valours beames (still lightning courage) shin'd:
Now desolation spreads it selfe o're all:
A solitary silence, grieve allowes,
Ah, (as quite crush'd by that great Monarchs fall)
How many male-contents cast downe their browes?
A strange suspition hath possess'd the streets,
Whilst every man his neighbours fall conspires,
Each one who unawares another meets,
(As fearing treason) with distrust retires.
Of rumours strange each eare is greedy growne,
Which (though but doubtfull) move the minde to rue,
And (doting still on that which is their own)
What they conjecture, all affirme for true.

Sel. With eyes that flame for rage, our deeds heaven viewes,
And (mov'd for us) a high disdain doth beare;
Loe, all mens heads are heavy for ill newes,
And though we know not what, yet still we feare:
For, since the widow'd world doth want a head,
Each member now doth labour to be chiefe,
Which (whilst they divers wayes the body lead)
May give beginning to some endlesse grieve;
Some (like the foole who thunder fayn'd like *Iove*)
Would make their fame like *Alexanders* sound,
And (all brought low) to be themselves above,
Would order all, or else would all confound;
Then some vaine wits which onely would seeme wise,
(By flatt'ring mirrours of their shape deceiv'd)
Doe every thing that is not theirs despise,
And perish would, ere them another sav'd.
A number too whom all things doe content,
What each one thinkes, are still resolv'd to doe:
They make a choice, then doe the choice repeat,
And straight repent of that repentance too.
The publike good is spoil'd by private hope,
Whilst many thus high dignities doe claime;
This discord gives to rash ambition scope:
"For, all would fish within a troubled streame.
See how dissention hath dissolv'd so soone,
All kinde of order, and confusion brought:
Our Councell quite this variance hath undone,
"Whilst one would have done all, all have done nought;
Although *Perdiccas* (as it would have seem'd)
Whilst for his masters race he onely stood,
Sought (by that meanes more vertuous to be deem'd)
His Princes honour, and his Countries good;

Yet

Yet his companions having in contempt,
 He did by subtile meanes himselfe advance:
 And so to shadow his disguis'd attempt,
 Aym'd at the royall place as but by chance;
 He toyles that the unborne none should beguile,
 As by the heavens for th' Orphanes good reserv'd:
 Yet wanting of a King nought but the stile,
 He would not want that when th' occasion serv'd.
 And *Meleager* partially dispos'd,
 To hinder others, doth pretend a love
 To bastard *Philip*, by effect disclos'd,
 Since he but seekes *Perdiccas* to disprove;
 And if that foe, whom he doth feare, but faile,
 He cares not much what Emperour they proclaime:
 And his designe with many may prevaile:
 "A cloake of right, apparels any claime;
 "They whose descent some title doth disclose
 "(As by their birth made capable to raigne:)
 "Must be preferr'd by reason unto those,
 "Who of all right without the bounds remaine.
 The furious foot-men (insolently stout)
 A title to maintaine, did brave our band,
 And (indignation thundring threatnings out)
 Would with our blood have bath'd this barbarous land.
 O! what indignity would this have been,
 Whilst those whom we subdu'd with such great toiles,
 Had in this sort their victors vanquish'd seen,
 So of their spoilers purchasing the spoiles:
 Thus darkening all that we had done before,
 (Our swords first stayn'd by ignominious wounds)
 We, of our conquests could have kept no more,
 But burials base (if those) in th' enemies bounds.
 O! what excellency consists in th' one,
 (Though oft not mark'd till miss'd) cleare at this houre:
 "Some with a word, or look, doe more alone,
 "Then thousands joyn'd with policy and pow'r.
 When squadrons arm'd with Ensignes full displaid,
 As of their Prince all due regard quite lost,
 His generous course would (obstinate) have staid,
 By them abandon'd, when endanger'd most;
 Then of disorder yeelding bitter fruits,
 They boldly march'd with bragges before his Tent,
 And charg'd their Sovereigne with unlawfull suits,
 To innovations violently bent;
 Of duty then, they by no band detain'd,
 First grudg'd, grew factious next, last rebels plaine,
 Like waters for a time (by Art restrain'd)
 Their bounds once pass'd, which do all bounds disdain:
 But from that patterne of accomplish'd worth,
 Whom imitate none may, all must admire,

Through

Through just disdain when fury spark'led forth,
 These troupes (astonish'd) trembling did retire;
 His stately count'nance calm'd tumultuous sounds,
 And lightned Majesty through clouds of wrath,
 That (even as if his words had given them wounds)
 They fell, afraid of him, though not of death:
 Those lofty bands which were of late so proud,
 That they disdain'd to wait their Emperours will:
 Then (by his looke all at an instant bow'd)
 Did beg but leave that they might serve him still;
 And yet what wonder though he gain'd all hearts,
 Which to his presence happened to repaire,
 With that perfection of all vertuous parts,
 As large in him, as in all others rare?
 Loe, when we meet to treat, by peace or warres,
 How all our conquests may be best secur'd,
 The Souldiers doe burst out in publike jarres,
 Even by their Captaines no respect procur'd.
 And who can call that valorous Prince to minde,
 That unto vertue any reverence beares,
 But he must be constrain'd, or prove unkinde,
 To offer up a tribute of some teares?

Lys. His death doth make my soule faint sorrows prey,
 Though many thought that I for it had long'd;
 For, if by any whom he should obey,
 One can be wrong'd, then I indeed was wrong'd.

Sel. Though fame abroad by divers tongues did bring,
 To what huge danger you were once expos'd;
 It did not paint out each particular thing,
 Which by your selfe I long to heare disclos'd.

Lysim. When wife *Calistenes* for no request,
 With superstitious customes could comport,
 But with franke words all flattery did detest,
 He was abus'd, and in a barbarous sort:
 "So plaguing him (no doubt) the King did ill,
 "Yet to prosperity we must impute
 "Those fatall faults which follow fortune still,
 "As of great mindes a kinde of bastard fruit;
 "We should in Kings, as loth their state to touch,
 "Speake sparingly of vice, praise vertue much.
 But I whose soule that wise man dearly lov'd,
 Whilst his perfections spying thus injur'd,
 (To tender passions by compassion mov'd)
 Would his reliefe have willingly procur'd.
 But when my credit fail'd, all hope quite past,
 That I could purchase grace in any sort:
 I desp'rate physicke did afford at last,
 That if his life was ill, it might be short.
 The King enrag'd, that I had thus presum'd
 To limit his revenge by giving death,

That

That by a Lyon I should be consum'd,
 Did throw my doome out of the depths of wrath;
 But when with rowling eyes the Lyon roar'd,
 He, by my strength (as strengthlesse) was o're-thrown,
 Which to the King whose minde did then remord,
 My constancy and courage both made knowne,
 So that incontinent I was set free,
 By this rare prooffe esteem'd amongst the strong,
 And with a minde from inward rancour free,
 As he his wrath, so I forgot the wrong:
 For, whilst alone he through a Forrest rang'd,
 A prey expos'd, yet did no danger dreame,
 Some at that time had former wrongs reveng'd,
 If but for mischief bent to gaine a name;
 Yet that which others did attempt in vaine,
 And (tyr'd by travell) of a surfet dy'd,
 I did performe, and brought him backe againe,
 As swiftly running as his horse could ride,
 And of that deed my sprite rests well appaid:
 For, since that time my Sovereigne held me deare,
 Which afterwards he to the world bewraid,
 Whilst by this meanes his favour did appeare,
 VVhen unawares my brow he chanc'd to wound,
 To stay my bloud which striv'd to dye his Launce,
 He with his Diadem my Temples crown'd,
 A happy signe though comming but by chance;
 And O! who knowes but once before I dye,
 Some good event may second the presage.

Selen. What hinders us but we should fortune try,
 And for a Crowne our travels straight engage:
 Those bended mindes which ayme at Greatnesse still,
 " (Growne popular, of purpose to be prais'd:)
 " Doe winde themselves in every mans good will,
 And would seeme humble, that they may be rais'd.
 " What counterfeited friends seale trustlesse bands,
 " VVhilst in the generall cause that wit pretends,
 " Though never joyning hearts, all joyn their hands,
 " And worke one way, yet worke for divers ends:
 Yea, those whose mindes move in the sphere of State,
 Have purchas'd pow'rs, as purpos'd for the fields,
 VVith jealous mindes their rivals to abate,
 VVhilst (equals all) none to another yeelds;
 Yet with suspended thoughts they doubtfull stand,
 And their designs to venture doe forbear,
 Least all the rest joyn'd by a generall band,
 Doe him o're-throw, who first gives cause of feare;
 But he may speed who for a Crowne doth thirst,
 And (free from feare) with courage doth advance:
 Some to be second, doubting to be first,
 Will make their course depend upon his chance;

And

And by a battell if that one prevaile,
There will rich hopes at easie rates be sold,
Whil'st those seek help, whose Fortune then doth faile,
As first by hope, last by despaire made bold,
All this to me great cause of feare affords,
Lest that we two protract the time too long,
And wounded be before we draw our Swords:
"All at such times must do, or suffer wrong.

Lysi. No chance of late hath brought me so to bow,
But I have throwne some thoughts at those high hopes:
"Yet in my minde that man do most allow
"Who doth with judgement moderate fancies scopes:
Those Provinces which are to us assign'd,
As calme in minde, we manage must a space:
Till all attempt that which they have design'd,
By enterchanging damage and disgrace.
Then living but like those whose force is small,
From which the world no great thing can expect:
We shall professe a favour to them all,
As who nought else, save publicke peace affect;
Yet then, our thoughts shall not have leave to sleep,
But subtle plots must circumspectly frame,
Those whom we feare at variance still to keep,
So alwayes strengthening us, and weakening them;
If wrongs provoke, or when occasion claimes,
We may make warre with some ere it be long,
Like cunning wrestlers at th' Olympick games,
Who exercise themselves to be more strong;
And when themselves have thus prepar'd the way,
Whil'st that their pompe doth beare a lower sayle.
(For at the last their force must much decay,
Since all must alwayes lose, though one prevaile)
Then prompt to tempt that which we now contrive,
(By ruining the remnant that remaines)
We may possesse the state for which they strive;
Thus they the toils, and we shall get the gaines.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

O Happy was that guiltlesse age,
When *Astræa* liv'd below:
And that *Bellona's* barbarous rage
Did not all order quite overthrow:
Then whil'st all did themselves content
With that thing which they did possesse,
And gloried in a little rent,
As wanting means to make excesse;
Those could no kinde of want becomen,
For, craving nought, they had all things:

N

And

The Alexandrian Tragedy.

And since none sought the regall Throne,
Whil' st none were Subjects, all were Kings:

“O! to true blisse their course was set,
“Who got to live, not liv'd to get.

Then innocency naked liv'd,
And had no need, nor thought of Armes,
Whil' st spightfull sprits no meanes contriv'd,
To plague the simple sort with harmes;
Then snaring laws did not extend
The bounds of Reason as they do,
Strife oft begun where it should end,
One doubt but clear'd to foster two:
By conscience then all order stood,
By which darke things were soone discern'd,
Whil' st all behov'd there to be good,
Where as no evill was to be learn'd:
And how could any then prove naught,
Whil' st by example vertue taught?

Then mortals mindes all strong and pure,
Free from corruption lasted long,
(By innocency kept secure)
When none did know how to do wrong;
Then sting'd with no suspicious thought,
Men mischief did from none expect:
For, what in them could not be wrought,
In others they would not suspect;
And though none did sterne laws impart,
That might to vertue men compell,
Each one by habite in his heart,
Had grav'd a law of doing well:
And all did wickednesse forbear
Of their free-will, and not for feare.

The first who spoyl'd the publike rest,
And did disturbe this quiet state,
Was Avarice, the greatest pest
Whieb doth of darknesse fill the seat:
A Monster very hard to daunt,
Leane, as dry'd up with inward care,
(Though full of wealth) for feare of want,
Still at the borders of despayre;
Scarce taking food for Natures ease,
Nor for the cold sufficient clothing,
She whom her owne could never please,
Thinks all have much, and she hath nothing:
This daughter of sterne Pluto, still
Her fathers dungeon strives to fill.

That

That Monster-tamer most renown'd,
The great Alcides, Thebes glory,
Who (for twelve severall labours crown'd)
Was famous made by many a story,
As one who all his time had toyl'd
To purge the world of such like pests,
Who robbers rob'd, and spoylers spoyld,
Still humbling haughty Tyrants crests,
He by this Monster once o're-throwne,
Did passe in Spaine o're lands and flouds,
And there took more then was his owne,
What right had he to Gerions goods?
Thus Avarice the world deceives,
And makes the greatest Conquerours slaves.

Ah! when to plague the world with griefe,
This poore-rich Monster once was borne:
Then weaknesse could finde no reliefe,
And subtiltie did conscience scorne:
Yet some who labour'd to recall
That blisse which guilded the first age,
Did punishment prepare for all,
Who did their thoughts to vice engage;
And yet the more they laws did bring,
That to be good might men constraine,
The more they sought to do the thing
From which the laws did them restraine:
So that by custome alred quite,
The world in ill doth most delight.

Exeunt.

Act. 3. Scene 1.

Perdiccas, Eumenes.



NOW Fortune smyles upon my rising State,
And seemes to promise more then I require;
Loe, by degrees my glory doth grow great,
And by their death who did my death conspire,
Proud Meleager who disdain'd to bow,
And my advancement alwayes did mislike,
Hath with his bloud seal'd my assurance now,
To fright all those who would attempt the like.
Eum. Yet of his fall the forme my minde appalls,
Even at Ioves Altar, and without regard;
We were too rash to violate those walls
Which the most impious could not but have spar'd.
Lascivious Ajax by Minerva's spight,
Earst for prophaning such a sacred place,
On the Capharian Rocks did lose the light,

N a

And

And all his Navie too for ones disgrace.

"We should not irritate celestiall pow'r's;

"And, all beginnings are considered most:

Such horreur breeds this odious act of ours,

That we (I feare) opinions pow'r have lost.

Per. Let others seek to keep such points as those,
I am not scrupulous, for, I protest,

Ov'r all, and by all meanes I'll kill my foes,

And then thereafter argue of the rest.

"They wrong the Gods who think their Church should be

"A refuge free for Malefactors still:

"For, with their justice this cannot agree:

"Who guard ill doers, guilty are of ill.

Was he not stain'd with many a monstrous crime,

And *Salamander*-like amidst the fire

(Contentiously dispos'd) did spend his time,

And (never pleas'd) did still some change require?

Eum. "One hum'rous head that doth in brawls delight,

"May poyson thousands with the gall of spight.

Per. As still seditiously affecting strife,

He but abus'd the credit of his King:

And sent some of his slaves to take my life,

Such bitter envy did his stomach sting.

Eum. I saw, how that advanc'd before our band,

You first did check, then chase them in the end:

And did with courage resolutely stand,

Our Soveraignes corps (though dead) bent to defend.

Per. "He but a dastard is who basely yeelds,

"And in no conflict hath his Fortune try'd,

We (if in time not ventring to the fields)

Like beasts (all sacrific'd) had poorely dy'd:

But when without we masters did remaine,

(Lest *Babylon* had straight beene barr'd from food):

I those proud squadrons quickly did constraine

Even as we pleas'd, a Treaty to conclude.

Grac'd whilst my foe (as in some kinde compar'd)

A chiefe in charge, he many mindes did sway,

But (found inferiour) when a friend declar'd,

My credit did increase, and his decay.

Eum. Yet in this course all (who observe) do see,

That of the multitude the minde prevail'd:

He whom they did elect our Prince must be,

And our designe hath altogether fail'd:

But how comes this? that every Captaine gets

A certaine Realme committed to his charge,

And with an Army bravely forward sets,

Their bounds allow'd to guard, or to enlarge?

Per. I by my means have every great man crown'd,

That from my greatnesse great things might proceed:

Yet by that meanes to make my pow'r renown'd,

The doing lik't me better then the deed;
I this division chiefly did procure
To have those great-men from the Court remov'd,
Where they might be imploy'd, yet I secure,
Their favour purchas'd, or at least thus prov'd:
For, him who hath them to such honour brought,
They must be bound to hold in high account,
And their advancement for this end I sought,
That by their meanes I with more ease might mount.

Eum. O! but your fancies may be much deceiv'd,
"There is no bond can binde unthankfull mindes:
I feare the favour that they thus receiv'd,
Hath showne them wayes to sayle by other windes.
So long, of late, as they had need of you,
To seeme your friends they (courting kindnesse) sought:
But since their greatnesse is well grounded now,
They will disdaine what derogates in ought.
"To those all great men friends most frankly prove,
"Whom (for their pleasure) freely they affect,
"And (loathing bands) cannot be forc'd to love,
"As brav'd by worth, when merits urge respect.
"Few mark from whence they rose, when once aloft,
"None can endure that they should owe their state:
"Defarts grow odious when upbraided oft,
"And are deprav'd, not guerdon'd, when too great:
"Yea, in my judgement you have greatly err'd,
"Them to exalt, whose state you would surprize:
"Their common custome is who are preferr'd,
"That they may stand, not to let others rise.

Per. "To ruine loftie mindes when least afraid,
"Whil'st carelesse carriage jealous censures sift,
"By spy'es abroad to foes at Court betray'd,
"Then by preferment what more subtle drift?
Their hearts with hate are parted all by pride;
One is already to confusion gone:
I long to learne how *Leonatus* dy'd,
Not that I minde his funerals to bemone.

Eum. That Prince magnanimous whom all admire,
(As was his custome) clemently proclaim'd,
That banish'd *Grecians* might to *Greece* retyre,
Save onely such whom murder had defam'd;
But who them banish'd, griev'd for their returne,
Did feare what just revenge might have design'd,
As knowing well (whil'st wrongs make wrath to burne)
"How misery doth irritate a minde;
The indignation which they had conceiv'd,
Did breed rebellion bursting out with rage,
The which our King (deep in his minde ingrav'd)
By *Athens* spoyle did purpose to assuage:
But since that death afforded them releefe,

Growne bold to prosecute their proud attempt,
 Th' *Athenians*, and th' *Ætolians* were the chiefe
 Who brought *Antipater* first in contempt;
 And by their pow'r constrain'd to quite the field;
 He (in a little Towne enclos'd) at last,
 Was once reduc'd in danger neere to yeeld;
 And staine the glory of his actions past;
 But yet by accident as oft it falls,
 " (It better is to happy be, then wise)
 An unsuspected shaft throwne from the walls,
 Their foes chiefe Captaine happened to surprize;
 Then did *Antipater* his courage reare,
 Which had almost his staggring hopes betray'd:
 Yet still in doubt, and not quite free from feare,
 He *Leonatus* did intreat for aide;
 And he who seem'd his friendship to affect,
 To further him desirous did appeare;
 But (if he had prevail'd) some do suspect,
Antipater had bought his succours deare.
 Yet by the end his purpose bent to show
 (How ever in effect) he seem'd a friend;
 But when th' *Athenians* did his coming know,
 They him to fight did all directly tend.
 And though their thoughts in depths of doubts did fleete,
 They when alone, to match him thought it best,
 And whil'st they march'd th' adventrous troupes to meet,
 Did hardly welcome the unwelcome Guest:
 When both the Armies were to battell brought,
 And shew with what bright flames their breasts were stor'd,
 Brave *Leonatus* like a Lyon fought,
 So to prove worthy of his wonted Lord;
 But whil'st he bravely did his charge acquite,
 Yet lost himselte, who others came to save,
 And by their Captains fall discourag'd quite,
 His scatt' red troupes great damage did receive;
 When old *Antipater* was surely told
 Of their mishap, who came for his reliefe,
 He not one signe of sorrow did unfold:
 " A little gaine doth mitigate much griefe:
 Well did he know that though his foes prevail'd;
 Yet this great fight enfeebled had their host,
 And then he took to him which much avail'd
 Those beaten bands who had their Captaine lost;
 Yet that in which he did most comfort finde,
 Was his delivery from a secret foe,
 Who did with jealousie torment his minde,
 Though outwardly not seeming to be so.

Per. Thus, we who earst below one ensigne warr'd,
 Slept in one Tent, and all one Fortune prov'd,
 And (with a friendship then, that never jarr'd)

Like

Like *Pilades*, and mad *Orestes* lov'd,
Since that we want a Lord, and all are Lords,
We (loe) renounce all kinde of kindnesse now,
And (secret rancour budding in discords)
Do others harmes procure, at least allow.

"Such is the sacred famine of a Crowne,
"That it to satisfie, before we faile,
"What in our way doth stand, all must go down;
"And bands of bloud, or friendship not availe-
"These glory-ravish'd souls that would be great;
"No meanes omit, although they be unjust,
"None beares with patience partners in the state;
"What jealous lover can his Rivals trust?

Eum. Well, I perceive *Antipater* doth tend
With all his pow'r to gaine that sacred prey,
Whose meanes (of late enlarg'd) to reach his end;
Through every danger may enforce a way;
And *Alexander* sometimes spake at large,
Then whil'st *Antipater* with *Agis* striv'd,
That he (without the limits of his charge)
More like a King, then a Lieutenant liv'd.

Antigonus, and *Ptolomie* in Armes
Are joyn'd in one, our ruine bent to breed;
I feare that friendship procreate our harmes,
Unlesse their spight prevented be with speed.

Per. I'll lodge you now (*Eumenes*) in my brest,
And let you see the ground of my intent:
Since that we both alike must toyle, or rest,
As those whose courses must have one event.
Since at his death, I by our dying Lord,
Was in his place appointed to succeed,
And that my Fortune doth a meanes afford,
How I may compasse that which he decreed.
To leave that place I cannot well agree,
As if I wanted courage to command;
I'll take that which the fates do force on me:
For, if without a Throne I cannot stand.

"And those who would performe difficult things,
"Must not regard what way, so they prevaile:
"Oft fraud, then force, a greater furtherance brings,
"The Foxe must help, if that the Lyon faile.
So old *Antipater* to have betray'd,
His daughter I in marriage did require,
That so the time might but have beene delay'd,
Till that I had accomplish'd my desire:
For, with the shadow of pretended love,
And hop'd affinity which seem'd design'd,
I from his bounds some bands aym'd to remove,
By raising me that he might have declin'd;
"But who can snare a minde all ey'd with fearest?

He quickly did mistrust the purpos'd wrong,
And from my Messengers straight barr'd his eares,
As did *Vlysses* from the *Syrens* song.

Eum. Yet this, (if rightly weigh'd) might much import,
If that you match your selfe with such a Mate,
Whose beauty, pleasure, birth might bring support,
And both concur in one to blesse your state,
If you to make your high attempts more sure,
By *Hymens* meanes with some your selfe allie,
Thus of some Prince you may the pow'r procure,
On whom for help you boldly may relye.
What grieve were this if you have hap to gaine,
That faire *Idea* which your fancies frame,
If after you, none of your owne remayne
To keep your Conquests, and revive your name?
"Kings live most safe who of their owne have heires,
"Whose sacred persons none dare seek to wound:
"Since, though they dye, yet there rest some of theirs,
"Who are to venge their death, by Nature bound.

Per. All shall be try'd which may enlarge my might;
I minde to match my selfe with such a one,
Who (if she have my pow'r to prove her right)
May be thought worthy of her Fathers Throne.
I with *Olympias* have devis'd a thing,
Which may secure her state, and make mine strong,
And (if accomplish'd) prove a prosp'rous spring,
From whence may flow great acts ere it be long:
By *Cleopatra* may a meanes be catch'd,
Which to a glorious end our course may bring,
She whom at first her Father *Philip* match'd
With *Alexander* of *Epirus* King,
Who having heard great *Alexanders* fame,
(In emulation of that Monarchs praise)
Went with his troupes th' *Etrurians* bent to tame,
Which enterprize did but abridge his dayes:
In marriage with that widow'd Queene combinde,
(If that her Mother thus her course assist)
Whil'st I performe that which I have in minde,
Who dare presume my purpose to resist?
For, whil'st this friendship doth my name renowne,
It may my thoughts from further feare seclude:
Since having thus a title to the Crowne,
As one engrafted in the royall blood.

Eum. I feare that this your purpose to prevent,
A number now take armes all in one forme,
As those whole feares conjecture your intent,
And by the lowring clouds fore-know a storme.
Already many do together runne,
Who for our ruine wonderfully thirst.

Per. Where do you think that we should then begin,

And

And exercise hostility at first:

Eum. Though we our selves in strangers Thrones enstall,

And (having *Asia* to subjection brought)

Make *Nilus*, *Indus*, and *Euphrates* thrall,

Yet all those victories would serve for nought,

Whil'st *Macedonie* doth continue free,

(A fertile field to bring brave Armies forth)

Which (till first forc'd) can now not subject be,

And ere they love a King, must prove his worth,

" Then unto those who seek a Prince in Armes,

" His chiefeft Realme the greatest vantage gives,

" Where warres (held out) are alwayes with his harmes,

" Since that his foe still at his charges lives;

" And warres protracted with a peoples losse,

" Do from their Sovereigne alienate their love;

" They lose their hearts, whom Fortune once doth crosse,

" And foil'd at home, can no where else remove:

Who *Macedonie* hath, hath still the best,

Which of our state the stately Mistrisse is:

As which with courage conquer'd all the rest,

And but depends on *Mars*, as onely his:

If you were Lord of that undaunted soyle,

And by *Olympias* countenanc'd but a time,

Straight from *Antipater* all would recoyle,

And, bent t'undo him, we would finde a crime;

To you who are a *Macedonian* borne,

(If match'd with *Cleopatra*, great in pow'rs)

The *Macedonians* gladly would be sworne,

And (if commanding them) then all were yours.

Per. Yet this opinion partly I disprove,

Which would not (as you thinke) our troubles end:

For, if we do from hence our force remove,

And to th' *Emathian* bounds directly tend,

There must at first a doubtfull warre be prov'd,

With those brave bands whose valour is well known:

Of whom *Craterus* dearly is belov'd;

Antipater is borne, and bred their owne.

And though indeed (as kindly to those parts)

My friendship may affected be by some,

Yet those who start in time by many arts,

May under-myne their mindes before we come.

Then whil'st we trouble *Macedony* most,

And leave those Realmes unarm'd which now are ours,

Straight *Ptolomie* when strengthened is his host,

May (like a tempest) swallow *Asia's* pow'rs.

I, for the time most willingly would take

The course which seemes to make our state most sure:

" A foe is dangerous, when behinde ones backe,

" (Who whil'st not look'd for) may our harme procure

My purpose is, though yet to none made knowne,

Which

That

That *Egypt* first shall burden'd be with warre:
 For, if that *Ptolomie* were once o'rethrowne,
 Then that from *Greece* all hope of help would barre.

Eum. Hold still with you those of the sacred bloud,
 Whom to protect you alwayes must pretend:

"The count'nance of the great, may do much good,
 "Whom still (though weake) all glory to attend.

Exeunt.

Act. 3. Scene 2.

Olympias, Roxane.



Et sorrow prove a tyrant to my soule,
 Whose rage with reason now no measure keeps;
 What of my teares the torrent can controull,
 Since flowing from afflictions deepest deeps?
 How can my breast but burst whil' it sobs rebound,

Since once the seat of joyes now not the same?

May not huge horrors presse me to the ground,

In thinking what I was, and what I am?

I was a great mans wife, a greaters mother,

Even she to whom the heavens their best did give;

Yet, I, even I, more plagu'd then any other,

In dungeons now of desolation live.

My sonne who was the glory of his time,

Staine of times past, and light of times to come,

(O fraile mortality! O slippery tyme!)

Though having all o're-com'd, death did o're-come.

And I (dejected wretch) whose dying eyes

(By Natures custome bound) he should have clos'd,

Was not to shut his starres with th'yvory skies,

Which curtain'd once where Majesty repos'd:

But ah! his falling in a forraine part

Hath (if ought can enlarge) enlarg'd my griefe;

Or else on him I melted had my heart,

And spent my selfe to purchase his reliefe.

Yet though I was not present at his death,

He shall not be defrauded of my teares:

But for his funerall fires my flaming breath

Shall smoak, and to his Ghost a tribute beares.

Rox. Ah! to what corner rolls my warric fight,

Where it not findes some matter to bemoane?

O foolish eyes! why lose ye not your light,

Since your delight is lost, your object gone?

Once of all Queenes I might the fortune scorne,

To whom just love that great man did engage,

Whose match in worth the world hath never borne,

Nor never shall enrich another age.

When those perfections do transport my minde,

Which

Which admiration doth disclose too late;
I curse the fates that did his judgement blinde,
To make me partner of so high a state.
And I repent that to his sight I past
(Though highly grac'd) once on a festuall day,
A feast which many a time must make me fast,
And with slow woe that flying mirth defray;
Then if my fortune had not blinded me,
But ah! whose judgement had it not bereav'd?
Whil'st that great Monarch daign'd to like of me,
Of my high flight I had the fall conceiv'd.
Of *Asia's* Prince whose state did then decline,
He both the wife, and daughters had at will,
Whose beauties lustre might have darkned mine,
Yet free from snares restrain'd his fancies still.
And when my father chose out from the rest
Those Virgins all whom Fame affirm'd for rare;
Though having view'd them all, he lov'd me best,
Then thought most fortunate, if not most faire;
And when this match his Nobles all dismai'd,
That he himselfe with captives had alli'd:
That act, he then (as love had dired) said
Took from the vanquish'd shame, from victors pride;
Yet me (as Empresse) all did entertaine,
Though his inferiour farre in all respects,
Till I from him by death divorc'd remaine,
Whom with his Sonne now all the world neglects.

Olymp. Although this will but aggravate my woe;
From whom the fates all comfort now seclude,
Yet I do tender his remembrance so,
That of my Sonne to heare, it doth me good;
And (daug hter) now to double my distresse,
Make me at length acquainted with his death,
That sorrow may each part of me possesse,
Sad news mine cares, teares eyes, and sighs my breath.

Rox. Though grieve to me scarce liberty affords,
To presse forth passions which oppresse my minde,
Yet would affection wrestle out some words
To speake of him who all my thoughts confin'd;
When he had conquer'd all that could resist
(A Monarchie not equall with his minde)
Still in his haughty course he did insist,
And search'd the Ocean other worlds to finde:
But when from it his Navy was redeem'd,
He stood in doubt where Trophies next to reare:
The world (though large) for him too little seem'd:
His minde could more conceive, then Nature beare.
Last (ah!) this Emp'rour purpos'd was in th'end,
At *Babylon* his glories hight to show,
Where all the world his coming did attend;

As *Iove* above, who onely raig'n'd below.
 When he drew neare that then thrise Monarchs feat,
 The Astrologians by their skill fore-told,
 What danger huge was threatned to his state,
 The which else-where might better be contrould:
 But he who was not capable of feare,
 And could not muse of misadventures then,
 Would triumph there, and the worlds Scepter beare,
 Back'd with moe Kings then other Kings with men.
 There (as a God) transporting mortals fights,
 (Which mirth with mourning I must still record)
 He spent, or lost a time, in all delights,
 Which Fortune could (when flatt'ring most) afford,
 Till *Theffalus*, for mischiefe but reserv'd,
 Once to his house invited him to dine,
 Where false *Cassander* at the Table serv'd,
 And as he us'd with water mixt his wine.
Olymp. Alas, alas, and so it prov'd in th'end,
 "But who could feare a benefited friend?
Rox. There were all creatures valued for their worth,
 As wholsome, dainty, sumptuous, stately, rare,
 Which (forc'd by *Phæbus*) th'Easterne Realmes bring forth,
 To live by Sea, by Land, or in the ayre.
 Then when that Reason drunk with pleasure slept,
 Which all the senses with abundance stor'd,
 And whil'st (save Musicke) nothing measure kept,
 With *Ceres*, *Bacchus* onely was ador'd.
 Even when the King beginning was to drinke,
 (As strangely mov'd) he thund'ring forth a grone:
 And from the Table suddenly did shrink,
 His wonted vigour at an instant gone;
 Whil'st he was softly to a Chamber led,
 That death a title to his body claim'd,
 The sorrowing Souldiers swarm'd about his bed,
 With looks once fierce, then for compassion fram'd:
 But he whom victory had still array'd,
 With others past this battell bent to even,
 Did look like one whom all the world obey'd,
 And boasted shortly then to take the heaven:
 Whil'st (lightning comfort to afflicted bands)
 He stretch'd them forth to kisse in severall parts,
 By Sword then Scepter his more honour'd hands,
 On which, it seem'd, they melted all their hearts.
 Last, unto them those gen'rous words he told:
 Yet to my life my death doth bring no blot:
 Thus, to dye yong in yeares, in glory old,
 Of all our Family is still the lot;
 And since no worlds are resting to o're-come,
 Life serves for nought; I did an Empire found:
 Liv'd, warr'd, and raig'n'd (all done) for which I come:

Then

Then goe great Ghost (not griev'd) below the ground,
No further weighing what belong'd to life,
He with a count'nance constant even in death,
(As too victorious in that fatall strife)
The ayre perfuming, spent th'imperious breath.
But through the Campe when that it once was knowne,
That from the world that world of worth was gone,
What anguish was, it cannot well be showne,
I had my part, yet had not all alone.

O! let that day which makes my dayes all night,
Be registred amongst the dismall dayes,
Whose melancholy, and portentuous light
With some disaster still the world dismayes.
And *Babylon*, curst be thy fatall towres,
Once seate of Monarchs, Mistresse of the earth,
But from hence-forth (a slave to forraine pow'rs)
Still burden'd be thy bounds with bloud and dearth.

Olym. You need not use those execrations more,
Though *Babylon* of breath that Prince depriv'd,
Yet (as an Oracle had told before)
In *Macedonie* was his death contriv'd;
Antipater had heard, how divers times
The King against him had been mov'd to wrath,
And damn'd (as guilty of opprobrious crimes)
His sonne in law *Lincestes* unto death.
Then he was told, the King did strictly try
How his Lieutenants had their places us'd,
Still making all as traitours straight to dye,
Who had the same in any sort abus'd;
Thus, he who well did know his owne misdeeds,
Had learn'd by others what he might expect,
As whose ambitious brest in pride exceeds,
And alwayes did a Sovereignty affect:
But when *Craterus* was to have his place,
And he requir'd the Army to attend,
He thought that thus Time would some means embrace,
To plague his pride with a deserved end;
Then to prevent that which I thinke was still
More fear'd by him, then purpos'd by the King,
With guilty thoughts oft exercis'd in ill,
He sought what might to death his Sovereigne bring;
And this the traitour compass'd at the last,
As I (alas!) have learn'd (although too late)
When to my sonne, his sonne *Cassander* past,
As to congratulate his prosperous state;
Then in his company he did receive
A poyson powerfull where it was employ'd,
Whose violence no metall could reframe,
But in a horses hoofe was still convey'd;
He and his brother fit occasion watch'd

Which

O

And

And for their Prince a cup of poyson made;
Thus he who never could by force be match'd,
By treason, loe (O cruell fate!) lyes dead.

Rox. And could, or durst those traitors be so bold,
The pillar of all worth to undermine;
But (Madame) ah, *Antipater* of old,
Against your greatnesse alwaies did repine.
And (I remember) on a time he sent
A messenger of minde to make you bow,
Who to your Sonne a letter did present
Full of invectives to discredit you;
The King whilst reading what it did comprise,
Did smile with scorne, then to *Hephestion* say:
In writing of such things he is not wise,
Which straight one mothers teare will wipe away.

Olym. I oft inform'd my sonne (strange waies devis'd)
How that disloyall man striv'd to be great:
But as a womans wit, mine was despis'd,
And construed still unto the sense of hate.
Yet of my Sonne (I thought) the deeds were such,
That all men them admir'd, none envy could;
And that none durst his sacred person touch,
Whom men ador'd, and *love* as his did hold.
How oft have I those bitter throwes allow'd,
By which I brought that demi-god to light:
And well I might of such a birth be proud,
Which made me glorious in the peoples sight;
Though divers too (as I have some time knowne)
To draw his love from me did wayes prepare,
Yet were their flights by durious love o're-throwne,
And I respected with a reverend care.
His tender love to me was much extold,
Then when he sought to stablish a decree,
That with Immortals I might be enrold,
And (as a Goddesse) honours have to me.
Ah! how can I this tragicke time survive,
Who lost a sonne so great, a sonne so kinde:
And all the meanes which make me now to live,
Is with revenge a hope to ease my minde.

Rox. His love to you it could not but abound,
(By nature, parents of their owne are lov'd)
Since those to whom he by no band was bound,
Of his humanity the fruits have prov'd.
His clemency did make his state more sure,
Then all the terrours rising from his name,
Which whilst he liv'd, did publike love procure,
And after death a never dying fame.
Old *Sisigambis* lifting up her heart,
(Of her owne sonnes the death who had surviv'd)
To *Alexander* did that love impart,

Which

Which was to *Darius* due while as he liv'd;
But when these tidings wounded had her eares,
That heaven from th'earth had rob'd that praise of men
(Whilst all dissolv'd in floods of bitter teares)
She hated life, as never spoil'd till then.
Her widow'd nephew groning at her feet,
Who of *Hephestion* did the death bewaile,
In depths of woe she (drown'd with teares) did fleet,
Till that o're-whelm'd, her strength began to faile;
Then barr'd from food, she groveling did abide,
Till that lifes course (then hastened fast) was runne:
Thus she surviv'd her sonne, yet with him dy'd,
In whom she found the kindnesse of a sonne.

Olym. If but when hearing this his tragicke end,
A stranger (once his Captive) dy'd for griefe,
Ah, shall his mother yet on hope depend,
As such a losse might looke for some reliefe?
And yet I will, for 't were a great disgrace
To me the mother of that matchlesse man,
(Like other women) to give fortune place,
And faintly yeeld as vulgar wretches can.
Though griefe at first must mollifie me once,
Or (as unnaturall) I might be admir'd
Yet will I not still burst my brest with grones;
Then that, of me more courage is requir'd,
I'll not degener from my generous kinde,
“(Faint-hearted Hindes brought never Lyon forth)
“Nor yet a Mother of an abject minde,
“Had never borne a Monarch of such worth.
And O! who knowes, but once the time may come,
That I to venge my selfe a meanes may have?
Whilst those vile traitors ruin'd are by some,
Who with their bloud may bath their Sovereigns grave.
Now on *Perdiccas* I repose my trust,
Who with *Eumenes* would our wrongs redresse;
Their valour (ventring in a cause so just)
By all appearance, promise doth no lesse.

Rox. Loe, now of late delivered of a sonne,
I to those Captaines scarce dare make it knowne,
His kingdomes all to part who have begunne,
And might (by killing him) make them their owne.
Ah! (Madame) this doth move me most to pause;
Who of those great men the ambition feare,
Lest by pretending but a publike cause,
They seeke themselves the Diadem to beare.
Thus, they of my yong babe (fraud masking wrath)
Would but be Tutors first, and Traitors then,
Farre from obedience, duty, love or faith:
“No things more deare then Diadems to men.

Olym. As those whose courage cannot be dismay'd,

Let us now strive what way a force to finde;
 And whilst that pittie doth procure for ayde,
 The peoples passions tune unto our minde.
 If that their love not vanish'd with his life,
 Of *Alexander* (in a high degree)
 I thinke the Sonne, the Mother, and the Wife,
 By Macedonians still must reverenc'd be.
 And this doth with disdain my soule consume,
 That *Arideus* amongst other wrongs,
 And proud *Enridice* his wife presume
 To take the honour which to us belongs.
 O! they shall finde my fortune not so chang'd,
 But I am able yet to curbe their pride:
 What? what? *Olympias* must be reveng'd,
 And (save her selfe) no Queene she can abide.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Loe, how all good decayes,
 And ills doe now abound;
 "In this sky-compass'd round,
 "There is no kinde of trust:
 "For, man-kinde whilst it strayes
 "In pleasure-paved wayes,
 "With flouds of vice is drown'd;
 And doth (farre from refuge)
 In endlesse shadowes lodge,
 Yet strives to rise no more:
 "No doubt (as most unjust)
 "The world once perish must,
 And worse now to restore,
 Then it was of before,
 When at the last deluge,
 Men by Deucalion once
 Were made againe of stones;
 And well this wicked race
 Bewrayes a stony kinde,
 Which beares a stubborn minde,
 Still hardned unto sinne.
 Loe, now in every place
 All vertuous motions cease,
 And sacred faith we finde,
 Farre from the earth is fled,
 Whose flight huge mischief breed,
 And fillles the world with warres,
 Whilst impious brests begin
 To let base Treason in:
 Which common concord marres,
 Whilst all men live as jarres,
 And nets of fraud doe spreade,

The simple to surprise,
 Too witty, but not wise;
 Yet those who in deceit
 Their confidence repose,
 A thing more deare doe lose
 Then can by guile be gain'd;
 Which when repented late,
 May ruine once their state,
 Whilst purer sprites disclose
 With what their breasts are stor'd;
 For, though they would remord,
 They get not trust againe;
 But, having honour stain'd,
 And covenants prophand,
 Are held in high disdain,
 " And doe in end remaine,
 " Of all the world abhorr'd;
 " Not trusty when they should,
 " Not trusted when they would:
 But ah! our Nobles now,
 Loe, like Lyfander still,
 So that they get their will,
 Regard not by what way,
 And wish a shamelesse brow,
 Doe of the end allow,
 Even though the meanes were ill;
 Which all the world may see,
 Disgraceth their degree,
 Who (changing every houre)
 Doe all base slights assay;
 What can brave mindes dismay,
 Whose worth is like a Tower,
 Against all fortunes pow'r,
 Still from all fraud whilst free?
 " These keepe their course unknowne,
 " Whom it would shame if shorne:
 Who not from worth digresse,
 To slights which feare imparts,
 Doe shew heroicke hearts,
 The which would rather farre
 An open hate professe,
 Then basely it suppress:
 " No glory comes from fearefull Arts:
 But those who doe us leade,
 As for dissembling made,
 Even though that they intend
 Amongst themselves to warre,
 Seeme in no sort to jarre,
 But friendship doe pretend,
 Not like their Lord now dead,

Who trusting to his worth,
 Still what he meant spake forth;
 The great men not for nought,
 Doe seeke the peoples love:
 Their deeds that to approve,
 They may their mindes allure:
 But Perdiccas is thought,
 Too slowly to have sought
 Their doubtfull mindes to move,
 As one who still conceits
 He may command the fates;
 His pride so great is growne,
 That none can it endure;
 Yet stands his state unsure,
 Since odious to his owne:
 "He must be once o're-throwne,
 "Whose humour each man hates,
 "Pride doth her followers all,
 "Leade head-longs to a fall.

Act 4. Scene I.

Antigonus, Eumenes.

Though stormy discord, and tumultuous wars,
 Doe fire the mindes of men with flames of rage,
 That (hauing haughty thoughts, as heaven hath Starres)
 Their indignation nothing can assuage:
 Yet loe, amongst the Souldiers waving bowres,
 The Heraulds cryes doe calme the Trumpets sounds;
 And peace dare inter-pose unarmed pow'rs,
 To limit for a time *Bellona's* bounds;
 And (whilst of fury they suspend th' effects)
 The seeming-friended foes together treat,
 And every one shewes what his soule affects,
 Of peace a shadow: th' essence must be great.
 Thus men magnanimous amidst the field,
 Dare of their en'mies to the promise trust,
 And (loathing what disloyaltie doth yeeld)
 Not violate their vows, nor prove unjust.
 "Though love be past, yet truth should still remaine,
 "I vertuous parts even in my foes applaud;
 "A gallant minde doth greater glory gaine,
 "To dye with honour, then to live by fraud;
 And why (*Eumenes*) as mistrusting me,
 Or standing on your reputation long,
 Did you disdaine to seeke (as all men see)
 A greater then your selfe, and one more strong?

Eum.

Eum. Though we come not to plead our birth-right here,
 Let him (for warriors so should take their place)
 In whom best signes of Noblenesse appeare,
 Be grac'd, as first who doth adorne a race;
 Most Noble he who still by vertue strives,
 To leave his name in mindes of men engrav'd,
 And to his off-spring greater glory gives,
 Then from his ancestors he hath receiv'd.
 Earst, we by birth in warre not marshal'd stood,
 As at the Table, upon Ivory beds;
 "A Souldiers worth consists not in his blood,
 "But in their blood which (as his foes) he sheds:
 What ever others of my lineage try,
 I am *Eumenes*, and will not accord;
 That there can be a greater man then I,
 While as I have a heart, a hand, a sword.
 " *Anti.* Loe, when prosperity too much prevails;
 "Above the judgement thus of vulgar mindes,
 "As little Barges burden'd with great Sayles,
 "They move in state, all swolne with fortunes windes;
 "And as adversity the sprite refines
 "From th'abject drosse of pride, and passions base,
 "That in affliction, vertue clearest shines,
 "And makes one all the wayes of wit to trace:
 "So doth good successe make the judgement dye,
 "Then whilst the fortunate their ease doe take,
 "And lull'd asleep in pleasures meadowes lye,
 "As for the slaughter fat, and ripe to shake;
 "Yet this the nature is of gallant men,
 "To rest (as in no state too much involv'd)
 "When prosp'ring warie, and most humble then;
 "If cross'd couragious, when imbarck'd, resolv'd.
 What though your first attempts renowned are,
 By which you in two fields victorious stood,
 And did o're-throw two thunder-bolts of warre,
 Who lost their lives amid' st a crimson flood:
 Yet is that course of victory contrould,
 And you have try'd what force your force exceeds;
 Then, faded Lawrels should not make you bold,
 As still reposing on your by-past deeds:
 For, by the same to indignation mov'd,
 The Macedonians all abhorre your name,
 Who at that time so proud a Conquerour prov'd,
 Their great mens slaughter having wing'd your fame.
Eum. No fortune past so puffs up my conceit,
 That it contempt of further danger brings;
 Nor am I now dejected so of late,
 But I intend to doe farre greater things.
 "He (by prosperity made never proud)
 "Who knowes the frailty of this earthly frame,

Can

" Can hardly by adversity be bow'd:
 " The Sunne (although eclips'd) remains the same.
 " Worth should by th'events not be thrall'd to wit,
 " On th' accidents as th'essence did depend:
 " The fault of fortune cannot blemish it,
 " On which oft times disasters may attend;
 " Though fortune (stumbling right) concur with worth,
 " Or yet, if crosses bragge a gallant minde,
 " Both like themselves are alwaies sparkling forth,
 " In every state some tokens of their kinde.

Now at this time o're-match'd by num'rous pow'rs,
 I kept my courage, though I lost the field:
 And vaunt no more of this, for some few hour's
 May once to me the like advantage yeeld.
 Nor is it long since that to fortune deare,
 The world had never me but victor spy'd,
 Though I protest by all th'Immortals here,
 Press'd by necessity, not mov'd by pride.
 Proud *Neoptolemus* that traytour still,
 (Not worthy of a Macedonians name)
 He to betray the hoste, and me to kill,
 Had labour'd long to his eternall shame.
 But I of *Craterus* lament the fall,
 Whom for his vertue I did dearely love,
 And was constrain'd (I *love* to witnesse call)
 For my defence that refuge last to prove.

Anti. How fortun'd you your forces to dispose;
 So well to scape that storme of threatned harmes?
 For, then you had to deale with mighty foes,
 Who were in warre growne hoarie under armes.

Eum. When *Neoptolemus* did clearely spy,
 That all his treason to the light was brought,
 He, where our foes were camp'd, with haste did flye:
 " A foolish traitour who was false for nought.
 There he inform'd, or mis-inform'd my foes,
 That (by good successe growne secure of late)
 I in my Tent did carelessly repose,
 Though not by force, to be o're-com'd by fate.
 And to *Antipater* he further told,
 That Macedonians, if they at that time,
 Of *Craterus* the count'nance did behold,
 All willingly would yeeld themselves to him:
 Now they had labour'd earnestly before,
 That I abandon would *Perdiccas* part,
 And did protest that they would give me more
 Then yet I had, or hop'd for in my heart.
 " But love (born free) cannot be thrall'd nor bought,
 " More then a shamefull peace I like just strife;
 " To generous mindes more deare then honour nought;
 " And ere I leave my faith, I'le lose my life:

Thus

Thus when despair'd that I would prove their friend,
 They fought in time to plague me as a foe,
 Where love could not begin, that hate might end,
 And came in haste to have surpris'd me so:
 But *Neoptolemus* to crosse by flight,
 The Macedonians I for him did bend,
 And *Craterus* concealing from their fight,
 To match with him, caus'd troupes of strangers tend.
 This policy which none could justly blame,
 I with my selfe in secret did conspire,
 And had my shirt beene privy to the same;
 It should have beene an offering to the fire.
 When deaths first game (with danger playd) was past,
 I *Neoptolemus* did toile to finde,
 And he me too, which happ'ned at the last;
 "Two will doe much to meet, when of one minde.
 Then whilst we met for whom both th'armies warr'd,
 Whose fortune did depend upon our hands,
 All was perform'd that force or fury dar'd,
 Whilst both were bent t' abate the others bands.
 And yet the heavens would not betray my trust;
 ("Foule treason never had a fairer end)
 But smil'd upon my cause (as which was just)
 And did destruction to the traitour send:
 For, forc'd by him, whose force he did despise,
 (Though fighting fiercely long) he lost his breath,
 As one more strong then true, more stout then wise,
 Whose greatest honour was his honest death.
 But weakened with huge wounds, almost I div'd
 In seas of bloud, even quite from knowledge stray'd;
 Yet by so great a victory reviv'd,
 My courage grew more then my strength decay'd.
 I (having finish'd thus this fatall strife)
 Did come where *Craterus* his course had runne,
 Even in the confines plac'd 'twixt death and life,
 The one neere gone, the other not begun:
 He with great valour had resisted long,
 As all *Briareus* hands had mov'd his sword,
 And did his Masters memory no wrong,
 Whilst with his courage, not his fortune stor'd.
 "What life refus'd, to gaine by death he thought:
 "For, life and death are but indifferent things,
 "And of themselves not to be shun'd, nor sought;
 "But for the good, or ill that either brings.
 With endlesse glory bent to change his breath,
 Of desp'rate valour all the pow'r was prov'd,
 "And for great Captaines no more glorious death,
 "Then to dy fighting with a minde unmov'd.
 When it appear'd where victory did tend,
 That armies courage with their Captaine fell;

And

And whilst I safely might be scene a friend,
I went where death his Spirits did expell;
And whilst I told how both to be betrayd,
By *Neoptolemus* were brought about,
My woe with teares I to the world bewray'd:

"Milde pittie and true kindenesse must burst out.

Ah, if the newes of this that I expresse
Had come in time unto *Perdiccas* cares,
He might have liv'd their pride now to repress,
Who by his fall were first divorc'd from feares.

Ant. The humour of that man was too well knowne,
Could he have parted other men from pride,
Whose foule was sold a slave unto his owne,
And for the same (forc'd by his followers) dy'd?

"*Eum.* The proud must still be plagu'd by prouder ones,
"There must be had sharp steel to smooth rough stones,

"*Ant.* No vice then pride doth greater hate procure,
"Which foes doe scorne, and friends cannot endure.

"*Eum.* Yet Majesty must not it selfe deject;
"A lofty carriage doth procure respect.

"*Ant.* A haughty gesture shewes a tyrants heart;
"All love a courteous count'nance, voyd of Art.

"*Eum.* Yet manners too submisse as much condemn'd,
"Doe make Kings scorn'd, and Captains be contemn'd.

"*Ant.* A humble port, kinde looks, words smooth and soft,
"Are meanes by which great mindes may mount aloft.

"*Eum.* Those are indeed for such as raise their flight,
"They may doe more whose course is at the height:

"Imperious formes an Empire must defend.
Ant. Thus hastned was *Perdiccas* to his end.

Eum. That worthy man had many faire designes,
"But vertue still by envy is pursu'd,

"Though (as a Candle in the night best shines)
"It in a vitious age may best be view'd.

There was a man who scorn'd secure delights,
As still despising paine, attemptive, bold,

A brave observer of the antient Rites,
Steele strictly grasping, prodigall of gold;

He lov'd to have the Souldiers of his band,
Chus'd at the Musters, not in markets bought,

And would not flatter where he might command;
More meet to have, then seeke that which he sought;

But Souldiers now in this degener'd age,
Are (fawn'd on by faint mindes) brib'd in such sort,

That all the reynes enlarg'd unto their rage,
They with so straight a course cannot comport!

What was mis-fortune knowne unto them all,
Their malice as some great neglect did eate.

"All things must helpe th' unhappy men to fall,
Thus forth they spu'd the poyson of their spite,

For,

For, hating his franke forme, and naked words,
By that occasion whetting their desires,
They in his body boldly sheath'd their swords,
A deed which even barbarity admires.
Those trait'rous troupes may spot the purest bands,
It for a fact so vile they be excus'd:
This will set swords in all our souldiers hands,
Against us, and not for us, to be us'd.

Ant. I wish that Souldiers never could be brought
To prove so mut'nous as they oft have beene,
And that they durst not violate in ought,
Those who by them (as sacred) should be scene:
Nor like I Captaines who (like blustering windes)
Would o're their troupes insult (as tyrants still),
Not weighing merits, nor respecting mindes,
As carried head-long with a blinded will.
"Pride by presumption bred (when at a height)
"Encount'ring with contempt both match in ire;
"And 'twixt them bring base cruelty to light,
"The loath-some off-spring of a hated Syre.
Such of *Perdiccas* was the monstrous pride,
(The vice from which that vice more vile proceeds)
That it strange wayes for his advancement try'd,
And did burst forth in most prodigious deeds;
At first by *Meleagers* death when stain'd,
He show'd what tyrants harbour'd in his heart,
To whom faith given, nor yet the Church he gain'd,
(Though sacred both) no safety could impart.
The Cappadocians (when all else was try'd)
Choos'd (rather then his insolence to beare)
By massacring themselves to scape from pride:
"Pride, spight and horror, death breeds onely feare.
Yet what against his foes he did performe,
From martiall mindes might plead for some excuse,
Since irritated thoughts which (wrong'd) doe storme,
In mindes offended, fury doe infuse:
But yet why fought he in a servile sort,
To play the tyrant, braving his best friends,
Who with disdainfull formes could not comports?
"More then an enemies yoke, a friends offends.
And when of late by *Ptolomie* constrain'd,
He brought his bands with disadvantage backe,
How by the same his government was stayn'd,
The world can witnesse by his Armies wracke.
"But hate made judge, each error seemes a crime,
"Whilst present ills doe aggravate things gone,
His Souldiers mov'd by fortune and the Time,
Did by his death venge all their wrongs in one.

"*Eum.* As nought smels well to a distemper'd taste,
"So to conceits pre-occupy'd before,

Even

"Even good seemes bad in them whom they detest:

"Men must mislike where they can like no more.

To you who loath'd *Perdiccas* and his state,

What ever came of him could not seeme good:

And I not wonder though your soule did hate

One who had right and pow'r, to take your bloud:

For, fled from him to whom you once belong'd,

His Trumpet still breath'd terrour in your eare:

"Then all men hate those whom they once have wrong'd,

"And by no meanes can love them whom they feare.

"*Ant.* That which you speake of hate, in love I spy,

"Love cannot finde an imperfection forth,

"But doth excuse, extenuate, or deny,

"Faults (where it likes) with shadowes of no worth:

I left *Perdiccas*, but did him no wrong,

Who first to take my life, all meanes did prove;

I told *Antipater* how he so long

Had been abus'd by a pretended love:

For, as I frankly love, whilst lov'd againe,

If the ingrate, ingrately me acquite,

Straight kindling fury with a just disdain,

I by love past, proportion then my spite;

And yet (*Eumenes*) I commend thy minde,

Who to defend thy friend, hast prov'd so free,

And since in love so constantly inclin'd,

A friendship firme I would contract with thee;

Then where that now thy state hath been brought low,

(Since spoil'd of him in whom thou did'st repose)

Whilst ayded by our power, thou great maist grow,

And raise thy hopes of kingdomes to dispose.

Eum. I'll be your friend, whilst friend to right you rest:

"For, without verue, friendship is but vaine,

"Which cannot lodge in a polluted brest,

"Whose impious thoughts do sacred things prophane.

While as the oath is kept, which once was sworne

To *Alexanders* selfe, and to his race,

Still shall this sword for your defence be borne,

But in my heart they hold the highest place;

And doe not thus, as o're one vanquish'd, vaunt,

Nor thinke me thrall'd, though once by chance o'rethrowne,

"The world must perish ere advent'ers want,

"Who tosse all States to stablish once their owne.

"Whilst bravely taking or yet giving place,

"How ever feare (objecting danger) comes,

"Misfortune, bondage, torment, death, disgrace,

"And all things else, a minde resolv'd o're comes.

Act. 4. Scene 2.

Cassander, Lyfimachus.

" **A**nd must we buy our pompe at such a rate,
 " Who beare th' authority, or whom it beares?
 " O, O! how thorny are the wayes of State,
 " With open dangers pay'd, and secret feares;
 " Each of our steps is waited with some snare,
 " Whil' st from our selves we all repose repell,
 " And (in fraile Barks) press'd by tempestuous care,
 " Do seek a haven, whose heaven is but a hell.
 Lyfim. " Whil' st *Eolus* and *Neptune* joyn'd in all,
 " With winds, and waves, beat th' earth, and brag the skies,
 " The tumbling Mountains do not rise and fall,
 " Though each of them another doth surprize;
 " As do th' aspiring pow'rs which are with doubt
 " Toss'd through the waving world on stormy Thrones,
 " And are (as in a Circle) hurl'd about,
 " Ascending, and descending, both at once.
 " Lo, some whose hopes would at their birth have seem'd,
 " By Fortunes strictnesse, with contempt confin'd,
 " Have from the vulgar yoke themselves redeem'd,
 " To do farre more then such durst have design'd;
 " And they who once might life to thousands give,
 " When some great period revolutions brings,
 " Brought downe even low cannot have leave to live,
 " Made lesse then Subjects, who were more then Kings.
 Cass. What once they scarce could dreame, some thus procur,
 Whose pow'r though nought at first, last, Scepters swayes;
 And some whose states seem'd once to be secure,
 Throwne from their Fortunes height lose glorious Bayes:
 My Father, loe, to gaine that soveraigne place,
 Through many dangers boldly march'd of late,
 And, then the greatest, greater for a space,
 Did manage all the *Macedonian* State:
 But I his Sonne who (as some would suppose)
 Might keep with ease, that which he got with paine,
 Can by no meanes my rest-lesse thoughts repose,
 Such raging Tyrants o're my fancies raigne.
 Lyfim. And yet I thinke you have an easie parr,
 To whom his State your Father did resigne,
 For, it may make you smile, which made him smart:
 " Some presse the grape, and others drinke the wine.
 Cass. Ile not beleve that ever any ill
 Was bred for me within my Fathers brest,
 Since children must suppose their Parents will
 (Though seeming bad) still purpos'd for the best.

And yet my Fathers Ghost must pardon me,
 Though when from us he minded to remove;
 I thinke the tenor of his last Decree,
 Show'd lack of judgement, or at least of love;
 For, what base course had ever beene begun
 To make me seeme not worthy of his place,
 That he prefer'd a Stranger to his Sonne,
 As bent to cloud the glory of his race:
 Thus since in such a sort he did neglect,
 The Sonne who should his name from death exempt,
 (As dis-regarded for some great defect)
 All other men may have me in contempt.
 But ere his age attain'd the fatall date,
 He saw my brows with lawrell boughs array'd,
 And spy'd my skill in warre, and wit in state,
 Which grew as much as his had then decay'd.
 Nor can my courage so be brought to bow,
 But *Polypercon* shall by prooffe finde soone,
 That in my Fathers will, I will allow,
 Not what he did, but what he should have done;
 And since by him high dignities were wonne,
 I minde to prosecute what he began;
 "For (though I would) so great a Fathers Sonne
 "Can not securely live a private man.
 Loe, *Polypercon* by our pow'r repell'd
 From *Macedonie* hath rery'd dismay'd,
 And for the feare of us hath beene compell'd
 To rest beholding for anothers aid.
 Let him not think that shadows (though of Kings)
 Can match my pow'r with these his borrow'd bands:
 A doubtfull flight all fram'd with others wings
 Will never beare him from *Cassanders* hands;
 And though *Olympias* count'nanc'd once his cause,
 As from *Epirus* come to ruine me:
 Now of her owne misfortune she must pause,
 Since brought of late unto a low degree.
Lyfim. And yet *Olympias* once did prosper well,
 When first she touch'd the *Macedonian* bounds,
 Whil'st *Polypercon* proudly did repell
 All those who durst resist with words, or wounds.
 Though *Philip* and *Euroidice* his Queene,
 (To give them battell bent) in time arriv'd,
 The *Macedonians* when they had her seene,
 As their owne Queene to do her honour striv'd.
 And haplesse *Philip* whil'st constrain'd to yeeld,
 There, for a Kings did take a captives state:
 And with his mate (though flying from the field)
 Was follow'd by their force, and by her fate.
 Then did her husband and her selfe give place,
 Whose brows of late a *Diademe* had borne:

But

But then throwne downe in depths of black disgrace,
Were made of pride the prey, the butt of scorne.

Cass. Those were the means which did them first entrap,
But have you heard how after they were thrall,
To plague the world with horreur, and mishap,
The proud *Olympias* tyrraniz'd o're all?

Lys. Some doubtfull rumors did frequent each e
Such as rash Fame confus'dly durst unfold:
But yet by favour hid, or else for feare,
The truth of all (it may be) was not told.

Cass. When thus the Tygresse happ'ned to surprize
Those wretched souls (as ravish'd in a dreame)
Her heart at first seem'd scarce to trust her eyes,
She surfett'd her sight so with their shame,
But when she saw (by reason of her pow'r)
That she might safely let her rage burst out:
She them about caus'd build a lightlesse Tower,
Press'd by whose walls, they scarce could turne about;
And in that dungeon (as entomb'd) they stood
With high disgrace t'appease more high disdaines,
Farre from all comfort, whil'st a little food
Their life prolong'd, but to prolong their paines.

"But for misfortune pity last doth pleade,
"As envy doth prosperity oppose;

The *Macedonians* (then indifferent made)
On murmur'd rumours doubtfully did glose.

The peoples grudge *Olympias* did perceive,
And of just fury fearing the effect,

She straight resolv'd lifes remnant to bereave,
From weakened pow'rs which did no lesse expect:

And when some *Thracians* basely bent for bloud
(As she had charg'd) with mercenary spight,

Had murdred *Philip*, and his Queene imbru'd
With these red streames that drown'd her lifes delight.

She sent to her whose soule in griefe did sinke,
(As messengers of death to bragge her brest)

A sword, a cord, and an empyson'd drink,
A Tyrants presents, yet a wretches best.

Those seene, the Queene unmov'd this speech did make,
(As one who had imbrac'd some great reliefe)

Fit gifts for her to give, for me to take,
Since she exceeds in hate, and I in griefe.

And tell the Tyrant that I gladly dye,
That once the angry gods to venge my death,

May thunder forth that judgement, which I spie
With bloud must choak that bloody womans breath.

Last, looking on her Lord who there lay slaine,
Once partner of his joy, then, of his woe,

Whil'st that his Roses did her Lillies staine,
She kiss'd his wounds, as taking leave to goe;

Left Time her Resolution had betray'd;
Her snowie necke (not us'd with such a chaine)
Her girdle grasp'd; then dy'd no way dismay'd;
And if she sigh'd, she sigh'd but for disdain.

Lys. This barbarous act my breast with griefe doth sting;
Can spight so much transport the meekest kinde?
"And yet on th'earth there's no more cruell thing
"Then malice raging in a womans minde?"

Cass. But yet this sacrifice could not asswage
The boyling thoughts of her unbounded will:
For, entring thus she rioted in rage,
(As dogges that once get blood, would alwayes kill)
Each light occasion kindling still her wrath,
The Sovereignty she shamefully abus'd;
And put my brother *Nicanor* to death,
Though for no crime condemn'd, no, not accus'd.
To some (when dead) an hate by her was borne,
Whose cruelty no flood of blood confin'd:
(Of *Iolas* the Tombe prophanely torne)
She (robbing th'earth) with ashes stain'd the winde;
To be *Cassanders* friend was such a crime,
As none could scape who ever favour'd me;
Thus huge disorders did abound a time:
"Where laws not valued are, all things are free;
When having heard of this outrageous pride,
Which made my native soyle contemn'd to be,
I those indignities could not abide,
Whose shame and danger did ayme most at me.
So that at last (mov'd by my Countries care)
(As much as by particular respects)
I with great speed an Army did prepare
To punish, or prevent the like effects.
But when I was to *Macedony* come,
To fortifie a Towne she did designe,
Which I enclos'd, and quickly did o're-come,
Whil'st famine forc'd the Fortresse to resigne.
Then to necessity weake pride gave place,
Her lofty courage was constrain'd to bow:
So that she rests depending on our grace,
To be dispos'd, as it shall please us now.

Lysim. This chance the world to wonder may invite;
Loe, there a Queene who had (though now distress'd)
The rarest Fortune, and the greatest sprite
That ever any of her sex possess'd.
The widow'd Empresse who first bragg'd the *Indes*,
Or proud *Thomiris* though both prais'd have beene,
Or th' *Amazons* all borne with martiall mindes,
Have never beene more stout then was this Queene;
Her lifes first progresse did but prove too sweet,
Whom once the world with treasures striv'd to blesse:

But

But now sad soule (foil'd under Fortunes feet)
Her misery no creature can expresse.

Cass. Those were but Fortunes gifts which made her great,
Whil' st treacherous shows by shallow wits were prais'd,
Her imperfections did but staine the State,
Where her not hers, but others merits rais'd:
When first that Dame with famous *Philip* match'd,
Her cunning carriage was not free from blame:
But though she then with *Argos* eyes was watch'd,
(As was suppos'd) soone forfeited her Fame;
At least (shame-fear'd) he did her first disdaine,
" And of that sexe the precious fame is such,
" Their tender honour any breath may staine,
" If tainted, foule; if but suspect'd, too much;
Yet this at last did his destruction breed,
For which her spightfull thoughts had labour'd long:
She by *Pausanias* privy to his deed,
Had spurr'd him to performe th'intended wrong;
And by such meanes long sought, that to her will,
Her husbands murder might enlarge the raynes,
Whil' st back'd by power she boldly did the ill,
Of which, too late, the troubled Realme complaines.
Though loath'd of all (long suffred for her Sonne)
She play'd the Tyrant safely as she pleas'd:
But by the course that I have now begun,
I hope those whom she plagu'd, shall be appeas'd.

Lysim. Yet of *Olympias* (though cast downe by you)
The fight her Sonne and Husband will revive,
And so may make the *Macedonians* now,
For her reliefe strange courses to contrive.
" Of those whose greatnesse doth regard extort,
" The miseries entender every minde,
" And still th'affections of the vulgar sort,
" Are (head-long led) too cruell, or too kinde.

Cass. O! but I can precipitate her fall,
Even by the meanes which might support her most:
For, pity shall barre pity, whil' st they all
Waile for their friends, who through her pride were lost.

Lysim. " As those to whom all other things are free,
" Must have their life and raigne both of one date,
" So private men who passe their owne degree,
" Can hardly turne to take their former state.
" Your Fortune thus is trusted to the fates;
" None can retyre who enters in such things:
" All those who dare attempt against great States,
" Must dye as Traitors, or else live as Kings;
" And though you would but some disorders stay,
" You deale with those who (borne not to be thrall)
" As torrents beare away what stops their way,
" And must of force (if not undone) do all.

"Such (though set free) will storme when they are gone,
 "Who scorne to take the thing, that they should give;
 "All those must dye who dare but touch a Throne:
 "Who may endanger Kings, they must not live.

Cass. Since in this course I onely once can erre,
 I shall be sure ere she her selfe with-draw.

Lysim. And yet what surety can you have of her,
 "Can laws binde them who are above the law?
 "Who can a concord make betwixt the two,
 "Whereas the one must hate, the other feare?

Cass. O, but I minde to use the matter so
 That both from hence shall further strife forbear.

Lysim. What can her freedome, and your peace procure?

Cass. Death both can make her free, and me secure.

Lysim. And would you do such ill to shed her bloud?

Cass. Yea, ill to others, so it do me good.

Lysim. The *Macedonians* will abhorre this wrong.

Cass. And yet obey me if I be most strong.

Lys. But who shall have the Realme amidst those broils?

Cass. "Who ever winnes the field, doth owe the spoils.

Lysim. So to possesse the Realme you have no right.

Cass. But I have more, so long as I have might.

Lysim. This State doth to it selfe an heire afford.

Cass. "All kingdomes rights are pleaded by the Sword.

Lysim. The people all will grudge against your state.

Cass. But dare not stirre, whil't feare exceeds their hate.

Lysim. And in their hearts they will detest you too.

Cass. Think what they will, who have no pow'r to doe.

Lysim. What though *Olympias* in a little space
 May lose her pow'r, together with her breath?

Yet there remaines another of her race,
 Who is by Nature bound to venge her death.

Cass. "The raging streames of a tempestuous flood,
 "Which drowns the old, not yeelds the yong reliefe:

"What foole who of his foes victorious stood,
 "Would spoyle an Army, and yet spare the chiefe:

No, since I must my selfe with murder staine,

Ile by the roots raze all the Royall race,

So that no pow'r shall spring from thence againe,

That may my selfe, or yet my plants displace.

The strength hath left great *Alexanders* arme,

Whose mothers fatall threed is now neere spunne;

And I have meanes to keep my selfe from harme,

Both of *Roxane*, and her tender Sonne.

But since this course may much our states advance,

By which a ground for great attempts is layd:

I must entreat you now (what ever chance)

To lend us your applause, though not your ayd.

Lysim. I'll be your friend, yet wish you would refraine,
 From doing this; but, ere you be undone,

Since

Since by your guiltneſſe I thus may gaine,
He ſuffer that which I would not have done.

Exit.

Olympias alone.

CAN I be ſhe whom all the world admir'd,
As the moſt happie Queene that raign'd below,
Whom all the Planets have to plague conſpir'd,
Of fickle Fortunes courſe the pow'r to ſhow?
No, no, not I, for what could me controull,
Or force me thus t'attend anothers will,
Since I deſpiſe this priſon of my ſoule,
Where it diſdaines t'abide in bondage ſtill?
Ah! whil'ſt vaine pompe transported fancies fed,
The jealous gods my ſtate to grudge did tempt,
My ſtate which Envy once, and Reverence bred,
Though now it breed but pity, and contempt:
Olympias once high as Olympus ſtood,
The wife of Philip, Alexanders Mother,
Who match'd Alcides, and Achilles bloud,
To breed a man more worth then both together:
Am I the woman whoſe maſticke ſtate
Seem'd once ſo happy to deceiv'd conceits?
I, I am ſhe, and never yet more great
Then at this preſent, even in ſpight of fates.
A double bondage long did burden me,
I to my ſelfe, my ſelfe to Fortune thrall:
But now captivity hath ſet me free,
Who could not riſe till firſt I had a fall;
"A ſprit whil'ſt it proſperity benummes,
"Scarce like the ſelfe can to the world appeare:
"But then when vertue every croſſe o're-comes,
"True Greatneſſe ſhines moſt bright in Glories ſpheare.
"Our treaſure now (I ſee) conſiſts no more
"Without our ſelves in th'eye-betraying ſhows,
"But in the breſts inſtimable ſtore,
"Which neither Time entombes, nor Pow'r o're-throws.
O never were my thoughts enlarg'd till now
To mark my ſelfe, and quinteſſence my minde:
For, long (a prey to pride) I know not how,
A miſt of fancies made my judgement blinde.
As thoſe who dreame ſweet dreames, whil'ſt wak't at laſt,
Do finde their errour when their eyes finde light:
Free from the ſlumb'ring of my Fortune paſt,
I now ariſe to judge of all things right.
"That cloud of pomp, whoſe ſmoak me ſhadow'd once,
"Loe, now remov'd, unmaſks my life too late:
"And now I ſee, that Scepters, Crownes, and Thrones,
"Are burd'nous badges of a dangerous ſtate.

O happie woman, of true pleasure sure,
 Who in the Countrey lead'st a guiltlesse life!
 From Fortunes reach retyr'd, obscure, secure,
 Though not a Queene, yet a contented wife.
 Thy Mate more deare to thee then is the light,
 (Though low in state) loves in a high degree,
 And with his presence still to blesse thy sight,
 Doth scorne great Courts whil'st he lives courting thee.
 And as thou wound'st him not with hid disgrace,
 He with no jealous thought doth rack thy brest:
 Thus both lye downe to rest, and rise in peace,
 Then (if they strive) they strive who should love best;
 What? though thou have not as the mighty ones,
 Thy neck furcharg'd with chains (ah chains indeed!)
 Nor eares weigh'd down with orientall stones,
 Nor Robes, whose worth may admiration breed;
 So want'st thou that which we have ever had,
 Sad mis-contentments, jealousy, and spite;
 And though thy back be not with purple clad,
 Thy thoughts are deck't with Innocencies white.
 As birds (whose cage of gold the sight deceives)
 Do seeme to sing, whil'st they but waile their state:
 So, with the mighty match'd, (made glorious slaves)
 We happy seeme, whil'st we but curse our fate.
 That blisse whose shew in us vaine eyes doth please,
 Makes thee indeed with pleasures spend thy breath,
 Who liv'st while yong in mirth, whil'st ag'd in ease,
 And know'st not what it is to dye till death;
 Ah! since I liv'd, I alwayes did but dye,
 When seeming happy, then most wretched still;
 Whil'st dazeling with vaine pompe each vulgar eye,
 What strange mishaps did me with anguish fill?
 The fates with fortune from my birth conspir'd
 To make my life, a patterne of their might:
 For both my parents from the world retir'd,
 When I had scarcely look'd upon the light:
 The world may judge how I was justly griev'd,
 Whil'st angry *Philip* sought for my disgrace,
 (A thing which once I scarce could have beleev'd)
 And unto *Cleopatra* gave my place.
 Then though I long (as desp'rate of reliefe)
 For his offence afflicted had my minde,
 Yet did his sudden death augment my griefe:
 He was my husband, though he was unkinde;
 And when my Sonnes rare deeds which fame doth sound,
 The world with wonder, ravish'd me with joy,
 Those (as himselfe) who would all his confound,
 To compasse me, did spite and power imploy;
 Yet stood my courage when my Fortune fell,
 And still I toil'd to persecute his foes;

That

That some might fall downe who too much did swell,
 Their blood in Marble registering my woes.
 That which I purpos'd, long so prosp' red too,
 That some of them did try (by torments strange)
 All what a womans just disdain could do,
 Whil' st spur'd by jealousie, spite, and revenge:
 But this Arch-traitour, Ruler of the rest,
 Who thirsts to drinke the blood of all our Race,
 Even then, with us when all succeeded best,
 Did compasse me with ruine and disgrace.
 Such was the tenor of my Fortune past,
 Whole least mishap had made another burst
 First, orphan'd, widow'd, and unchilded last,
 A daughter, wife, and mother, all accurst.
 Heavens plague *Cassander*, let that base wretch try
 That *Iove* his judgement but a while deferres;
 And let his wife bewaile as well as I,
 I mured for my Sonne, and she by hers.
 Even as th' incestuous *Thebans* monstrous brood,
 So may thy Sonnes contend with mutuall wounds,
 And never let thy house be free from blood,
 Till banish'd quite from this usurped bounds;
 Thus, notwithstanding of my wonted pow'r,
 To me (save wishes) nothing doth remaine:
 But though condemn'd to dye, yet at this houre
 Should I begin to curse, and to complaine?
 No, no, that custome best becomes poore soules,
 Whose resolution cannot climbe more high;
 But I whose courage that base course controuls,
 Must triumph still what ever State I try.
 "Death is the port where all may refuge finde,
 "The end of labour, entry unto rest;
 "Death hath the bounds of misery confin'd,
 "Whose Sanctuary shrowds affliction best.
 "To suffer (oft) with a couragious heart,
 "It doth deserve more praise then deeds most knowne:
 "For, in our actions Fortune hath some part,
 "But in our sufferings, all things are our owne:
 Loe, now I loath the world, and worldly things,
 Of which I both have prov'd the best and worst:
 The apprehended death great comfort brings,
 And hath no crosse, but that it should be forc'd.
 O heare me now (deare Sonne) if that thy Ghost
 May leave th' Elysian fields to look on me:
 Of all things else this doth content me most,
 That from this time I may remaine with thee.
 And blush not now to see thy Mothers end,
 My death in glory with thy life shall strive:
 It (as a captive) Fortune shall attend,
 That (as thy fellow) follow'd thee alive.

Exit.

Chorus

Chorus.

AH, ah! though man the image of great love,
 And, th' onely creature that gives Reason place,
 With reverence due unto the powres above,
 His heavenly progeny should seeke to prove,
 By still resembling the Immortall kinde;
 Yet makes the world our better part so blinde,
 That we the clouds of vanity imbrace,
 And from our first excellency decline;
 This doth distinguish that celestiaall grace,
 Which should make soules to burne with Vertues love,
 Whose fancies vice luxuriously now feasts;
 "Vice is the Circe that enchants the minde,
 "And doth transforme her followers all in Swine;
 "Whil'st poyson'd pleasures so corrupt our tastes,
 "That of halfe-gods, we make our selves whole-beasts:
 And yet of ruthlesse Pluto's raging host,
 The vice which doth transport presumptuous hearts,
 And makes men from the Gods to differ most,
 Is cruelty, that to the sufferers cost,
 And actors both, is often-times appeas'd:
 The gods delight to give, and to forgive,
 By pardoning, and not by plagueing pleas'd;
 And why should men excogitate strange Arts,
 To shew their tyranny, as those who strive
 To feed on mischief, though the Author smarts,
 Oft for the deed of which himselfe did boast,
 Whil'st whence the blow first came, the griefe doth turne?
 "For, that by which the minde at first was eas'd,
 "May it in th' end the greatest burden give;
 "Oft those whose cruelty makes many mourne,
 "Do by the fires which they first kindled burne;
 "Of other tyrants which oppresse the minde,
 "With pleasure some delight it, in such sort
 "That first the hony, then the gall we finde;
 "And others (though from Honors Court declin'd)
 "Some comfort yeeld (but base) by hope of gaine;
 "And, though some make us to be loath'd of one,
 "We by their meanes anothers love obtaine;
 "But cruelty, with which none can comport,
 "Makes th' authors hated when the deed is done,
 "Oft even by those whom it did most support,
 "As that which alienates men from their kinde;
 "And as humanity the minde enchaunts,
 "So barbarous soules which from the same refraine,
 "More fierce than savage beasts, are lov'd of none:
 "Since with such beasts one with lesse danger haunts,

Then

"Then with the man whose minde all mercy wants;
Yet though the minde of man, as strong, and rude,
Be ravish'd oft with violent desire,
And must, if fir'd with rage, be quencht with blood,
How can this tender sexe whose glory stood
In having hearts inclin'd to pity still
It selfe delight in any barbarous deed?

For, Nature seemes in this to use her skill,
In making womens mindes (though weake) entire,
That weaknesse might, love, and devotion breed;
To which their thoughts (if pure) might best aspire;
As aptest for th'impressions of all good,
But from the best to worst all things do weare;
Since cruelties from feeble mindes proceed,

"In breasts where courage failes, spite, shame and feare

"Make envy, hate, and rigour rule to beare.

Our Queene O'lympias, who was once so great,

And did such monstrous cruelties commit,

In plaguing Philip, and his Queene of late,

Loe, now brought low to taste the like estate,

Must take such entertainment as she gave,

And yet good reason that it should be so,

"Such measure as we give, we must receive.

Whil'st on a Throne she proudly earst did sit,

And with disdainfull eyes look'd on her foe;

As onely vanquish'd by her pow'r, and wit,

She did not weigh what doth proceed from fate:

O, O! th'Immortals which command above,

Of every state in hand the Rudder have,

And as they like, can make us stay or go;

"The griefe of others should us greatly move,

"As those who sometime may like Fortune prove;

"But as experience with rare proofes hath showne,

"To look on others, we have Linx-his eyes,

"Whil'st we would have their imperfections knowne;

"Yet (like blinde Moles) can never marke our owne.

"Such clouds of selfe-regard do dimme our sight;

"Why should we be puff'd up when foes do fall?

"Since what to day doth on another light,

"The same to morrow may our state surprise.

"Those that on this inconstant constant Ball

"Do live environ'd with th'all-circling skies,

"Have many meanes whereby to be o're-throwne:

"And why should dying worldlings swolne with wrath,

"So tyrannize o're an afflicted wight,

"Since miseries are common unto all?

"Let none be proud who draw a doubtfull breath,

"Good hap attends but few, unto their death.



Act. 5. Scene 1.

Aristotle, Phocion.

Og have I us'd that light which clears my minde,
 On Natures labours curiously to look,
 And (of all creatures finding out the kinde)
 Have read strange wonders in the worlds great book:
 I mark her course by contraries maintain'd,
 Whose harmony doth most subliste by strife,
 And of all creatures in the same contain'd,
 How various is the mystery of life?
 But as all things are subject unto change,
 Which partners are of th'elementall pow'rs,
 So (roll'd about with revolutions strange)
 "The state of man rests constant scarce for houres.
 "Loe, what doth fame more frequently report,
 "Then sudden risings, and more sudden falls?
 "I thinke the world is but a Tennis-court,
 "Where Fortune doth play States, tosse men for Balls.

Pho. And never any age show'd more then this,
 The wavering state of soule-ennobled wights,
 Who soare too high to catch an aiery blisse,
 Whil'st lowest falls attend the highest flights.
 That matchlesse Monarch who was borne (it seem'd)
 To shew how high mortality attaines,
 Hath not from death th'adored flesh redeem'd;
 But paine hath made an end of all his paines.
 And those brave bands which furnish'd Fame with breath;
 Whil'st all the world their valorous deeds did spie;
 Rest now (confounded since their Soveraignes death)
 Like *Polyphemus* having lost his eye.
 And they are like that teeth-ingendred brood,
 Which took their life out of a Monster dead,
 Whil'st each of them would drinke the others bloud,
 Since that great Dragons death who was their head.

Ar. "So change all things which subject are to sight:
 "Disorder order breeds, and order, it:
 "Next light comes darknesse, and next darknesse light,
 "This never-changing change transcends our wit.
 "Thus health and sicknesse, poverty and state,
 "Dishonour, honour, life and death, with doubt,
 "Still inter-changing (what a true deceit!)
 "All link'd together, slide by turnes about;
 "To worldly states the heavens a height appoint,
 "Where, when they once arrive, they must descend,
 "And all perfections have a fatall point,
 "At which Excellency it selfe must end.

But

" But as all those who walke on th'earth, are cross'd
 " With alterations, happ'ning oft, and strange,
 " The greatest States with greatest stormes are tofs'd,
 " And (fought of many) must make many a change.
 Nor speake I this by speculation mov'd,
 (As gathering credit out of ancient scroules)
 " No, I have liv'd at Court, and oft have prov'd
 " Nothing below more vex'd; then great mens Soules;
 " The Tyrant honours thralls, while as they mone,
 " Their plaints to vulgar eares loath to impart,
 " They all the weight of woes must beare alone,
 " Where others of their grieve lend friends apart.
 " Their verie rising o're us to the heighr,
 " Which seemes their best is worst, for, being Lords;
 " They never know the truth that comes to light,
 " When franke society speakes naked words.
 " Whilst sadnesse oft seemes Majestic, Time tels
 " How deare they buy their pompe with losse of rest:
 " Some but three furies faine in all the hels;
 " There are three thousand in one great mans brest.

Phoc. I thinke all Monarchies are like the Moone;
 Which now eclips'd, now under cloud, now cleare;
 Growes by degrees, and is (when full) undone:
 Yet Aeson-like renew'd doth re-appeare:
 For, loe they first, but small beginne to shine,
 And when they once their Spherick forme obtaine;
 Doe coldly languish, and (till chang'd) decline,
 Yet (falne) in other realmes doe rise againe.

Assyria once made many nations bow,
 Then next, all power was in the Persians hand,
 And Macedonians last (grown Monarchs now)
 Amongst themselves divided cannot stand.

Ar. " A secret fate (alternatly) all things
 " Doth in this circle circularly leade:
 " Still generation from corruption springs,
 " That some may live, of force some must be dead;
 " Each Element anothers strength devours;
 " Th'aire to the fire succumbes, the fire to raine,
 " The waters strive to drowne the Earth with showres;
 " Which it by vapours vomits out againe,
 " Thus (with a Gordian knot together bound)
 " All things are made, un-made, and made againe:
 " Whilst ruine founds, perfection doth confound:
 " Free from some change no State can long remaine;
 " But what in th'earth more dangerously stands
 " Then Sovereignty (though rated at such worth)
 " Which like the stormy Gods tumultuous bands,
 " Doth flie from th'East to West, from South to North?

Phoc. A long experience now makes this not strange;
 That mighty States whose reines one only leades,

Be oft distracted, and constrain'd to change,
 As too great bodies for so little heads,
 Since every common-wealth (where all mens wits
 Doe joyne in one to breed the publike ease)
 Hath many fevers and pestiferous fits,
 Which physick oft, oft poison must appease:
 For (ah) the multitude more rash then wise;
 A Hydra-headed beast which humor blindes;
 Doth passionately praise, or else despise,
 As some prepos't'rous fancies move their minds;
 "From vice and vertue oft like danger flowes;
 "Whilst th'one breeds envie, and the other hate:
 "As jealousie, or emulation growes,
 "Those oft are crush'd who doe support a state.

Ar. "Whilst some their betters, others equals scorne;
 "The popular authority decays,
 "And when it dies the Monarchie is borne,
 "Whose violence disorders fury staies;
 "The raines of state it with most ease doth swaie,
 "Of power (as joyn'd in one) the strongest kind:
 "Still whilst it (humbly high) doth hold a way
 "Twixt tyrannie and too remisse a minde;
 "But though States rul'd by one, may flourish long;
 "Whilst one can well command, and all obey,
 "Whilst guerdon goodnesse, vengeance followes wrong;
 "That (vertue cherish'd) vice is made decay:
 "Yet (if nought else) Time doth great States orecome:
 "And all are bounded by some fatall houre;
 "What mis-adventures many wayes may come
 "To dissipate the most united pow'r?
 "O! huge mishaps a Monarchie may marre,
 "When prosp'rous Times doe (forc'd by fates) expire,
 "To further which oft strangers must make warre,
 "And mut'nous subjects som-time may conspire:
 "As jealous feare (when brav'd by danger) moves,
 "All princes would suppress aspirers still:
 "And then a subjects course most dangerous proves,
 "When either feare, or hope transports his will.
 "But though that first to rise, last to descend;
 "Great States are guided by a secret fate:
 "Yet, still the cause which doth forgoe their end,
 "Springs from contempt, or is enforc'd by hate;
 "The first in kings the lack of courage breeds,
 "Encouraging Ambition to rebell;
 "The other doth attend tyrannicke deeds,
 "That violence may violence repell.

Phoc. "Yet never did so many Monarchs fall
 "By forraine battells, nor by civill broiles,
 "As by themselves who (seeming free) were thrall,
 "Whilst smooth-tongu'd Minions gloried of their spoils.

Those

" Those who have raig'n'd by choice, by birth, or worth,
 " Or did encroach on Crownes by chance, or crime,
 " Oft suffer vices to burst freely forth,
 " Which vertues colours guilded till that time.
 " Men clearely show what harbours in their brest,
 " Whilst (Envies object) free from any feare:
 " That which is eminent is marked best,
 " And highest fortunes hardest are to beare.
 " Low States to censure Criticks doe despise,
 " Whilst oft grosse faults for vertues fame esteemes;
 " The stupid, patient, and the fearefull wise,
 " Will, constancie, and softnesse goodnesse seemes.
 " But on the Stage of State when one must stand
 " A publike Actor plac'd in all mens sight,
 " And (swaying pow'r) with an imperious hand.
 " Doth hold the ballance both of wrong and right,
 " Then, he for every action that is his
 " The censure of a thousand tongues must have,
 " Not onely damn'd for doing things amisse,
 " But for not doing all that all men crave;
 " That Prince but undermines the Sovereigne seate,
 " Who cares not who be weak so he be strong,
 " More studious for himselfe then for the state,
 " Or (if for it) that he may hold it long:
 " For, where *love* him for all mens good ordaines,
 " He thinks both them, and theirs, made him to please,
 " As if a charge of weight, a place of paines,
 " Were but a bed of rest, a Heaven of ease.
 " The worlds great weight which *Atlas* shoulders beate,
 " Is not so weighty all to weigh one downe,
 " As that which on his head a king doth weare:
 " No burdens charge more heavie then a crowne.
 " *Th'agean* waves Time may more soone appease,
 " Then restless thoughts whose courle for state prepares:
 " Can they have rest who toile for all mens ease?
 " The purple ever must be lin'd with cares,
 " *Ar.* " Good kings are like the fire which (flaming bright)
 " Doth waste it selfe to serve anothers turne:
 " And soveraignty is like fires glancing light,
 " Which (if but view'd) delights, if touch'd, doth burne;
 " I like for warmenesse to stand *Vulcan* by,
 " But not to burne amid'st the *Lemnian* flame:
 " In Cedars shadowes men more safely lie,
 " Then on their tops, the roaring deities game:
 " All th'eie-attracting pompe and glorious shoves,
 " Do merit scorne, though they amazement breed:
 " The world them pittie more then Envie owes,
 " Who to seeme happy wretched are indeed.
 " What alterations strange attend a Throne,
 " As if the spheare of fortune were a crowne?

"The great still tofs'd like *Sisyphus* his stone,
 "When rais'd most high, rest ready to fall downe.
 Of this what greater prooffe can fame afford
 Then mighty *Philips* memorable fall,
 Who daunted had the Grecians by the sword,
 Though till that time by strangers not made thrall?
 He, he, then whilst he solemniz'd with state,
 His daughters marriage, suddenly was lost:
 It seem'd when Heaven that Monarchs daies would date,
 That Hymens torch gave light to *Pluto's* post.
 When strong regards had grav'd within my heart,
 The miseries that proper were to Court,
 I thought them happie who (retir'd apart)
 Could never know such things, but by report.
 I might have liv'd with *Alexander* still,
 To vertuous men, whose favours were not scarce:
 Yet rather choos'd (though having both at will)
 To serve with *Pallas*, then command with *Mars*.
 And whilst he toil'd of others Lord to be,
 I of my selfe did labour to be Lord;
 Yet made as great a conquest too as he;
 My pen shall be as famous as his Sword.

Phoc. And had I willingly engag'd my rest,
 The way to trace which to vaine glory tends,
 I might have liv'd (respected with the best)
 A speciall one of *Alexanders* friends.
 Though I of him did never merit ought,
 He entertain'd my friendship till his death,
 And when he once our Citties o'rethrow sought,
 At my request did pacifie his wrath.
 Then once to me a masse of gold he sent,
 And offred too a stately Asian Towne,
 Which I refus'd, more pleas'd with my poore rent,
 Then he with all the treasures of a Crowne:
 I told, that such a summe but serv'd to make
 Him a corrupter, me corrupted thought,
 And foule for him to give, for me to take,
 If us'd, sham'd both, unus'd, did serve for nought;
 But all those baites I never daign'd to touch,
 Least I (who all my life had liv'd so free)
 Might be possess'd too much, possessing much;
 If taking Riches, it had taken me.
 No, I would rather learne to live with lesse,
 Then for superfluous furniture to strive:
 "Who seekes out substance but to nurse excesse;
 "To use it lives, not it that he may live.
 "My fortune doth afford sufficient meanes,
 "That may preserve all natures pow'rs in force;
 "And he who on a golden Scepter leanes,
 "Can not have more, but may well use it worse.

"Then

" Then since abundance, but abuses brings,
 " Why seeke men more then how to be well eas'd?
 " And (ah!) why toile they for so many things,
 " Since with a little nature can be pleas'd?

Ar. Lo! how the Heavens, whose love to man exceeds,
 Have made his body strong, his minde divine,
 And have made th'earth to furnish all his needs,
 Least curbing Cares might make his thoughts decline:
 So that he hath a meanes to raise his flight
 (If wing'd with vertue) and may (mounting hie)
 By time approach to the celestiall light,
 And deifie himselfe before he die,
 Yet doth he straight forgoe that glorious way,
 To toile for things which th'earth not forc'd affords,
 The which his wants first fram'd were to defray,
 But by himselfe are of his life made Lords.

" O! how unworthie of the worth of man,
 " Are many labours which delight him most,
 " Since that corruption boldly first beganne
 " To make men nurse vile vice at vertues cost.
 And now what hath great *Alexander* gain'd
 By endlesse travell, and excessive cares?
 (Of whom (loe) now, they onely say he raign'd)
 But death vnto himselfe, worse to his heires.
 And for the guiltlesse blood which he hath spill'd,
 His conquests partners (loe) doe now beginne
 To die even by the swords by which they kill'd,
 And all his off-spring expiates his sinne.

Phoc. " Strange revolutions sway all worldly things:
 " The wheele of fortune still must slipperie prove,
 " And chiefly then when charg'd it is with kings,
 " Whose states (as weighty) quickly make it move.
 Yet *Alexander* I must say was blest,
 Who (still a victor) from distresse estrang'd
 The worlds chiefe Monarch when his state was best,
 Did die in time before his fortune chang'd:
 And for his favour which I oft did try,
 Whom earnestly he labour'd to advance;
 It grieves me that himselfe so soone did die,
 And that his off-spring hath so hard a chance.
 His Successors have set all *Greece* on fire,
 Of which I feare to perish by some sparke;
 For, *Polypercon* doth my death conspire,
 " And who can scape when made a great mans marke?
 Yet for my Countries cause I'll give my blood,
 " Whilst safely prais'd all follow vertue can,
 " But (when by danger bragg'd) then, to doe good;
 " O! that is worthie of a worthie man.
 Nor doe I tender so this puffe of breath,
 But I can yeeld that Nature it expell:

“ A minde that is resolv’d, triumphes o’re death,
 “ He hath liv’d long enough who hath liv’d well.

Exeunt

Act 5. Scene 2.

Cassander, Lysimachus,

Ptolomie, Seleucus.



O doubt (great *Heroes*) whom the Heavens have lov’d,
 (What ever count’nance duty doth pretend)
 Your minds are glad, since those (by me remov’d)
 Who might have made you end, have made an end.
 Loath not the meanes if pleas’d with the effect,

For though by this I have a realme obtain’d,
 It yeelds you more, whose course none can suspect:

I onely guilty am, ye all have gain’d.

Yet to pursue my life they first began,

For my defence this refuge last I prov’d:

“ What then himselfe can be more neere to man?

“ When bragg’d by danger who would not be mov’d?

And if *Olympias* had not di’d in time

By offering up her blood to worke my peace,

Then mine had beene the harme, and hers the crime,

I but prevented her a little space;

And if her off-spring had surviv’d her death,

Whose rising could not but procure our fall,

Yee, now who nought but soveraignty doe breath,

Had breath’d obedience, or not breath’d at all.

Lysim. You from a dangerous yaoke have us releev’d,
 Which (I suspect) we should have tri’d too soone:

“ And why then should we labour to seeme griev’d

“ At that thing done, which we wish not un..one?

No, no, since all for soveraignty do strive,

And have once tasted what it is to raigne,

Each one of vs would rather die, then live

To beare a subjects servile yoke againe.

And though perchance with *Alexanders* Sonne;

(If heire to him in worth, as of his state)

We might have most respected places wonne,

As speciall pillars of the Princes seate.

“ Though greater then the rest, as of before,

“ It would have vex’d us, lesse then one to fall:

“ The fall from first to second grieves one more,

“ Then from the second to the last of all;

Our envi’d glory had destruction brought,

And would have made us odious to remaine:

“ It dangerous is for subiects to be thought

“ Such as desire, or yet deserve to raigne.

When

When any Tempest threatned had his Throne,
He would have sought for surety at our cost:
"When Iealousie (minde's worme) hath seiz'd on one,
"The greatest vertues are suspected most.
"Yea, though we could to quite our state consent,
"Us from suspicion nought but death could purge:
"Still greatnesse must turmoile; or then torment,
"If borne a burthen, if layd downe a scourge.

Ptol. But when we have within our bosome welgh'd
The ruine of all *Alexanders* race,
Whom without blushing we might have obey'd,
By right succeeding in our Soveraignes place.
How can our soules but highly be asham'd,
If one below them farre emboldned thus,
Doth seeke by wrong that which by right they claim'd,
And by their o'rethrow would insult o're us?
Nor neede I more as in suspense remaine,
To maske my meaning with ambiguous wordes,
No, no, our words may as his deeds be plaine,
Which fame (and that not whit'pring) now records:
Ye heare how that *Antigonus* of late,
(Whose thoughts (wing'd with good succes) soare too high)
Doth strive above the rest to raise his State,
And by all meanes doth fortune frankly ply.
Since to his hands *Eumenes* was betrai'd,
Loe quite transported by prepost'rous pride,
(As if in nought adebted to our ayde)
To yeeld our due he cannot now abide.

Lysim. "Thus time the truth of all things doth proclame:
"Man is a crafty Creature, hard to know,
"Who can a face for every fortune frame:
"No trust in mortalls, no; nor faith below,
"As our particulars doe sometime move,
"We, what we wish for most, seeme to mislike,
"And oft of others doe the course disprove,
"Whilst we want only meanes to doe the like.
Then whilst *Perdiccas* did attempt before
To make the rest who were his equalls thrall,
Who, then *Antigonus* detested more
The foolish pride of one that would have all:
But since *Perdiccas* and his faction fell,
Whom he (as Traitors to the State) pursu'd,
He, in his place succeeding to rebell,
Hath what he seem'd to end, againe renew'd;
And yet I many times have mus'd of this,
How from the world he did *Eumenes* send.

Sel. How? but by Treason as his custome is,
False at the first, and cruell in the end.

Lysim. I know, that after many doubtfull fights,
He hath o'rethrowne *Eumenes* at the last:
But by what Stratagems, or treach'rous flights,

I would be glad to heare how all hath past.

Sel. Antigonus was at the first afraid,
To match *Eumenes* by plaine force in fight,
And therefore all that feare affords afraid,
For valour franke, still using warie flight.
Amongst *Eumenes* troupes (their mindes to prove)
He scattred letters with allurements stor'd,
By promis'd treasures, and protested love,
Some to corrupt who might betray their Lord;
But he (still wise) his Troupes in time advis'd
To cleare their vertue by their enemies vice,
And gave them thanks, who would not be entis'd
To sell their faith at such a bloodie price;
Then said, that he himselfe those scroules procur'd,
That when they spy'd such practises againe,
They still might thinke them (by this meanes allur'd)
Their Captaines triall, not their Enemies traine.
Thus by the course which should have him entrap'd,
His adversarie did deluded stay:
Whilst both he from that present danger escap'd,
And to prevent the like, prepar'd a way.
Then when he saw this policy had fail'd,
And that there had some doubtfull conflicts past,
Antigonus who had at one prevail'd
(As having had some vantage at the last)
Did with *Eumenes* straight procure to speake,
And (as t'one vanquish'd) offred him good will,
But he (whose minde could not be brought to breake)
Would onely talke as to his equall still:
For, when a band (betweene them made) did beare,
He to *Antigonus* should helpe impart,
That forme reform'd he first of all would sweare,
With *Alexanders* off-spring to take part.
Thus where they his submission did attend,
Imperiously conditions he impos'd;
So that thereafter to procure his end,
The other by all meanes his minde dispos'd;
And shortly of his bands a vaine debate,
For his confusion fit occasion brought;
"Still as by concord small things doe grow great,
"By discord great things are reduc'd to nought;
While-as *Eumenes* fortunately liv'd,
The *Agiraspides* to him gave place,
Till that for state two of their Captaines striv'd,
And his authoritie would not embrace.
Such was that spite of theirs to have him spoil'd,
That though of valour he rare wonders prov'd,
And oft by force *Antigonus* had foil'd,
Yet from their mind it could not be remov'd,
For (by their meanes allur'd) the other bands,

To

To get some baggage which they lost again,
 Did take their Captaine, with outrageous hands,
 Their glory darkning by that odious stayne:
 And though *Eumenes* trusting to new hopes,
 By flying labour'd succour to have found,
 He was prevented by his Trait'rous Troupes,
 And (like to some base fugitive) was bound.
 Scarce could his stormy stomach bent to breake,
 Daigne to entreat those who had him betrai'd,
 Yet, hauing hardly purchas'd leave to speake,
 He stretch'd them forth his fettred hands, and sayd:
 Loe, what apparell now your Generall weares,
 Since with your faith his libertie was lost;
 Yet he those bands not given by th'emie beares;
 No, but by you in whom he trusted most:
 And must he thus be led, who should you lead?
 Is this the triumph which I should receave
 For all my victories, thus to be made
 Of Captaine, Captive; of a Conquerour, slave?
 How oft (my Souldiers) have yee all of late
 To me by solemne oathes sworne to be true?
 "But it becomes none in a captives state
 "With loftie words his keepers to pursue;
 Nor crave I further favour at this houre,
 Then that ye bath your weapons in my brest;
 Let not my life be in mine enemies pow'r,
 Loe all that your Commander doth request.
 I know *Antigonus* doth take no care
 Who get my bodie, so he get my head;
 And he regards not, neither when, nor where,
 Nor in what fort I die, so I be dead.
 But if through horreur of so vile a deed
 Your eyes looke downe, your haire erected stands,
 Which in your mindes this much remorse doth breed,
 That as your hearts ye will not staine your hands;
 Then as your Captaine, since not force I may,
 I (as your friend) entreate, that now in time
 I may but have a Sword my selfe to slay,
 You to excuse, whilst partner of your crime.
 But when he saw that words could not assuage
 Their barb'rous thoughts which nothing could controule,
 Then having turn'd his Courage all in rage,
 He thus flam'd forth the fury of his soule:
 O damned rascalls who have lost all faith,
 Whom neither duty, nor yet merit bindes!
 How oft was *Alexander* mov'd to wrath
 By those your mut'nous and malicious mindes:
 And, O! what could I at those hands attend,
 Which yet were smacking with *Perdiccas* blood?
 Of those who by like Treason did intend

With

With old *Antipaters* to be imbru'd.
 Heaven thunder on you from th' ætheriall Rounds,
 And make you live (abominable band)
 Base vagabonds, barr'd from your native bounds,
 Then die detested in a barb'rous Land;
 And as ye have the world with murder fill'd,
 So may your blood by the same Swords be shed,
 By which you have moe of your Captaines kill'd
 Then of your foes, from whom (like beasts) ye fled.
 But neither courteous, nor outrageous words
 Could change his souldiers from their first intent;
 Who forward led their Captaine chain'd with cords,
 (A scorned Captive) to his Rivals Tent,
 Where to the end that he might quickly end,
 He ask'd, what stay'd *Antigonus* to goe
 By setting of him free to gaine a friend,
 Or by his death to rid him of a foe;
 And soone *Antigonus* did hast his fall,
 By this great magnanimity not mov'd;
 And th' *Agiraspides* (dispers'd o're all)
 As murderers, murder from the world remov'd.

" Thus oft have Traitors beene dispatch'd in time;

" By those whom their upbraiding lookes dismay:

" That loath'd remembrance of the Authors crime

" The actors death can onely wipe away.

Now claimes *Antigonus* when fame doth feast,

Above his Sovereignes selfe in ranke to sit;

For *Alexander* but subdu'd the East,

And he hath conquer'd them who conquer'd it.

Cass. No doubt, but he will doe the best he can;

And hath within himselfe high things design'd:

" For whilst prosperity transports a man,

" Nought seemes difficult to a loftie minde.

Sel. Of those in whom he did suspect a sprite,

Whose courage serv'd his courses to resist,

He hath himselfe by diverse meanes made quite:

In others wreakes his safety doth consist;

Thus martiall *Pithon* who no danger spar'd,

(Whom *Alexander* held in high account)

Did at the last receive a hard reward,

For helping him *Eumenes* to surmount.

His sprite to tempt, and power fit to performe

Made jealousie *Antigonus* torment;

And yet he fain'd to love him for the forme,

Till he his Court did move him to frequent,

Where whilst he did (mistrusting nought) abide,

He publikely in all the peoples fight

(Though seeming justly) damn'd unjustly di'd:

" No wrong more vile then wrong that looks like right.

Thus

Thus divers Governours within short space,
Their Government, or then their life have lost;
And others are preferr'd unto their place,
Who did depend upon his favour most;
Oft likewise me he labour'd to surprize,
By policy whom he would have o'rethrowne:
But I, whom *Pythons* danger had made wise,
Learn'd by his ruine to prevent mine owne;
To save my life abandon'd is my state,
And I have fled with danger as you see:
That you may know, how that man doth grow great,
Whose pride may plague you all, as well as me.

Cass. Then let us see what course we should intend,
Least (out of time made wise) we rue too late.

Lysim. "I rather first pursue, then last defend.

Ptol. "A fire would still be quench'd ere it grow great.

Cass. Then let us from *Antigonus* in haste
Demand our share of what he did attaine;
Since in this warre we did our Treasure waste,
We should be likewise partners of the gaine:
But if against our suite his eares he barre,
And doe with scornfull words contemne our claime,
Then may our messenger denounce the warre,
And we shall shortly prosecute the same.

Ptol. A mutuall band must made amongst us be,
To make one fortune common to us all,
And from hence-forth we must all foure agree
To stand together, or together fall.
And since the Princely buds for which we car'd,
(How ever dead) are dead, what ere we doe,
So to procure from men the more regard,
We with the state must take the title too.
And we must both be crown'd, and knowne for kings,
"The diadem of Greatnesse is the Tower:
"All vulgar judgements leane on th'outward things,
"And reverence State, where they obey but pow'r.

Exeunt.

Nuntius, Philastrus,

Chorus.



Is there a Heaven? and are there Heavenly Pow'rs
To whose decree terrestriall things are thrall?
Or would the Tyrant that begets the houres,
(Eternity not spar'd) extinguish all?
Loe, Nature travels now, as big with change,
Since mortals all humanity have lost,
And in th'old Chaos, or some masse more strange
To leave their essence all things earthly boast.

Can

Can reasonable foules (from reason barr'd)
 Even strive which most in cruelty exceeds?
 What eye hath seene? or yet what eare hath heard
 Such monstrous chances, and prodigious deedes?
 Th'Arabian Robbers, nor the Scythians wild,
 With savage beasts, which doe (as barbarous) hannt
 With such foule facts have not themselves defil'd,
 As those who of civility doe vaunt.

Since Greekes (growne barbarous) basely are inclin'd,
 All vertue vanish'd is, all good forgot.

O carelesse Heavens! wretch'd Earth! *Cho.* what loads thy minde?

Nun. A multitude of murders. *Cho.* what? *Nun.* what not?

Cho. We know that since our Sovereigne lost his breath,
 Th'earth hath beene bath'd with many a crimson flood;
Perdiccas did procure *Meleagers* death,
 And his owne Souldiers drown'd his breath with blood,
 Th'Athenians prey *Leonatus* did remaine,
 And (by *Eumenes* subtiltie dismai'd)
Neoptolemus and *Craterus* were flaine,
 Then by his owne *Eumenes* was betrai'd.

Phil. "Man with his skill against his knowledge strives,
 "Where death his way attends, that way he tends,

"And *Atropos* the fatall razor gives,

"To cut the threed on which his life depends.

"When *Asia's* victor after all his warres,

Great Babylon to view had bent his mind;

Both I, and others, studious of the Starres,

Did shew that there his ruine was design'd;

And to his successors we oft have showne

The meanes by which their fate might be controul'd,

Yet was our skill contemn'd, and they o'rethrowne,

As we fore-told, and as they now have told.

Nun. They have told much, and yet I must tell more;

Their newes were evill, yet were they not the worst.

Cho. And have the Heaven reserv'd more plagues in store?

As if we yet were not enough accurst.

Nun. "As th'earth in pride, the Heavens in plagues abounds;

Our highest hopes have perish'd but of late.

Cho. Then wound our eares by hearing others wounds,

That pittie now may tread the steps of hate.

Nun. Our Queene *Olympias* (raging with revenge)

All *Macedonie* did with murders fill,

Which from her part the people did estrange,

Whilst rigor onely limited her will.

So that when fierce *Cassander* fought her wreake,

She did mistrust the Macedonians mindes,

And for the time the nearest strength did take,

There, till the storme was past, to waite faire winds.

But soone *Cassander* did the Towne enclose,

And

And as she held him out, did hold her in,
 That (like a Captive guarded by her foes)
 She knew not by what way a way to winne;
 And when lives scant provision did decay,
 Then did bare walles but small refuge afford:
 "She *Scylla* scap'd to be *Charybdis* prey,
 "Who fell on famine flying from the sword.
 Straight like pale Ghosts, faint Souldiers did remaine,
 Whose bowels hunger like a Harpie teares,
 And with couragious words, the Queene in vaine
 Did raise their sprite (the belly hath no eares)
 All languishing did then begin to fade,
 As if too weake to beare themselves about.
 Legges fail'd the body, and the necke the head,
 Then whilst the flesh fell in, bones bursted out;
 And when that meates which common are were spent,
 Then Horses, Dogs, Cats, Rats, all serv'd for food,
 Of which, no horreur th'eaters did torment,
 For what not poyson was, all then seem'd good:
 Some mouthes accusom'd once with dainty meates,
 Wish'd what they oft had loath'd, vile crums, foule flouds,
 And Ladies which had liv'd in pompous states,
 Fed, as brought up with wolves amidst the woods.
 Yea, nurst by those whom they themselves had nurst,
 Oft by the off-springs death the Parent liv'd:
 And which was worst, whilst breasts were like to burst,
 None could give comfort, all themselves were griev'd.
 Such was their state, no friend bewail'd his friend,
 No wife her husband, no, nor Syre his sonne;
 For apprehending their approaching end,
 All with compassion of themselves were wonne.
 The dead mens smell empylon'd them who liv'd,
 Whilst first made faint by a defrauded wombe;
 Heapes were of breath and buriall both depriv'd,
 That all the towne in end was but a tombe.

Cho. Life is the subject of distresse and griefe,
 "That still affords us matter to bemoane;
 "And we by death can onely have reliefe:
 "To live, and to be wretch'd, are both but one.
 "Yet foolish worldlings tols'd with endlesse care,
 "(Though at too deare a rate) would still buy breath,
 "And following feathers wavering through the ayre,
 "Love life (though wretch'd) more then a happy death.

Nun. When thus the world *Olympias* plagu'd did spy,
 All sought *Cassander* though for severall ends.

Cho. All as a pest them who are wretch'd doe flye:
 "Ecclipsed fortune threatens losse of friends.

Nun. And she considering that she could not long
 Hold out the siege, since victuals were grown scant,
 Did send (as weake) for peace unto the strong.

Cho. " Thus time and travell all things once may daunt.

Nun. Then did *Cassander* know that need constraind
Her so to bow, as every way diseas'd :
And, though he her request not quite disdain'd,
Yet the appointment was such as he pleas'd :
For, all the favour that she could procure,
Was leave to live a private person still;
And yet of that she could not be made sure,
Which did depend upon the Victors will.
Then whilst *Cassander* sought his enemies ends,
Huge numbers with him alwaies did abide.

Cho. Yet might have many followers, and few friends:
" Friends by the touch-stone of distresse are try'd.

Nun. But though the Queen was rendred in this sort,
A promise given that life should be preserv'd,
The tyrant with her sprite could not comport,
But from his faith, for her confusion swerv'd :
The Macedonians were together brought,
There to consult what did concerne their Queene:
Of whom when as a number deeply thought,
Both what she was, and what she once had beene,
Even as *Cassander* had suborn'd them all,
Their parents came whom she had damn'd to death,
And did her rigour to remembrance call,
By which the multitude was mov'd to wrath.
Whilst from their breasts all pitty quite was barr'd,
They did conclude, their Queene behov'd to dye.

Cho. Durst Subjects damne their Sovereign: and not heard:
So still may clouds obscure the worlds bright eye.

Nun. Yet did *Cassander* put (false every way)
A maske of pitty on a cruell minde,
And offred her a ship to flye away,
As if to death against his will assign'd;
Nor was this course for her delivery fram'd,
But onely as by chance that she might drowne :
So for her death that he might not be blam'd,
But onely *Neptune* who had drunke her downe :
Yet she (a Princessse of a mighty spright,)
Whose lofty courage nothing could o're-come,
Said, ere she scap'd by such a shamefull flight,
That she would heare the Macedonians doome.
But when *Cassanders* counsell was contemn'd,
Lest that the multitude had chang'd their minde,
When they remembred whom they had condemn'd,
And did the fulnesse of his purpose finde,
To rid her soone from paine, and him from feare,
He sent some bands from pitty most estrang'd :
Yet she 'gainst fortune did a banner beare,
And not her heart, no, not her count'nance chang'd.
She constant still, though mon'd, would never move,

Whole

Whole stately gesture brav'd their bold attempt,
And did unite her vertues all in one,
To grace disgrace, and glorifie contempt.
She on two Ladies shoulders lean'd her armes,
And with a Majestie did march to death,
Like *Alexander* once amid' st th' alarmes,
As if in triumph to abandon breath.

"The height of vertue admiration brings,
At this great magnanimity amaz'd:
As at the image of their antient Kings,
Or then some Goddesse all the Souldiers gaz'd:
But (ah) some (forced by the tyrant) striv'd
To spoile (unnaturall) Natures fairest frame,
And twixt th' Alabaster Balles, they driv'd
Th' unwilling swords that straight grew red for shame.
Then, she in worth who did all else excell,
Would neither word, nor teare, nor sigh forth send,
But spread her garments o're her, whilst she fell,
As of her honour jealous to the end.

Cho. O strange barbarity, most monstrous deed!
Could men a woman, Subjects kill their Queene:
And could her fortune past no pittie breed?
Who ever gave the wound, hath not her scene.
The ugly Author of those odious evils,
(Of punishment afraid) must still be sad,
His brest a hell, his thoughts all turn'd to divels,
(Through horror of himselfe) must make him mad.

Nun. And yet the plague of these detested times,
Doth by more mischief aggravate our groines.

Cho. "No end in sinne, crimes are maintain'd by crimes;
"Who fall in depths, must touch the bottome once:
"The path of honour hath but narrow bounds,
"On which who step, attentive must remaine:
"Since rais'd so high above the vulgar grounds,
"That who thence fall can never rise againe.

Nun. Thus now *Cassander* (since he cannot winne
True reputation, but lives tainted still)
Imbark'd in mischief, sailes the depths of sinne,
So if not lov'd as good, yet fear'd as ill.
Though (by his meanes) his ruthlesse eyes have scene
Fates (as it were from fortunes bosome) take,
His King by poyson, by the sword his Queene,
Even yet himselfe more guilty still to make,
He (prosp'ring in impiety) grew proud,
And murthered both his Masters Sonne and Wife;
Thus he, who all the world by birth-right ow'd,
Could have no part of it, no, not his life.
Yet could *Roxanaes* death not ease his minde,
Nor her yong sonne, too loone made *Flours* guerd!
But to undoe all *Alexanders* kinde,

That to revenge the rest, there might none rest.
 By treason he (as all his deeds are done)
 Caus'd *Hercules* his brothers steppes to trace,
 Who was great *Alexanders* bastard sonne,
 And th' onely remnant of that great mans race,
 Loe, thus *Cassander*, enemy to all good,
 Whose soule so much for *Macedonie* longs:
 Hath to the Scepter swim'd through Seas of bloud;
 Yet, O weake right, since builded but on wrongs!

Cho. O, how ambition doth abuse the great!
 Who with enough not pleas'd, still strive for more:
 Loe, how our Sovereigne seem'd to raise his state,
 Yet made it but to fall whilst starv'd with store.
 And since his Trophees rear'd in severall fields,
 Both him and his have to confusion brought,
 "Then, what is all the good that greatnesse yeelds,
 "Which makes it selfe seem much to be made nought?
 "Thus, though the mountaines make a mighty show,
 "They are but barren heapes borne up aloft,
 "Where Plains are pleasant still, though they lye low,
 "And are most fertile too, though trod on oft.
 "Greatnesse is like a cloud in th'ayrie bounds,
 "Which some base vapours have congeal'd above:
 "It brawles with *Vulcan*, thundring forth huge sounds,
 "Yet melts and falles there whence it first did move.

Phil. Since that worlds conqu'ror then whilst farre from feare,
 (By too much power press'd) so soone was dead:
 Why doe his Captaines strive who now should beare
 The Diadem that crush'd so strong a head?
 O! when my minde is ravish'd through the starres,
 To search the secret secrets of the fates:
 What treasons, murthers, mutinies and warres,
 Are threatning to o'rethrow usurped seates:
 That false *Cassander* who betraid his Lord,
 And spoil'd the princely race, in mischief chiefe,
 (A traitour both of heaven and earth abhorr'd)
 Shall live but with disgrace, and dye with griefe:
 His sonnes (in wickednesse him selfe r' exceed)
 Shall make the woman dye who made them live;
 Then both (when drunke with bloud) to death shall bleed,
 And none of theirs their funerals shall survive:
 When rash ambition should be cool'd by age,
Lysimachus shall by *Selencus* dye;
 Nor shall *Selencus* long enjoy the Stage,
 But by like violence shall breathlesse lye;
 And subtile *Ptolomies* degener'd race,
 (Long onely famous for infamous things)
 Shall end and to the pride of foes give place,
 Whilst a lascivious Queene confusion brings;
Antigonus shall be in battell kill'd,

His

His Sonne a captive perish with disgrace,
And after that it Greece with blood hath fill'd,
In th' end, destruction doth attend that race;
The last in pow'r (though of their line not bred)
A niggard, and a dastard, beaten downe,
Shall (through a strangers towne, a Captive led)
Of Macedonie bound the old renowne.

Chorus.

“**V**hat damned furies thus toss mortals mindes,
With such a violent desire to raigne?
“That neither honour, friendship, duty, blood,
“Nor yet no band so sacred is as bindes
“Ambitious thoughts which would a kingdome gaine:
“But all is buried in blacke Lethes flood,
“That may the course of Soveraignty restraine,
“Which from the brest doth all respects repell,
“And like a torrent cannot be gaine-stood:
“Yea many would, a Scepter to obtaine,
“In spite of all the world, and loves owne wrath,
“March through the lowest dungeons of the hels,
“And from a Diademe would breath with pow'r,
“Though all deaths engines brag'd them every houre,
Yet, though such restlesse mindes attaine in th' end
The height to which their haughty hearts aspir'd,
They never can embrace that dreamed blisse,
Which their deluded thoughts did apprehend;
Though by the multitude they be admir'd,
That still to pow'r doth shew it selfe submisse;
Yet by the soule still further is requir'd,
Which should scale up th' accomplishment of joy;
“Thus partiall judgements blindly ayme amisse,
“At things which stand without our reach retir'd,
“Which whilst not ours, as treasures we define,
“But not the same whilst we the same enjoy;
“Some things a farre doe like the Glow-worme shine,
“Which look't too neere, have of that light no signe.
“No charge on th' earth more weighty to discharge,
“Then that which of a kingdome doth dispose:
“O! those who manage must the reynes of state,
“Till their pale Ghost imbarke in Charons Barge,
“They never need attend a true repose:
“How hard is it to please each mans conceit,
“When gaining one, they must another lose?
“Thus, hardly Kings themselves can evenly beare,
“Whom if severe (as cruell) subjects hate;
“Contempt dare to the milde it selfe oppose;
“Who spare in time, as niggards are despis'd,
“Men from too franke a minde, exactions feare,

" Though in all shapes (as Protens us'd) disguis'd,
 " Kings by some scandall alwaies are surpris'd.
 Yet one might well with every thing comport,
 Which on opinion onely doth depend,
 If further danger follow'd not by deeds,
 But every Monarch (Loe) in many a sort
 Death (laid in ambush) alwaies doth attend;
 Of some by mut'nous swords the life forth bleeds;
 By unsuspected poyson others end,
 Which whilst they alwaies labour to prevent,
 A thousand deaths within their breasts life breeds;
 Loe, this is all for which the great contend,
 Who, (whilst their pride themselves and others spoiles)
 With their dominions doe their cares augment.
 " And O vaine man who toylst to double toyles,
 " Though still the victory the Victor foiles.
 Thus Alexander could not be appeas'd,
 Whilst he to raise his state did wayes prepare,
 Which when made most, diminish'd most remain'd,
 Where (with his fathers bounds had he beene pleas'd)
 He might have left our Crowne sure to his heire,
 Who by his conquest nought but death hath gayn'd;
 Yet for no paines a number now doth spare,
 To worke for that by which his preake was wrought,
 Which (though from it they rage to be restrain'd)
 Would (if possesst) their pleasures but impair;
 Yet they by harme of others seeke the thing
 Which by their harme of others will be sought.
 " To him and his, each of them death would bring,
 " That it might once be said he was a King.
 " We may securely sitting on the shore,
 " Whilst great men doe (as toss'd on th' Ocean) grane,
 " Taught by their toyles, esteeme much of our rest.
 " For this doth thousands with affliction store,
 " Which of the world as most unhappy maane,
 " If they but chance to view some few more blest,
 " Where if they would but marke, how many a one
 " More wretch'd then they in misery doth live,
 " It straight would calme the most unquiet brest;
 " The Cottage oft is happier then the Throne;
 " To thinke our owne state good, and others ill:
 " It could not but a great contentment give.
 " There much consists in the conceit and will.
 " To us all things are as we thinke them still.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

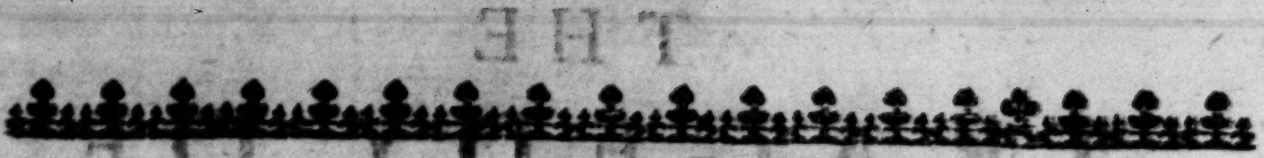
THE ARGUMENT.



At that time when the Romans travelled with an unsatiable ambition to subdue all Nations, by whose overthrow they could conceive any expectation, either of glory or profit: Caius Julius Cæsar, a man of a lofty minde, and given to attempt great things, ascending by severall degrees to the Consulship, procured a power to warre against the Gaules: amongst whom, after a number of admirable battels and victories (by the approbation of all the world, having purchased a singular reputation both for his courage and skill in Arms) he being long accustomed to command, was so drunke with a delight of sovereignty, that disdainning the simplicity of a private life, he was so farre from denuding himselfe of the authority which he had, that altogether transported with a desire of more, he sent to the Senate, to have his power of the Gaules prorogated for five yeares: which suit being repugnant to the Lawes (as directly tending to tyranny) was by the people publikely repelled. By which occasion, and some others rising from an emulation between him and Pompey the great, pretending a high indignation, hee incontinent crossed the Alpes, with such forces (though few) as he had in readinesse, and with a great celerity came to Rome, which he found abandoned by Pompey, in whom the Senate had reposed their trust, whom shortly after, by a memorable battell in the fields of Pharsalia he discomfited: and having by the overthrow of Scipio, death of Cato, and flight of Pompeyes sonnes, as it were, rooted out all the contrary faction, he returned to Rome. and indirectly by the meanes of Antonius, laboured to be proclaimed King: which having rendred him altogether odious; Caius Cassius, Marcus Brutus, Decius Brutus, Publius Casca, and divers others (Noble men) conspired his death, and appointed a day for the same: at which time, notwithstanding that Cæsar was dissuaded from going forth, by many monstrous apparitions, and ominous presages; yet being perswaded by Decius Brutus Albinus, he went towards the fatall place, where the Senate was assembled.

The Conspirators in like manner had many terrors: amongst others, Portia the wife of Marcus Brutus, although shee had insinuated her selfe in her husbands secret by a notable prooffe of extraordinary magnanimity, yet on the day

day dedicated for the execution of their designe, through the apprehension of his danger, she fainted divers times, whereof Brutus was advertised, yet shrunk not, but went forwards with his confederates to the appointed place, where they accomplished their purpose, every one of them giving Caesar a wound, and me a ground whereupon to build this present Tragedy.



THE ARGUMENT.

The persons names who speake.

IUNO.

CASSIUS.

ANTONIOUS.

CICERO.

DECIVS BRVTVS.

CAIVS CASSIVS.

MARCVS BRVTVS.

PORTIA.

CALPHURNIA.

NVNTIVS.

The Scene is Rome.



The

THE
TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act I.

Junio.



Hough I (a Goddess) grace the azure round,
Whilst birds (all bright with eyes) my Coach do move,
And am with radiant starres, heavens Empresse crown'd,
The thunderers sister, wife of mighty *Iove*,
And though I banquet in th' eth'riall bowres,
Where Ambrosie and Nectar serves for meate,
And at the meeting of th' Immortall powres,
Am still advanc'd unto the highest seat:
Yet by those glorious shewes of boundlesse blisse,
My burden'd minde can no way be reliev'd:
Since immortality affords but this,
That I live ever to be ever griev'd.
In vaine, vaine mortals seeke for helpe at me,
With sacred odours on my Altars throwne:
What expectation can they have to see
One venge their wrongs, who cannot venge her own?
May *Pallas* then drowne thousands if she please,
Who metamorphos'd *Diomedes* mates?
And must my enemies alwaies live at ease,
As me to spight appointed by the fates?
Of all the dying race which lives below,
With such indignities none could comport,
As wound my brest, whom Gods and men doe know,
To be abus'd by *Iove* in many a sort.
Though knowne to me, from others if conceal'd,
His faults might breed me griefe, but yet not shame;
Where, loe, now both through heaven and earth reveal'd,
Each slanderous Theater doth his scorne proclaime.
If divine soules divinely liv'd aloft,
The world below would imitate them then,

But

But humaniz'd by haunting mortals oft,
 Where men should grow like Gods, Gods grow like men.
 .. My painted *Iris* in her beauties pride,
 Smiles not on *Phæbus* with so many hewes,
 As *Iove* in divers shapes himselfe can hide,
 When he poore Maydes (by *Cupid* spur'd) pursues;
 He *Danae* (a golden shower) deceiv'd;
 And did (a Swanne) in *Ledaes* bosome light;
 Then (turn'd a Bull) *Agenors* daughter reav'd;
 And *Io* made a Cow to mocke my sight:
 But O! I wish that with such wanton Dames,
 He still to sport would as with me remaine;
 Not able then to touch celestiaall flames,
 All (like the drunkards mother) might be flaine.
 Then such a troupe as *Rheas* bosome stores,
 Would not hold him and me at endlesse jarres;
 .. The heavens are pestred with my husbands whores,
 Whose lights impure doe taint the purest starres.
 "Though wrongs, when grosse, are heavy to digest,
 "An Actors greatnesse doth some grieve remove,
 .. "Of whom to suffer wrong it shames one least:
 "If I were wrong'd I would be wrong'd by *Iove*;
 But (ah) this long, tormented hath my brest,
 A Man, a Boy, a sheheard, yea, and worse,
 The Phrygian fire-brand, the adultrous guest,
 Who first wrought wrong by fraud, and then by force;
 He, he was he, whose verdict mov'd me most,
 Whilst partiall fancies judg'd of beauties right;
 .. Nor was it strange though one all judgement lost,
 Who had three naked Goddesses in sight;
 And yet I know, had not his wandring eyes
 The Cyprian brib'd by some lascivious smiles,
 My pompous birds (in triumph) through the skyes,
 .. Had borne the gold which oft her Nymphs beguiles;
 And am I she whose greatnesse is admir'd,
 Whom *Iove* for wife, whom thousands court for love?
 Whom haughty *Ixion* to embrace desir'd,
 Yet with a cloud deluded did remove?
 And what made me a matter to submit,
 Where my authority might have avail'd?
 Whilst though I promis'd wealth, and *Pallas* wit,
 Yet with a yong man, *Venus* most prevail'd;
 "But how durst he of one the glory raise,
 .. "Where two contemn'd would needs the wrong repaire?
 "It spites our sexe to heare anothers praise,
 "Of which each one would be thought onely faire.
 To venge my selfe no kinde of paine I spar'd,
 And made his greatest gaine his greatest losse:
 As *Venus* gave him *Helen* for reward,
 .. I gave him *Helen* for his greatest crosse;

Nor

Nor did he long with joy her love enjoy,
 Whose fatall flames his Country did confound,
 Whilst Armies arm'd for her did *Troy* destroy,
 And *Neptunes* labours levell'd with the ground;
 Whilst *Simois* seem'd to be a buriall field,
 • Whose streams (as streets) were with dead bodies pav'd,
 All *Zanthus* Plaine (as turn'd a Sea) did yeeld
 A floud of blood, from *Heroes* wounds receiv'd;
 Whilst braving thousands once, though much esteem'd,
 By dust and blood deform'd, of *Hector* slaine;
 (Not like *Patroclus* by the sword redeem'd)
 The body basely was bought backe againe;
 Then, by the same mans sonne who kill'd his sonne,
 Old *Priamus* surpriz'd, sigh'd forth his breath,
 And even most harm'd where he for helpe had runne,
 The Altar taking, taken was by death.
 Though wrestling long to scape the heavens decree,
 (Blood quenching lust) last parted from the light,
 He who lov'd *Helen*, and was loath'd by me,
 Did (as a Sacrifice) appease my spight.
 Then, having liv'd (if wretches have a life)
 Till (in all hers ere dead, oft buried spi'd)
 Though once known both, nor mother then, nor wife,
 The fertile *Hecuba* (made childelesse) dy'd.
 Thus, by those meanes it would have seem'd to some
 That scorn'd beauty had beene well reveng'd;
 But whilst they were o're-com'd, they did o're-come,
 Since they their states for better states have chang'd.
 I in one part that people did confound,
 But did enlarge their power in every place:
 All war-like Nations through the world renown'd,
 From Phrygian ruines strive to raise their race.
 And yet two traitors who betrayd the rest
 O! that the heaven on treason sometime smiles!
 Though having worst deserv'd, did chance the best,
 More nappy then at home in their exiles;
 Did not *Antenor* (stealing through his foes)
 Neere to th' Euganian Mountaines build a Towne;
 Of which some nurslings once shall seeke repose,
 Amidst the waves, and in the depths sit downe:
 Their Citie (spousing *Neptune*) shall arise,
 The rarest Common-wealth that ever was,
 Whole people, if as stout as rich and wise,
 Might boast to bring miraculous things to passe,
 Then false *Aeneas*, though but borne t' obey,
 Did (of a fugitive) become a King:
 And some of his neere *Tibers* streames that stay,
 Would all the world to their obedience bring.
 Their ravenous Eagles soaring o're all lands,
 By violence a mighty prey have wonne,

That

That bastard brood of *Mars* with martiall bands,
 Have conquer'd both the Mansions of the Sunne;
 Their course by mountaines could not be controld,
 No; *Neptune* could not keep his bosome free:
 The parching heate, nor yet the freezing cold,
 Their Legions limits no way could decree;
 Yet, of that City there can come no good,
 Whose rising walles with more then barbarous rage,
 The builder first bath'd with his brothers blood,
 Which their prodigious conquests did presage.
 •• Oft hath that Towne my soule with anguish fill'd,
 Whose new-borne state did triumph o're my wrath,
 Like my old foe who in his Cradle kill'd
 The Serpents which I sent to give him death.
 By *Sabins*, *Albans*, *Tuscan*s, oft assail'd,
 Even in her infancy I tosse'd *Rome*s state,
 • Yet still *Laomedons* false race prevail'd,
 • And angry *Iuno* could doe nought but hate.
 Then when the gallant *Gaules* had vanquish'd *Rome*,
 Who basely bought her liberty with gold,
 A banish'd man *Camillus* chanc'd to come,
 And her imballanc'd state redeem'd of old;
 Great *Hanniball* our common cause pursu'd,
 And made his bands within their bounds remaine,
 With Consuls and with Pretors blood imbru'd,
 At *Thrasimene*, and at *Cannas* slayney
 In Romans mindes, strange thoughts did doubt infuse,
 But whilst they fear'd the taking of their Towne,
 He who could vanquish, victory not use,
 Was by their brasen fate (when high) thrown downe;
 O what a torrent of Barbarian bands,
 In inundations once their walles did boast,
 Whilst Teutons huge, and Cymbers from their Lands,
 Like Gyants march'd, a more then monstrous hoste:
 But though from parts unknowne to ruine *Rome*,
 I led those troupes which all the world admir'd,
 Yet did fierce *Marius* me with them o're-come,
 And I in vaine to venge old wrongs aspir'd;
 By meanes more base I likewise sought her harmes,
 Whilst *Ianus* Church imported never peace,
 I rais'd up abject *Spartacus* in Armies,
 Who neere eclips'd *Rome*s glory with disgrace.
 Though I who all the world for helpe have sought,
 From *Europe*, *Africke*, and from *Asia* thus,
Gaules, *Carthaginians*, and the *Cymbers* brought,
 Yet did the dammage still redound to us:
 • Of heaven and earth I all the pow'rs have prov'd,
 And for their wracke have each advantage watch'd:
 But they by forraine force cannot be mov'd:
 • By Romans, Romans onely may be match'd.

And

• And I at last have kindled civill warre,
 That from their thoughts (which now no reason bounds)
 Not onely laws, but Natures laws doth barre;
 The Sonne the Syre, the brother brother wounds;
 Whil'ft th'Eagles are oppos'd to th'Eagles so,
 O what contentment doth my minde attaine!
 No wound is wrong bestow'd, each kills a foe;
 What ever side doth lose, I alwayes gaine.
 But this my soule exceedingly annoyés,
 That all at one time cannot be supprest:
 "The warre helps some, as others it destroyes,
 And those who hate me most, still prosper best.
 Whil'ft with their bloud their glory thousands spend;
 • Ah! ones advancement aggravates my woe,
 Who vaunts himselfe from *Venus* to descend;
 As if he claim'd by kinde to be my foe.
 I meane the man whose thoughts nought can appease,
 Whil'ft, them too high a blinde ambition bends,
 Whom (as her minion) Fortune bent to please,
 Her rarest treasures prodigally spends;
 Not onely hath he daunted by the Sword
 The *Gauls*, the *Germans*, and th'*Egyptians* now,
 But of all Lords pretends to be made Lord,
 That who command the world to him may bow;
 Thus dispossessing Princes of their Thrones,
 Whil'ft his Ambition nothing can assuage,
 That the subjected world in bondage grones,
 The prey of pride, the sacrifice to rage,
 "Men raile on *Iove*, and sigh for *Saturnes* time,
 "And to the present, Ages past preferre,
 "Then burden would the Gods with every crime,
 "And damne the heavens, where onely th'earth doth erre.
 Though *Iove* (as stupid) still with *Cupid* sports,
 And not the humour of proud *Caesar* spies?
 Who may (if forcing thus the worlds chiefe Forts)
 Then *Titans* earst, more pow'rfull, scale the skies.
 Yet lest he thrall him too, who none free leaves,
 We from the bounds above him must repell,
 • To brawle with *Pluto* in th'umbragious Caves,
 There since he will be first, made first in hell.
 What? with that Tyrant I will straight be even,
 And send his soule to the Tartarian grove:
 Though *Iove* will not be jealous of his heaven,
 Yet *Iuno* must be jealous of her *Iove*;
 And though none in the heavens would do him ill,
 I'll raise up some in th'earth to haste his death:
 Yea, though both heaven and earth neglect my will,
 Hell can afford me Ministers of wrath:
 I'll crosse *Cocytus*, and the smoking lakes;
 To borrow thence my brothers damned bands;

The furies arm'd with fire-brands, and with Snakes,
 Shall plant their hell where *Rome* so stately stands;
 • Whil'st Furies furious by my fury made,
 Do spare the dead to have the living pin'd:
 O! with what joy will I that Army leade?
 "Nought then revenge more calmes a wronged minde;
 I must make this a memorable age,
 By this high vengeance which I have conceiv'd:
 But what though thousands dye t'appease my rage?
 • So *Cæsar* perish, let no soule be sav'd.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

"**W**E should be loath to grieve the gods,
 " Who hold us in a ballance still;
 " And as they will
 " May weigh us up, or downe;
 " Those who by folly foster pride,
 " And do deride
 " The terrour of the Thunderers rods,
 " In seas of sinne their soules do drowne,
 " And others them abhorre as most unjust;
 • " Who want Religion do deserve no trust:
 • How dare fraile flesh presume to rise
 (Whil'st it deserves heavens wrath to prove)
 • On th'earth to move,
 Lest that it opening straight,
 Give death and buriall both at once?
 How dare such ones
 Look up unto the skies,
 For feare to feele the Thunderers weight?
 " All th' Elements their Makers will attend,
 " As prompt to plague, as men are to offend.
 All must be plagu'd who God displease,
 Then whil'st he Bacchus rites did scorne,
 Was Pentheus torne;
 • The Delians high disdain
 Made Niobe (though turn'd a stone)
 With teares still mone,
 And (Pallas to appease)
 Arachne weaves loath'd webbes in vaine:
 • Heaven hath prepar'd ere ever they begin,
 A fall for pride, a punishment for sinne.
 Loe, Iuno yet doth still retaine
 That indignation once conceiv'd,
 For wrong receiv'd
 From Paris as we finde;
 And for his cause (bent to disgrace
 The Trojan race)

Doth

Doth hold a high disdain,
Long layd up in a loftie minde:

"We should abstaine from irritating those
"Whose thoughts (if wrong'd) not till reveng'd repose.

Thus, thus for Paris fond desire,
Who of his pleasures had no part,
For them must smart:
Such be the fruits of lust;
Can heavenly breasts so long time lodge
A secret grudge?

Like Mortals thrall to yre,
Till justice sometime seemes unjust:
"Of all the furies which afflict the soule,
"Lust and revenge are hardest to controull:

• The Gods give them but rarely rest,
Who do against their will contend,
And plagues do spend,
That fortunate in nought,
Their spirits (quite parted from repose)
May still expose

The stormy troubled brest
A prey to each tyrannicke thought:
"All selfe-accusing soules no rest can finde,
"What greater torment then a troubled minde?

Let us adore th'immortall powers,
On whose decree, of all that ends,
The state depends,
That (farre from barbarous broiles)
We of our life this little space
May spend in peace

Free from afflictions showres;
Or at the least from guilty toyles;

• "Let us of rest the treasure strive to gaine,
"Without the which nought can be had but paine.

Act. 2. Scene 1.

Julius Caesar, Marcus Antonius.



NOW have my hopes attain'd the long'd for heaven;
In spite of partiall Envies poysonous blasts:
My Fortune with my courage hath prov'd even;
No Monument of discontentment lasts.
Those who corrival'd me, by me o're-throwne,
• Did by their falls give feathers to my flight:
I in some corner rather live unknowne
Then shine in glory, and not shine most bright;
• What common is to two, rests no more rare,
In all the world no *Phenix* is save one,

That of my deeds none challenge might a share,
 Would God that I had acted all alone:
 And yet at last I need to mourne no more
 For envy of the *Macedonians* praise,
 Since I have equall'd all that went before;
 My deeds in number do exceed my dayes.
 Some earst (whose deeds rest registred by Fame)
 Did from their Conquests glorious titles bring,
 But Greatnesse to be great, must have my name,
 To be a *Cæsar* is above a King.

Ant. Those warre-like Nations, which did Nations spoile,
 Are by thy Legions to our laws made thrall;
 "What can brave mindes not do by time and toyle?"
 "True magnanimity triumphs o're all."

Cæs. Th'out-ragious *Gauls* who in most monstrous swarmes
 Went wasting *Asia*, thundering downe all things,
 And (*Macedony* quaking at their Armes)
 Did insolently make, and un-make Kings:
 Those *Gauls* who having the worlds Conquerours foil'd,
 (As if the world might not have match'd them then)
 Would sacrilegiously have *Delphos* spoil'd,
 And warr'd against the Gods, contemning men;
 Yea, those whose Ancestors our City burn'd,
 (The onely people whom the *Romans* fear'd)
 By me (*Romes* nurrling) match'd, and o're-match'd mourn'd:
 So what they first eclips'd, againe they clear'd.
 Then, as to Subjects having given degrees,
 The *Gauls* no more presuming of their might,
 I (wounding *Neptunes* bosome with wing'd trees)
 Did with the world-divided *Britains* fight;
 The *Germans* from their birth inur'd to warre,
 Whose martiall mindes still haughtie thoughts have bred,
 Whil'st neither men, nor walls, my course could barre,
 (Mask'd with my banners) saw their Rhene runne red;
 The Easterne Realmes when conqu'ring now of late,
 My comming, and o're-comming was but one;
 With little paine ear'st *Pompey* was call'd great,
 Who fought soft bands whose glorious dayes were gone:
 But what though thousands set ones praises forth,
 For fields which shadows, and not swords, obtain'd;
 The rate (too easie) vilifies the worth:
 "Save by great paines, no glory can be gain'd:
 From dangers past, my comfort now proceeds,
 Since all who durst gaine-stand I did o're-come:
 And, in few words to comprehend my deeds,
Rome conquer'd all the world, and *Cæsar*, *Rome*."

Ant. Loe those who striv'd your vertue to suppress,
 (As whose great actions made them jealous still)
 Whil'st labouring but too much to make you lesse,
 Have made you to grow great against your will:

Great *Pompeys* pompe is past, his glory gone,
And rigorous *Cato* by himselfe lyes kill'd;
Then dastard *Cicero* more you honours none;
Thus all your foes are with confusion fill'd.
The Senatours who could not be asswag'd,
Long to your prejudice their pow'r abus'd,
Till at their great ingratitude enrag'd,

I swore our swords would grant what they refus'd.
When having scap'd, endanger'd, and despis'd,
Brave *Curio* and I did to your Camp resort,
In old bare gownes (like some base slaves) disguis'd,
All sigh'd to see us wrong'd in such a sort.

Cas. The highest in the heaven who knows all hearts,
Do know my thoughts as pure as are their Starres,
And that (constrain'd) I came from forraine parts
To seeme uncivill in the civill warres.

I mov'd that warre which all the world bemoanes,
Whil' st urg'd by force to free my selfe from feares;

Still when my hand gave wounds, my heart gave groanes;
No *Romans* blood was shed, but I shed teares:

But how could any elevated spright,

Who had for honour hazarded his blood,
Yeeld willingly (by foes outrageous spight)

To be defrauded of th'expected good:

When as a multitude of battels wonne,
Had made *Romes* Empire, and my glory great;

And that the *Gauls* (oft vanquish'd) had begun

To beare the yoke which they disdain'd of late.

Then glorious *Pompey*, my proud sonne-in-law,

And *Cato* (who still cross'd what I design'd)

From favouring me the people did with-draw,

And had a successour for spight assign'd;

Not that he should succeed in dangerous broils;

But (even through envy) as they had ordain'd,

That he might triumph so of all my toils,

And rob the glory which I dearly gain'd;

With such indignity who could comport,

When prizing honour dearer then the light?

No (whil' st my soule rests soveraigne of this fort)

None shall have pow'r to rob me of my right:

And yet by *Iove* who all the world commands,

To use such violence I did mislike:

And would have oft abandon'd all my bands,

If that mine enemies would have done the like;

But yet the multitude, which floting still

(As waves with windes) are carried with conceits,

With nought but my disgrace would bound their will,

And I committed all unto the fates.

Yet when at *Rubicon* I stood perplex'd,

And weigh'd the horreur of my high attempt,

My stormy soule a thousand fancies vex'd,
Which resolution buried in contempt.

Ant. "Nought in a Captaine more confounds his foes,
"Then of a ventrous courie, the swift effects,
"Since (so quite crush'd) ere they their thoughts dispose,
"All good advice a care confus'd neglects.
Though when you march'd to *Rome*, your pow'r was small,
The sudden news so thundred in each eare,
That (as if heaven had false upon them all)
It bred amazement, and th'amazement feare.
"Some secret destiny (as then was scene)
"Doth guide mens actions, and their judgement bounds:
"Those who by hosts could not have frighted beene,
"A shadow, or a rumour oft confounds:
"All hastie dangers so surprise the minde,
"That feare prevents the resolutions power,
"Or else the fates make curious Reason blinde,
"When heavens determin'd have a fatall houre.
Great *Pompey* (loe) who was growne ag'd in armes,
And had triumph'd o're all the worlds three parts,
Whil'st (quite discourag'd, by imagin'd harmes)
Fled *Rome*, though without reach of th'enemies darts.
As to a torrent all gave place to you,
And whom they call'd a rebell made their Lord;
Your successour *Domitius* (forc'd to bow)
Did trust your favour, more then feare your sword.
When in th'*Iberian* bounds you did arrive,
There, Adversaries (who did vainly vaunt)
Had all th'advantage that the ground could give,
Of victuals plenty, which with us were scant.
Yet the celerity that you had us'd,
Did so discourage their disordred band,
That (as *Iove* in their breasts had teare infus'd)
They had no strength against our strokes to stand.
And when *Romes* Generall with brave legions stor'd,
Seem'd to possesse all that his soule requir'd,
Whil'st us to daunt, both famine and the sword,
The Sea, the Land, and all in one conspir'd;
Then, for your offices they did contend,
As those who of the victory were sure,
And (where they might th'affaires of state attend)
In *Rome* for lodgings fondly did procure.
Yet memorable now that day remains,
When all the world was in two Armies rang'd,
Whil'st *Mars* went raging through th'*Æmathan* plaines,
And to despaires high expectations chang'd;
When *Pompeys* partie had the battell lost;
(As Lyons do their prey) you did pursue
The scattred remnant of that ruin'd host,
On which new heads still (like a *Hydra*) grew.

Though

• Though victory in *Africke* fatall seem'd
To any Army that a *Scipio* led,
Yet, you shew'd there (100 worth in warre esteem'd)
That *Rome* a better then a *Scipio* bred;
And all our Enemies were confounded thus,
Who us in number ever did surmount;
But *Caesar* and his fortune were with us,
Which we did more then many thousands count.

• *Ces.* The sweetest comfort which my conquests gave,
Was that I so might do to many good:
For, every day some *Romanes* life I save,
Who in the field to fight against me stood;
Thus, may my minde be judg'd by the event,
Who (even when by my greatest foes assail'd)
To winne the battell never was more bent,
Then prompt to pardon when I had prevail'd.
Not covetous of bloud, of spoyle, nor harmes,
I (even when victor) did insult o're none,
But layd aside all hatred with my Armes,
A foe in fight, a friend when it was gone:
"Of clemency I like the praise, more then
"Of force, which mortals with affliction lodes;
• "Strength oft may prove the worst thing that's in men;
"And pity is the best thing in the Gods.
• Sterne *Cato* (still affecting to be free)
Who either death or life (if given) disdain'd,
Thy death I envy, who didst envy me,
The glory that I (saving thee) had gain'd.
Yet I to Rents and dignities restore;
Even those who long my ruine had design'd:
And O! it doth delight my minde farre more;
By benefits, then by constraint to binde.

Ant. I would have all my foes brought to their ends,

Ces. I rather have my foes all made my friends.

Ant. Their bloud whom I suspect'd should quench all strife.

Ces. So might one do who lik'd of nought but life.

Ant. Still life would be redeem'd from dangers forth.

Ces. Not with a ranome then it selfe more worth.

Ant. Then life to man, what thing more deare succeeds?

Ces. The great contentment that true glory breeds.

• *Ant.* Men by all meanes this blast of breath prolong.

Ces. Men should strive to live well, not to live long.

And I would spend this momentary breath

To live by fame for ever after death:

For, I aspire in spight of fates to live.

Ant. I feare that some too soone your death contrive.

Ces. Who dare but lodge such thoughts within their mindes?

Ant. Those whom the shadow of your Greatnesse blindes.

Ces. The best are bound to me by gifts in store.

Ant. But to their Countrey they are bound farre more.

Ces.

Cæs. Then loath they me as th'Enemy of the state?

Ant. Who freedome love, you (as usurper) hate.

Cæs. I by great battels have enlarg'd their bounds.

Ant. By that they thinke your pow'r too much abounds.

Cæs. From doing wrong, yet I refraine my will.

• *Ant.* They feare your pow'r, because it may do ill.

• *Cæs.* The present state still discontentment brings

To factious mindes affecting matters strange,

Which (burdens to themselves) do loath all things,

And so they change, regard not what they change.

In populous Townes where many do repaire,

(Who at their meeting what they please do touch)

They further then their bounds extend their care:

• "The idle who do nothing, must thinke much.

Loe, *Rome* (though wasted all with raging warres)

Whil'st private grudge pretended publike good,

Equality (still rude) engendring jarres,

Did prove too prodigall of *Roman* blood.

Though yet now at the last attaining rest,

Whil'st all (obeying one) may banish teares:

It (if constrain'd) even scorns (as bad) the best,

This word necessity so wounds the cares.

• The insolent with vile seditious words,

(Who trembled whil'st they heard the Trumpets sound)

Stirre now their tongues, as we did then our swords,

And what *Mars* spar'd, make *Mercury* confound.

"The people thus in time of peace agree

"To curbe the great men still, even in that forme,

"As in calme dayes they do disbranch the Tree,

"Which shrowded them of late against a storme.

But now I look'd (brave deeds appeasing spight)

That bursted Envy should for anguish dye,

Darke shadows (as asham'd) do vanish quite,

When at his height bright *Phæbus* cleares the skie.

• And though their hatred deeply they disguise,

Yet can they not so hide inflam'd desires,

But that their spight rests sparkling through their eyes,

And boasts to burst out straight in open fires.

Ant. Since first (great *Cæsar*) I discern'd thy worth,

On all thy actions I did still attend;

And what some whisper must speake freely forth:

"Franke admonitions do become a friend.

The men who do suspect that you aspire

Of government the present forme to change,

All in their soules your ruine do conspire,

And their affections farre from you estrange.

Since chaste *Lucretia* (by proud *Tarquin* stain'd)

Wash'd with her bloud the violated bed,

Whil'st by his pow'r *Rome* basely was constrain'd,

All to obey which his curst braine had bred.

This

This government which some tyrannicke call,
Doth sound so odious in the peoples eares,
That they as Tyrants vile, detest them all,
Whose greatnesse gives them any cause of feares.

Ces. I not affect the title of a King
For love of glory, or desire of gaine,
Nor for respect of any private thing,
But that the State may by my travels gaine.
You know *Sibylla's* books which never faile,
In many mindes have an opinion bred,
• That o're the *Parthians* *Rome* cannot prevaile,
Till by a Prince her valorous Bands be led:
• “For, as confusion is the fruit (we finde)
“Of those affaires which divers thoughts dispose,
“So Sovereignty match'd with a gallant minde,
“Breeds reverence in ones owne, feare to his foes.
And O! it grieves me, that these steps of ours
Have trod so oft on many a millions necks,
Whil'st yet the *Parthian* vilipends our pow'rs,
And all our victories (not vanquish'd) checks;
Ah! should a Generall of the *Roman* race
Be by Barbarians kill'd: and not reveng'd?
And should his Ensignes, signes of our disgrace,
Rest in the ranke of conquer'd relicts rang'd?
• No, no, (wretch'd *Craffus*) now thy selfe content,
Ile pacifie thy Ghost with *Parthians* spoyles,
My boyling fancies have beene alwayes bent
To match the matchlesse, daunt th'undaunted soiles.

Ant. With victories quite cloi'd, will you not then
Your safety once, more then new warres respect?

Ces. No, though I have surmounted other men,
• My fancies yet do greater things affect:
In emulation of my selfe at last,
I even with envy look on my owne deeds;
And (bent to make the new surpasse things past)
Now to my minde stale praise no pleasure breeds.

Ant. The world hath seene thee (great man) for *Romes* good,
In danger oft of many a dangerous shelve,
Whil'st for her glory thou engag'd thy bloud,
Of others carefull, carelesse of thy selfe.

Ces. Though whil'st in th' Aprill of my blooming age,
I from the vulgar rate redeem'd my name,
Some with my deeds did burden youths hot rage,
And an ambitious appetite of Fame;
Yet since the coldnesse of declining yeares,
Boasts to congeale the bloud which boild of late,
Whil'st loe, my life the Sunne of glory cleares,
Who now of all the world am knowne most great,
I cannot covet that thing which I have,

I have all honour that can be requir'd:
 And now (as that which wants) would onely crave
 To taste the pleasures of a life retyr'd:
 But (save to serve the State) for nought I strive,
 For, O! (neglecting th'echoes of renowne)
 I could content my selfe unknowne to live
 A private man, with a *Plebeian* gowne:
 Since (*Anthony*) thus for the state I care,
 And all delights which Nature loves disdain;
 Go, and in time the peoples mindes prepare,
 That, as the rest, I may the title gaine;
 Yet indirectly at the first assay
 To what their doubtfull mindes do most incline,
 But as without my knowledge, that they may
 All marke your minde, and yet not thinke of mine.

Exeunt.

Act. 2. Scene 2.

Cicero, Decius, Brutus.

DId I survive th'impetuous *Scilla's* rage,
 And in a torrent of destruction stood,
 Whil'ft Tyrants did make *Rome* a tragicke stage
 Through a voluptuous appetite of bloud?
 Scap'd I confusion in a time so bad,
 Of liberty and honour once to taste,
 That bondage now might make my soule more sad
 By the remembrance of my fortunes past?
 What though I once (when first by Fame made knowne)
 From *Catiline's* strange treason did preserve
 This Towne (when free from foes) thrall'd by her owne,
 Since now the world from equiry doth swerve?
 A sparke of that conspiracy I spie
 As yet not quench'd to have our state imbroil'd,
 Which *Rome* to burne makes many flames to flie:
 Thus one was spar'd, that we might all be spoil'd.
 O worthy *Cato*, in whose matchlesse minde
 Three (rarely match'd) things Nature did reveale,
 Wit, Honesty, and Courage, which design'd
 A Citizen for *Plato's* common-weale:
 Whil'ft courteous *Pompey* did things as a friend,
 Thou as a wise-man spoke, and still fore-told
 To what all *Caesar's* deeds would turne in th'end,
 If that his pride were not in time controld.
 And had we him (as wisely thou advis'd)
 Given to the *Germans* whom he had injurd,
 We had not now beene thus like slaves despis'd,
 To see *Rome's* glory, and our owne obscur'd:
 But yet I may (disbending former cares)

A space comport with that proud Tyrants pow'r;
Age gives assurance by my hoarey haire,
Ere he *Romes* freedome, death will me devour.
But all whose youth and sprite might have attain'd
Those dignities which *Caesar* hath undone:
O! ye have lost as much as he hath gain'd,
Whose rising hopes must be retrench'd so soone.

Dec. Though it novations at the first seeme strange;
Yet oft experience approbation brings,
And if with upright thoughts we weigh this change;
From thence the safety of our City springs;
As doth a ship, when toss'd by severall windes,
More danger runne whil'st Pylots do contest,
So was our City vex'd by differing mindes,
Who did interpret laws as pleas'd them best;
Whil'st for one sicknesse divers drugges are us'd;
Whose pow'rs (repugnant) in digestion jarre,
Th' impatient patients perish, when abus'd,
So did we long whil'st cross'd by civill warre;
But now great *Caesar* from tempestuous windes;
Romes scattered ruines recollects of late:
A Pilot meet to calme tumultuous mindes;
A fit Physitian for an aguish State.

Cic. The State from stormes secure by drowning proves;
Now whil'st despaire doth doubtfull feares appease;
He (with the life) the sicknesse quite removes:
Thus is the Physick worse then the Disease.
This Common-weale (as all the world did spie)
Was by proud spirits in civill warres involv'd,
Yet like black Clouds which would obscure the skie,
These tumid humours suddenly dissolv'd;
And no disgrace unto the state redounds;
But to th' Ambitious men that it abus'd,
Who (had their pow'r like *Caesars* wanted bounds)
Would (whil'st they rul'd) have greater rigour us'd.
All parts (we see) bred people of all kindes,
And as advanc'd some bad men did abide,
In pow'r their equals, and of better mindes,
Some alwayes vertuous were to curbe their pride;
But since that sacred liberty was lost,
The publike pow'r to private ends one turnes:
And (as his lawlesse wayes did alwayes boast)
The Common-weale by violence o're-turnes.

Dec. Though what you burden *Caesar* with were true;
Necessity hath purg'd his part from crime,
Who was (foes force to shunne) forc'd to pursue,
And urg'd by danger to attempt in time.
To th' enemies envy more oblig'd he rests,
Then to his wit which no such courses scan'd:
For when quite barr'd from using of requests,

Th'occa.

Th'occasion then invited to command.

His thoughts when calme, to storm fond foes did tempt:

" True worth disdaines to suffer open wrong:

" A gallant courage kindled by contempt

" Burns with revenge, whil'st fury makes one strong.

Cic. O *Decius*, now a wrong account you cast,

The purpose, not th'event, declares the minde:

Tread backe the steps of all his actions past,

And what he compass'd had beene long design'd.

As by some sprite inspir'd, proud *Scilla* said,

That there in *Caesar* many *Marians* were,

And *Rome* in time was warn'd to be afraid

Of that evill-girded youth, with smooth-comb'd haire;

Then when (as still to quietnesse a foe)

The memory of *Marinus* he renew'd,

By re-erecting Tyrants statues so,

His thoughts all bent to tyranny were view'd.

That people-pleaser might have beene perceiv'd,

By courteous complements below his rank,

Who (lavishing forth gifts) the world deceiv'd,

And to gaine more then his, of his prov'd franke.

Though nought at all indulgent to his wife,

By prostrated pudicity disgrac'd;

Yet did he save th'adultrous *Clodius* life,

To sooth the multitude, whose steps he trac'd.

Dec. " These be the meanes by which Ambition mounts,

" Without most humble, when within most high;

" As if it fled from that thing which it hunts,

" Still wasting most, when it for most doth plie.

Cic. Then he (still tyranny bent to embrace)

Was thought conjoyn'd with *Catiline* to be,

And, had wise *Cato's* counsell taken place,

Might with the rest have suffered death by me.

Yet having deeply div'd in some mens soules,

With factious followers being pined oft,

He got the Consul-ship which nought controuls,

And matching pride with pow'r, did look aloft;

To flatter them who now must flatter him,

His pow'r to make unlawfull laws prevail'd,

And those to crosse who scorn'd he so should clime;

He furnish't was with force, where reason fail'd:

But yet because he could not be assur'd

To rule alone according to his will,

To governe *France*, he craftily procur'd,

So to be strengthened with an Army still.

As *Rome* first warr'd at home, till being strong,

She thought her power might forraine Realmes o're-conquer;

So *Caesar* warr'd against strange Nations long,

Till that he thought his Might might conquer *Rome*.

Then having all that force or fate assigns,

Of discontentment he did cause pretend;
So to dissemble fore-conceiv'd designs:
"One soone may finde a fault that would offend:
But when he first in a prodigious dreame,
His mother seem'd incestuously to use,
It might have shown to his eternal shame,
How of his birth the bounds he did abuse.

Dec. And yet I thinke (avoiding threatened harmes)
He by constraint imbarke'd in civill broyles:
Did he not covenant to quite his Armes,
As not desirous of his Countries spoiles?

Cic. Durst he with those who had his charge confind,
Stand to capitulate, as if their mate,
Where (as his Sovereigne) to obey their minde,
It was his duty, and their due of late.
What? what? durst he whom (bound to keep the law)
The people in authority did put
The sword which they had given, against them draw,
When it was sharpened first their throat to cut?
That had not come which all our anguish breeds,
If he unforc'd when as his charge expir'd;
Till that the Senate censur'd had his deeds,
Had from his Province peaceably retir'd.
No, he hath but betray'd his native Towne,
Those bands, by which she did him first preferre,
T' enlarge her borders, and his owne renowne
Those hath he us'd to tyrannize o're her.
My passions (ah! transported as you see
With an excessive love to my deare soile)
Of my hearts store have made my tongue too free,
By flaming forth what in my brest doth boile.

Dec. That *Caesars* part might justly be excus'd,
Loe, with the cause alledg'd, his course accords,
Of which that mildenesse which he since hath us'd,
A testimony to the world affords.
Though forc'd to fight, he alwaies had great care
To save our Citizens as each man knowes,
And will'd his Captaines Romans still to spare;
Barbarians bodies objects were for blowes,
Of th'adversaries after bloody strife,
When oft he might have made some Captives smart,
Not onely was he liberall of their life,
But pardon'd them, even to take *Pompeys* part;
At that infortunate Pharsalian field,
When he securely might have us'd the sword,
He both did spare all th'enemies that would yeeld,
And them to rents and dignities restor'd.
Then when th'Egyptians (so to get reliefe)
Brought to his sight pale *Pompey's* bloud-lesse head,
He testifi'd with teares his inward grieve,

And

And grac'd his Statues after he was dead.
 Thole his proceedings plainly may approve,
 That he against his will did make this warre;
 And to his Country beares a tender love,
 Who could comport to reyne his rage so farre.

Cic. Those favours fain'd, by him bestow'd, or due,
 (As is ones custome whose high heart aspires,)
 Were spent on many that who them did view
 Might love his course, so kindling their desires:
 But where he thus pleas'd some, he spoil'd whole hosts,
 And the Barbarians all to *Rome* not wrought
 Such harme as he, who, of his goodnesse boasts,
 Yet her best men hath to confusion brought;
 That great man, whom earst fortune ne're did fayle,
 Who still prevail'd, though warring without right,
 Now in a good cause, for the common-weale
 With *Caesar* did unfortunately fight.

Whilst fled from *Lesbos* with his wretched wife,
 Three base-borne Groomes (can fortune change so soone?)
 Stood to consult upon great *Pompeys* life,
 And did what thousands durst not once have done;
 Then he whose knees had oft been kiss'd by Kings,
 (Most highly happy, had he dy'd in time)
 By one of his owne slaves, with abject things
 His funerals had perform'd; what monstrous crime
Romes greatest Captaine to entombe alone:
 The Roman who arriv'd with reason said:
 The fatall glory was too great for one,
 And to have part of that last honour staid;
 The teares bestow'd by *Caesar* on his head,
 Forth from a guilty minde, remorse had throwne:
 Or else he wept to see his enemy dead
 By any others hands then by his owne.

That constant *Cato*, who even death did scorne,
 And for a coward once had *Caesar* brav'd,
 (Who liv'd as if to grace all mortals borne)
 Would rather perish then by him be sav'd.
 He justly whilst more just, himsele more strong
 Then *Caesar* thought, who for no justice car'd:
 And since discovering what he cloak'd so long,
 Said, that the other, and not he was snar'd.
 Thus *Caesar* conquer'd all but *Cato's* minde,
 Who to a tyrant would not owe his breath:
 But in such sort his famous course confin'd,
 Then *Caesars* life, more glorious was his death:
 Those great men thus brought to disastrous ends,
 The author of their death make me despise,
 Who to usurpe all pow'r while as he tends,
 By treading good men downe, doth strive to rise.
 Now made most great by lessening all the great,
 He proudly doth triumph in *Rome*, o're *Rome*:
 And

And we must seeme to like the present state,
Whose doubtfull breath depends upon his doome.
Yet had I not enlarg'd my griefes so long,
To you whom *Cæsar* doth pretend to love;
Save that (I know) touch'd with the common wrong:

"A just disdain all generous mindes must move.

Dec. Had *Cæsar* willingly resign'd his Armes,
And rendred *Rome* her liberty at last,
When as from foes he fear'd no further harmes,
But had repair'd his just displeasures past,
More then for all that could be done for me,
He should have had an Altar in my brest,
As worthy (for his vertuous deeds) to be
Fear'd by the bad, and honour'd by the best:
But since (though conqu'ring all the world by might)
He (to himselfe a slave) would make *Rome* thrall,
His benefits are loathsome in my sight,
And I am griev'd that he deserves to fall;
My fancies move not in so low a sphere,
But I disdain that one *Romes* Crowne requires;
Yet it is best that with the time we beare,
And with our pow'r proportion our desires.
Though first dissembling, so your minde to try,
I told what fame to *Cæsars* praise relates;
Yet was I pleas'd, that moe were griev'd then I:
"All discontented men are glad of Mates.

Cic. Since tyranny all liberty exiles,
• We must our selves (no more our selves) disguise;
Then, learne to maske a mourning minde with smiles,
And seeme to like that which we most despise.
Yet all our deeds not *Cæsars* humour please,
Who (since mistrusting once) esteemes us still,
When dumb disdainfull, flatterers when we praise,
If plaine, presumptuous, and in all things ill:
Yea, we, whose freedome *Cæsar* now restraines,
As his attenders all his steps must trace;
And know, yet not acknowledge his dauides,
But still pretend an interest in his grace:
Though all my thoughts detest him as a foe,
To honour him, a thousand meanes I move,
Yet but to save my selfe, and plague him so:
"No hate more harmes then it that looks like love.
His pride is by prepost'rous state growne such,
That by the better sort, he is abhor'd;
• The gods are jealous, and men envy much
To see a mortall man so much ador'd.

Dec. Well, *Cicero* let all meanes be entertain'd,
That may embarke us in his bosomes deepes,
Till either willingly, or then constrain'd,
He justly quite what he unjustly keepes.

Exeunt.

T 2

Chorus.

Chorus.

" **T**his life of ours is like a Rose,
 " Which whilst rare beauties it array,
 " Doth then enjoy the least repose;
 " When Virgin-like made blush (we see)
 " Of every hand it is the prey,
 " And by each winde is blowne away;
 " Yea, though from violence scap'd free,
 " (Thus time triumphs, and leades all thralls)
 " Yet doth it languish and decay:
 " O! whilst the courage hottest boiles,
 " And that our life seemes best to be,
 " It is with dangers compass't still;
 " Whilst it each little change appalles,
 " The body, force, without oft foiles,
 " Is th' owne distemp'rature oft spoiles,
 " And even, though none it chance to kill,
 " As nature failes, the body falles,
 " Of which save death, nought bounds the toyles;
 " What is this moving Tow'r in which we trust?
 " A little winde clos'd in a cloud of dust.
 And yet some sprites though being pent
 In this fraile prisons narrow bounds,
 (Whilst what might serve, doth not content)
 Doe alwaies bend their thoughts too high,
 And ayme at all the peopled grounds;
 Then whilst their brests Ambition wounds,
 They feed as fearing straight to dye,
 Yet build as if they still might live,
 Whilst famish'd for fumes empty sounds:
 Of such no end the travell ends,
 But a beginning gives, whereby
 They may be vex'd worse then before;
 For, whilst they still new hopes contrive,
 " The hoped good more anguish sends,
 " Then the possess'd contentment lends;
 As beasts not taste, but doe devoure,
 They swallow much, and for more strive,
 Whilst still their hope some change attends:
 " And how can such but still themselves annoy,
 " Who can acquire, but know not how to enjoy?
 Since as a ship amidst the deepes,
 Or as an Eagle through the ayre,
 Of which no way th' impression keeps,
 Most swift when seeming least to move,
 This breath of which we take such care,
 Doth tesse the body every where,

That

That it may hence with haste remove:
 "Life slips and sleepes alwayes away,
 "Then hence, and as it came, goes bare,
 Whose steppes behinde no trace doe leave;
 Why should heaven-banish'd soules thus love
 The cause, and bounds of their exile,
 As restlesse strangers where they stray?
 And with such paine why should they reave
 That which they have no right to have,
 Which with them in a little while,
 As summers beauties must decay,
 And can give nought except the grave?
 "Though all things doe to harme him what they can,
 "No greater enemy then himselfe to man;
 Whilst oft environ'd with his foes,
 Which threatned death on every side,
 Great Cæsar parted from repose,
 (As Atlas holding up the Starres,)
 Did of a world the weight abide;
 But since a prey to foolish pride,
 More then by all the former warres,
 He now by it doth harm'd remaine,
 And of his fortune doth disside:
 Made rich by many Nations wreake,
 He (breaking through the liquid barres)
 In Neptunes armes his Minion forc'd;
 Yet still pursu'd new hopes in vaine:
 "Would the ambitious looking backe
 "Of their inferiours knowledge take,
 "They from huge cares might be divorc'd,
 "Whilst viewing few, more pow'r attaine,
 "And many more then they to lacke:
 "The onely plague from men that rest doth reave,
 "Is that they weigh their wants, not what they have.
 Since thus the great themselves involve
 In such a labyrinth of cares,
 Whence none to scape can well resolve,
 But by degrees are forward led,
 Through waves of hopes, rockes of despairres:
 Let us avoyd ambitions snares,
 And farre from stormes by envy bred,
 Still seeke (though low) a quiet rest,
 With mindes where no proud thought repairs,
 That in vaine shadowes doth delight;
 Thus may our fancies still be fed
 With that which Nature freely gives;
 Let us iniquity detest,
 And hold but what we owe of right;
 Th' eyes treasure is th' all-circling light,
 Not that vaine pompe for which pride strives,

Whose glory (but a poysonous pest)
 To plague the soule, delights the sight :
 "Ease comes with ease, where all by paine buy paine,
 "Rest we in peace, by warre let others raigne.

Act 3. Scene 1.

Caius Cassius, Marcus Brutus.



Ow (*Brutus*) now we need no more to doubt,
 Nor with blinde hopes our judgement to suspend,
 That flat' rers credit (loe) is quite worne out;
 We must in time attempt, and not attend :
 That race of victors which did Realmes appall,
 Ah (vanquish'd by their victories at last)
 Are by their too much liberty made thrall,
 Since all their strength but down themselves doth cast;
 And we who by our birth aym'd at great things,
 Of the worlds mistresse mighty minions once,
 Who might have labour'd to give lawes to Kings,
 Lawes from a King, must looke for now with grones :
 For, such of *Cæsar* is the monstrous pride,
 That though he domineers even at this houre,
 And to his Clients kingdoms doth divide
 With an unlimited tyrannicke pow'r;
 Yet of Dictator he disdaines the name,
 And seekes a tyrants title with the place,
 Not for his honour, no, but for our shame,
 As onely bent to bragge of our disgrace.

Marc. Brut. I thought to see that man (as others are)
 Walke re-apparrell'd with a private gowne,
 As one who had unwillingly made warre,
 To stand himsele, not to cast others downe :
 So *Silla* (though more inhumane then he)
 Whilst having all to what his heart aspir'd,
 The Sovereignty resign'd, and set *Rome* free,
 When expectations date was quite expir'd.
 By *Cæsars* worth we must thinke that he too
 Will render freedome to this captiv'd state,
 When first the world hath view'd what he might doe,
 His thoughts are generous, as his minde is great.
 Though insolencies oft from courage flow,
 His dying fury sparkles but a space :
 "High thoughts which *Mars* inspires, nought can bring low,
 "Till one have us'd the purity of peace.
 "Those who by violence to all things tend,
 "Scarce can themselves to quietnesse conform;
 "Their stately carriage, and franke words, offend,
 "Whilst peace cannot comport with warres rude forme,

I hope that *Caesar* settling civill broyles,
When worne by custome from intestine rage,
Will strive to mitigate his Countries toyles,
And all those flames which burn'd his brest, asswage.

Ca. Cassius. Thus, of his course you by your owne conceiv'd,
As if like thoughts of both did bound the will :

" Ah, honest mindes are with least paine deceiv'd,

" Those who themselves are good, dreame not of ill.

" To sound of some the still unsound device,

" Their inclination must your judgement sway :

" The square of vertue cannot measure vice,

" Nor yet a line when straight, a crooked way.

So *Caesar* rising may usurpe the State,

He cares not by what force, nor by what sleight :

" O! one may soone deceive men, and grow great,

" Who leaves religion, honesty and right.

When as the Senators (no more their owne)

Came to that Tyrant whom ambition blindes,

And by high honours shew'd how they had showne

To gratifie his greatnesse, gratefull mindes;

He (in a Chayre imperiously plac'd,)

Not daign'd to rise, nor bow in any sort,

As both of them had but their due embrac'd,

When he a haughty, they a humble port.

But if he thus, ere we be thoroughly thrall'd,

Dare so disdainfully such great men use,

When in a regall Throne by us enstall'd,

'Then will he breake that which he now doth bruise.

Was he not first who ever yet began

To violate the sacred Tribunes place,

And punish'd them for panishing a man

Who had transgress'd the lawes in time of peace :

The lawes which doe of death all guilty hold,

Whose actions seeme to tyranny inclin'd,

So earnest were our Ancestors of old,

To quench a tyrants light before it shin'd :

And shall our Nephewes (heires of bondage) blame

Vs dastard parents who their hopes deceiv'd,

Who saw, who suff' red, who surviv'd such shame,

Not leaving dead, what we when borne receiv'd :

By *Caesars* friends, to an assembly brought,

The Senators intend to call him King.

Brut. I'll not be there. *Cass.* But what if we be sought
To ayde (as Pretors) such a publike thing :

Brut. I will resist that violent decree;

None of *Romes* Crowne shall long securely boast :

For, ere that I live thrall'd, I'll first dye free,

" What can be kept when liberty is lost :

Cass. O! with what joy I swallow up those words,

Words worthy of thy worth, and of thy name;

Brut.

But (*Brutus*) doe not feare, this cause affords
 In danger many, but few mates in fame;
 When *Anthony* proud *Cæsars* image crown'd,
 By silent sorrow all the people told
 In what a depth of woes their thoughts were drown'd,
 That bondage-bragging Comet to behold.
 What doe those scroules throwne in thy chaire import:
 Which, what thou art, to brave thy courage, brings?
 Be those the fancies of the vulgar sort?
 No, none but noble mindes dreame of great things;
 Of other Pretors people looke for shewes,
 And distributions whose remembrance dyes,
 Whilst bloody Fencers fall with mutuall blowes;
 And Africkes monsters doe amaze their eyes;
 But from thy hands they liberty attend,
 (By birth-right due) the glory of thy race,
 And bent for thee, their blood will frankly spend,
 So thou succeed in thy great Parents place.
 He (*Rome* redeeming) *Tarquin* did o'rethrow,
 Though from his birth obey'd, and without strife;
 A rising tyrant then bring boldly low,
 To what extinguish'd was, who would give life.

Brut. I weigh thy words with an afflicted heart,
 Which for compassion of my Country bleeds:
 And would to God that I might onely smart,
 So that all others scap'd what mischief breeds;
 Then, never man himselfe from death did free,
 With a more quiet and contented minde,
 Then I would perish, if I both could be
 To *Cæsar* thankfull, to my Country kinde:
 But though that great mans grace to me enlarg'd,
 May challenge right in my affections store,
 Yet must the greatest debt be first discharg'd,
 I owe him much, but to my Country more.
 This in my brest hath great diffension bred:
 I *Cæsar* love, but yet *Romes* enemy hate,
 And as *Iove* lives, I could be mov'd to shed
 My blood for *Cæsar*, *Cæsars* for the State.
 I for my fathers death loath'd *Pompey* long,
 Whilst just disdain'd did boyle within my brest:
 Yet when he warr'd to venge the common wrong,
 I joyn'd with him, because his cause was best.
 A minde to raigne if *Cæsar* now reveale,
 I will in time precipitate his end:
 Thus (never arm'd but for the Common-weale)
 I help'd a foe, and now must hurt a friend.

Cas. Left of his favour thou the poyson prove,
 From swallowing of such baites in time now spare,
 "No tyrant (trust me) can intirely love,
 "Nor none who for himselfe doth onely care:

He

He by this course doth cunningly intend
 (Thy vertue slack'd) to undermine thy minde :
 Thy well-knowne courage purpos'd to disbend,
 Thus (though with filken bonds) he would thee binde;
 This of each tyrant is the common tread,
 To wreake all those in whom most worth he findes;
 Or (whilst that terrours tosse his jealous head)
 By subtilty to snare the greatest mindes :
 As, for the Pretor-ship when we did strive,
 Then both were held in hope, that so deceiv'd,
 Each th'others harmes might study to contrive
 Through emulation and dildaine conceiv'd.
 Thus subtile *Caesar* by such sleights hath toild
 To sow diffension, that we both might pause
 Of private wrongs, and (by such meanes imbroil'd)
 Still courting him, neglect the common cause.
 But nought must make us th' one t' another strange,
 Who should in time the tyrants course restraine :
 Let other men lament, we must revenge,
 I scorne to beare a sword, and to complaine.

Brut. Though *Caesar* (now) I must conspire thy fall,
 My heart to thee yet never harbour'd hate;
 But (pardon me) who ever make it thrall,
 From bondage *Brutus* must redeeme the state.
 Of this my course what ever others judge,
 Here, I protest it is for good design'd;
 My thoughts are guilty of no private grudge,
 For, reason and not fury moves my minde;
 Nor doth ambition now enflame my brest,
 With a prodigious appetite to raigne,
 That when I have made *Caesar* *Pluto's* guest,
 I in his roome a Monarch may remaine :
 No, if that glory did my fancies charme,
 To which (blind-folded) tyrants doe aspire,
 I needed not to doe, nor suffer harme,
 But with lesse paine might compasse my desire :
 For, if I would but temporize a space,
 Till time or death diminish *Caesars* might,
 He thinks that I deserve to have his place,
 And I could make my day succeed his night;
 Yet doe I not for glory seeke so much
 As to attaine it by my Countries shame :
 But, O! I would (my zeale to it is such)
 That it may scape, incurre a kinde of blame.
 Yea, so that I may free with honour'd wounds
 My soile that's dearer then my soule to me,
 I could my selfe live banish'd from that bounds,
 Which at so deare a rate I would set free.

Cas. What man doth breath of *Mars* his martiall race,
 But will with *Brutus* sacrifice his bloud,

And

And (charg'd with Armes) ere tyranny take place,
 Dare venture all things for his Countries good,
 Can any judgement be deceiv'd so farre,
 But it already clearely may behold,
 How that this change *Romes* greatnesse soon will marre,
 And raze the Trophees which she rear'd of old.
 Of old in *Rome*, all those who once had worne
 The peace-importing gowne, or war-like shield,
 (Of dignities as capable all borne,)
 Durst ayme at ought that liberty could yeeld;
 Those in affaires to deale, who would set forth;
 Were not discourag'd by their birth, though base;
 And poverty could not hold backe true worth,
 From having honour both by warre and peace:
 Then emulation violently driv'd
 All gallant mindes to tempt great actions still;
 In vertues love, who friendly rivals liv'd,
 Whilst in their bosomes Glory balme did still:
Fabricius first was from the Plow advanc'd,
 The Rudder of the Common-weale to hold,
 Yet by no meanes his private wealth enhanc'd,
 As rich in vertue still, as poore in gold.
 Rude *Marius* too, to match red *Mars* in fame,
 Forth from the vulgar drosse his race remov'd,
 And loe, of *Cicero* the ridiculous name,
 As famous as the Fabians now hath prov'd.
 Each abject minde disdain'd to be obscure,
 When still preferment follow'd lofty cares,
 And that one might by dangers past, procure
 Fame for himselfe, and honour to his heires:
 But since that state by *Caesar* is o're-turn'd,
 Whilst all our lives upon ones lippes depend,
 Of breasts which once with love of glory burn'd,
 The soaring thoughts this wholly doth disbend;
 Advancement now doth not attend desert,
 But flowes from fancies of a flatt' red minde;
 Which to base hirelings, honour doth impart,
 Whilst envy'd worth no safe retreat can finde.
 " All proud usurpers most addicted prove,
 " To them whom without cause they raise too high,
 " As thinking those who stand but by their love,
 " To entertaine the same, all meanes must try.
 " Where they, whose vertue reapes a due reward,
 " Not building onely on the givers grace,
 " Doe by deserts not gaine so great regard,
 " VVhilst they maintaine, as they obtaine their place.
 " And if a worthy man to worke great things,
 " VVing'd with a tyrants favour, raise his flight,
 " The highest course to him most harme still brings,
 " VVho till he fall, cannot have leave to light.

Those

“ Those who by force would have th’ affection mov’d,
 “ When willingly men hold such gallants deare,
 “ Doe rage that any should be freely lov’d,
 “ Whose vertue makes their vice more vile appeare.

The man who now to be preferr’d aspires,
 Must by base flattery in a servile forme,
 So soothing *Caesar*, scale all his desires,
 And in some shadow lurke to scape a storme.
 A number now of that proud Rebels foes,
 Who grieve to see the ground whence growes their griefe,
 Would in obscurity entombe their woes,
 So waiting, and not working for reliefe.
 But we whose lofty mindes disdain to lowre,
 Like them who seeke but their owne safety thus,
 When shall we use high indignations pow’r,
 Which (as brave Romans) worthy is of us ?

Brut, Since no indignity you will endure,
 I see our mindes doe sympathize in this;
 Should we by suffering, seek to live secure,
 Whose action must amend what is amisse ?
 No, no such abject thought must staine our brest,
 Whose active thoughts reach further than discourse,
 Whilst but like beasts, affecting food and rest,
 Where men by reason should direct their course;
 Like those of other parts, not rais’d by strife,
 If *Caesar* had been born, or chus’d our Prince,
 Then those who durst attempt to take his life,
 The world of treason justly might convince.
 Let still the States which flourish for the time,
 By subjects be inviolable thought,
 And those (no doubt) commit a monstrous crime,
 Who lawfull Sovereignty prophane in ought:
 And we must thinke (though now thus brought to bow)
 The Senate King; a subject *Caesar* is;
 The Sovereignty whom violating now,
 The world must damne, as having done amisse.
 We will (deare *Cassius*) for our Countries sake,
 (Whatever follow) give, or suffer death,
 And let us now advise what course to take,
 Whilst nought but th’ ayre can beare away our breath.

Cas. I thinke this matter needs not many words,
 Since but one deed can bound the common shame;
 In *Caesars* body we must sheath our swords,
 And by his death our liberty reclaime;
 But since his fortune did confound them all,
 Who in the fields to match him did begin;
 Whilst he by thousands made their bands to fall,
 With hoary legions alwayes us’d to winne:
 As *Pompeys*, *Scipio’s*, and *Petreius* ghosts,
 In lightlesse shades can by experience tell,

Who

Who after fatall proofes of num'rous hoasts,
 All famous (though infortunately, fell:)
 And since (provided for the Parthian warre)
 His Armie arm'd attends on his decree,
 Where we (sequestred from such forces farre)
 Would (if suspected) soone prevented be:
 With some few friends whom all things to assay,
 A love to us, or to their Country bindes,
 We to his wreake must walke another way,
 Whilst, ere our tongues, our hands doe tell our mindes:
 Now when most high, and therefore hated most,
 The gathered Senate seeks to make him King,
 We must goe give the blow before we boast,
 And him to death, *Rome* out of bondage bring.

Brut. In all this course I onely one thing blame,
 That we should steale, what we may justly take,
 By cloathing honour with a cloake of shame,
 Which may our cause (though good) more odious make.
 O! I could wish with honourable wounds
 To match *Romes* enemy in the battels dust:
 No sweeter Musicke then the Trumpets sounds,
 When right and valour keepe a consort just:
 Then, free if quicke, else dead, no harme more fear'd,
 I alwayes so contentment might attaine;
 What tombe to men more glorious can be rear'd,
 Then mountaines made of foes whom they have slaine.
 But how are my transported thoughts growne such,
 That they disdaine a measure to admit:
 Whilst (bent not what to doe; but to doe much)
 On Glories Throne, Ambition strives to sit.
 No, to the State me from my selfe I give,
 Free from particulars, as who expose
 Fame, life, and all for it, and whilst I live,
 So *Rome* may gaine, I care not what I lose.
 I'll never rest till he for ever rest,
 Who gives my Country such a cause of griefe:
 And that to doe no forme I will detest,
 Nor for my fame endanger *Romes* reliefe:
 But (worthy *Cassius*) ere we further doe,
 Let our friends mindes first well be understood,
 Of which I hope to have assistance too,
 Who will not venture for his Countries good?

Cas. Now whilst my soule rests ravish'd in a trance,
 I thinke I see great *Rome* her courage raise,
 Then beat the ayre with songs, th'earth with a dance,
 And crowne thy vertues with deserved praise.

Act. 3. Scene 2.

Marcus Brutus, Portia.



Y dearest halfe, my comfort, my delight,
Of whom one smile may sweeten all my fow'rs:
Thou in my bosome us'd to powre thy spright,
And where I was didst spare afflictions pow'rs.
When broils domesticke did disturbe thy rest,

Then still (till finding) faining some reliefe;
Thou with calme words disguis'd a stormy brest,
Ioyes frankly sharing, and engrossing griefe;
Still tendring me with a respective care,
What might offend, was by no meanes made knowne:
But (with loves colours all things painted faire)
What might have made me glad, was gladly showne.
How com'st thou then thy courage thus to lose,
That thou canst look so sad, and in my sight?
Lend me (deare Love) a portion of thy woes;
"A burden (when divided) doth grow light;
I see the Roses fading in thy face,
The Lilies languish, Violets take their place.

Port. Thou hast (deare Lord) prevented my designe,
Which was to aske of thee, what makes me pale;
If *Phæbus* had no light, could *Phæbe* shine?
No, with the cause of force th'effects must faile.
The mirrour but gives backe as it receives,
By just resemblance the objected forme,
And what impression the engraver leaves,
The waxe retains, still to the stamp conforme.
I am the mirrour which reflects thy minde,
As forc'd from thoughts, or flowing from thine eyes;
I take the state in which thy state I finde;
Such is my colour as thy count'nance dyes.
Then how can I rejoyce, whil'st thou art sad,
Whose breast of all thy crosses is the scroule?
I am still as thou art, if griev'd, or glad,
Thy bodies shadow, th'essence of thy soule:
On that great Planet which divides the yeares,
Of fields inferiour as the fruit depends,
And as it vanish doth, or pleas'd appeares,
In th'earths cold bosome, life begins, or ends;
Sunne of my soule, so I subsist by thee,
Whose shining vertue leades me as a thrall:
From care-bred clouds if that thy face be free,
I rise in joyes, but if thou faint, I fall.

Brut. With all my course this count'nance best accords,
Who as you know, yet never from my birth,

Light

Light gestures us'd, nor did delight in words,
 Whose pleasant straines were onely tun'd to mirth.
 My melancholy Nature feeds on cares,
 Whil'st smother'd sorrow by a habite smokes:
 "A thought-full breast (when burden'd with affaires)
 "Doth make a silent mouth, and speaking looks;
 As for my palenesse, it imports but good:
 "The bodies humbling doth exalt the minde,
 Where fatnesse (come from food) but serves for food:
 In fatteft bodies, leanest spirits we finde.
 Ah! since I saw th'abhor'd *Theſſalia's* bounds,
 All drench'd with bloud of Senatours and Kings,
 (As if my soule yet smarted in their wounds)
 A secret sorrow often-times me stings:
 But since thy Father (braving paine with blows)
 In the most hideous forme affronted death,
 To him my minde a sad remembrance owes,
 Which sorrow shall exact whil'st I have breath;
 Yet grieve I that I gave thee cause of griefe,
 Who thoughtst some new mishap did me dismay;
 To such old sores one worst can give reliefe;
 But Time in end may weare my woes away.

Por. Why should'st thou so from me thy thoughts conceale?

From thine own soule between whose breasts thou sleep'st,
 To whom (though showne) thou dost them not reveale,
 But in thy selfe more inwardly them keep'st?
 And thou canst hardly hide thy selfe from me,
 Who soone in thee each alteration spie,
 I can comment on all that comes from thee:
 "True love still looks with a suspitious eye:
 Within our bosome rests not every thought,
 Tun'd by a sympathie of mutuall love?
 Thou marr'st the Musicke if thou change in ought,
 Which (when distemper'd) I do quickly prove,
 Soule of my soule, unfold what is amisse,
 Some great disaster all my thoughts divine,
 Whole curiousnesse may be excus'd in this,
 Since it concerns thy State, and therefore mine.

Brut. I wonder that thou dost thy fraillie show!

"By Nature women have beene curious still,
 And yet till now thou never crav'd to know
 More then I pleas'd to speak of my free will.
 "Nought save the wife a man within the walls,
 "Nor ought save him without she should embrace:
 "And it not comely is, but th'one enthralls,
 "When any sexe usurpes anothers place.

Deare, to their wonted course thy cares inure,
 I may have matters which import the State,
 Whose op'ning up might my disgrace procure,
 Whose weight for small thoughts would be too great.

Port. I was not (*Brutus*) match'd with thee, to be
A partner onely of thy boord, and bed:
Each servile whore in those might equall me,
Who but for pleasure, or for wealth did wed.
No, *Portia* spous'd thee minding to remaine
Thy Fortunes partner, whether good or ill:
"By loves strict bonds whil'st mutuall duties chaine,
"Two breasts must hold one heart, two souls one will;
"Those whom just *Hymen* voluntar'ly bindes,
"Betwixt them should communicate all things,
"But chiefly that which most doth move the mindes,
"Whence either pleasure, or displeasure springs.
If thus thou seek thy sorrows to conceale
Through a disdaine, or a mistrust of me,
Then to the world what way can I reveale,
How great a matter I would do for thee?
And though our sexe too talkative be deem'd,
As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,
For secrets still bad Treasurers esteem'd,
Of others greedy, prodigall of ours;
"Good education may reforme defects,
And this may leade me to a vertuous life,
(Whil'st such rare patterns generous worth respects)
I *Cato's* daughter am, and *Brutus* wife.
Yet would I not repose my trust in ought,
Still thinking that thy crosse was great to beare,
Till I my courage to a tryall brought,
Which suffering for thy cause can nothing feare:
For first to try how that I could comport
With sterne afflictions sprit-ensfeebling blows,
Ere I would seek to vex thee in this sort,
To whom my soule a dutious reverence owes.
Loe, here a wound which makes me not to smart,
No, I rejoyce that thus my strength is knowne:
Since thy distresse strikes deeper in my heart,
Thy grieve (lifes joy) makes me neglect mine owne.

Brut. Thou must (deare love) that which thou sought'st receive,
Thy heart so high a saile in stormes still beares,
That thy great courage doth deserve to have
Our enterprise entrusted to thine eares;
This magnanimitie prevailes so farre,
That it my resolution must controule,
And of my bosome doth the depths unbarre,
To lodge thee in the centre of my soule.
Thou seest in what estate the State now stands,
Of whose strong pillars *Caesar* spoyl'd the best,
Whil'st by his owne, preventing others hands,
Our famous Father fell amongst the rest.
That proud usurper fondly doth presume
To re-erect detested *Tarquins* throne,

Thust he worlds Mistresse all-commanding *Rome*,
 Must entertaine no Minion now but one.
 All those brave miudes who mark where he doth tend,
 Swell with disdaine, their Countries scorne to see;
 And I am one of those who soone intend
 (His death or mine procur'd) to be made free.

Port. And without me, canst thou resolve so soone;
 To try the danger of a doubtfull strife?
 As if despair'd, and alwayes but undone,
 Of me growne weary, weary of thy life.
 Yet since thou thus thy rash designe hast showne,
 Leave *Portia's* portion, venter not her part,
 Endanger nought but that which is thine owne,
 Go where thou lik'st, I will hold still thy heart.
 But lest by holding of thy best part back,
 The other perish't, aggravate my grones:
 Who would be so thought guilty of thy wrack,
 Take all thy Treasure to the Seas at once.
 Like *Asia's* Monarchs wife, who with short haire,
 (Sad signes of bondage) past still where he past,
 To weare away, or beare away thy cares,
 I'll follow thee, and of thy fortune taste.
 These hands which were with mine own blood imbru'd,
 To strike another, may more strength afford,
 At least when thou by th' enemies art pursu'd,
 I'll set my selfe betwixt thee and each Sword;
 But if too great a priviledge I claime,
 Whose actions all should be dispos'd by thee;
 Ah! pardon (*Brutus*) and but onely blame
 This streame of passions that transported me.

Brut. Thou ask'st what thou shouldst give, forgive deare Mate,
 This ventrous course of mine, which must have place,
 Though it make Fortune Tyrant of our State,
 Whose fickle foot-steps Vertue grieves to trace.
 And wonder not though thus to thee I prove,
 Since private duties now all pow'r have lost;
 I weigh not glory, profit, pleasure, love,
 Nor what respect may now import me most:
 So to the land of which I hold my life,
 I may performe that worke which I intend;
 Let me be call'd unkinde unto my wife:
 Yea, worst of all, ingrate unto my friend.
 "As an instinct by Nature makes us know,
 "There are degrees of duty to be past,
 "Of which the first unto the Gods we owe,
 "The next t'our Countrey, to our friends the last.
 From *Rome* of old proud Tyrants bent to drive,
 Did th'author of my race with ardent zeale,
 Make those to dye, whom he had made to live,
 And spoil'd himselfe to raise the Common-wealer

To settle that which *Caesar* now o're-throws,
 (Though vertues nurserie, stately whilst it stood)
 He with the Tyrant inter-changing blows,
 On Glories Altar offered Fame his bloud:
 And did that man to crosse the common foe,
 Then damne his Sonnes to death? and with dry eyes,
 And is his speciall heire degener'd so,
 In abject bondage that he basely lyes?
 No, his posterity his name not staines,
 But even to tread his steps doth fast draw neare;
 Yet, of his sprit in us some spark remaines,
 Who more then life, our liberty hold deare.

Port. Then prosecute thy course, for I protest,
 Though with some griefe, my soule the same approves;
 This resolution doth become thy brest,
 In honours spheare where heavenly Vertue moves:
 And do this enterprise no more deferre,
 What thee contents, to me contentment brings,
 I to my life thy safety do preferre,
 But hold thy honour deare above all things.
 It would but let the world my weaknesse see,
 If I sought my delights, not thy desires,
 Though griefe it give, and threaten death to me,
 Go follow forth that which thy Fame requires.
 Though Nature, sexe, and education breed,
 No power in me, with such a purpose even,
 I must lend help to this intended deed,
 If vows and pray'rs may penetrate the heaven:
 But difficulties huge my fancie findes,
 Nought, save the successe, can defray my feare:
 "Ah! Fortune alwayes frownes on worthy mindes,
 "As hating all who trust in ought save her.
 Yet I despaire not but thou may'st prevaile,
 And by this course to ease my present grones,
 I this advantage have which cannot faile:
 Ile be a free-mans wife, or else be none:
 For, if all prosper not as we pretend,
 And that the Heavens *Romes* bondage do decree,
 Straight with thy liberty my life shall end,
 Who have no comfort but what comes from thee:
 My Father hath me taught what way to dye,
 By which if hindred from encountring death,
 Some other meanes, I (though more strange) must try:
 For, after *Brutus* none shall see me breathe.

Brut. Thou for my cause all others earst didst leave,
 But now forsak'st thy selfe to joyne with me,
 "Ore generous love no pow'r weake passions have,
 Against thy minde thou dost with mine agree.
 Ile (since by thee approv'd) securely go,
 And vilipend the dangers of this life:

Heavens make my enterprize to prosper so,
 That I may once prove worthy such a wife:
 But ah! of all thy words those grieve me most,
 Which bragge me with the dating of thy dayes;
 What? though I in so good a cause were lost,
 "None flies the fate which stablish'd for him staves.
 Do not defraud the world of thy rare worth,
 But of thy *Brutus* the remembrance love;
 From this faire prison strive not to breake forth,
 Till first the fates have forc'd thee to remove.

Port. The heavens(I feare) have our confusion sworn,
 Since this ill Age can with no good accord,
 Thou and my Father (ah!) should have beene borne,
 When Vertue was advanc'd, and Vice abhorr'd.
 Then, ere the light of Vertue was declin'd,
 Your worth had reverenc'd beene, not throwne away,
 Where now ye both have but in darknesse shin'd,
 As Starres by night, that had beene Sunnes by day.

Brut. My treasure, strive to pacifie thy brest,
 Lest sorrows but sinistrously presage
 That which thou would'st not wish, and hope the best,
 Though Vertue now must act on Fortunes Stage.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Then liberty, of earthly things
 What more delights a generous brest?
 Which doth receive,
 And can conceive
 The matchlesse treasure that it brings;
 It making men securely rest,
 As all perceive,
 Doth none deceive,
 Whil'st from the same true courage springs,
 But fear'd for nought, doth what seemes best:
 "Then men are men, when they are all their owne,
 "Not, but by others badges when made knowne:
 Yet should we not mispending houres,
 A freedome seeke, as oft it falls,
 With an intent
 But to content
 These vaine delights, and appetites of ours;
 For, then but made farre greater thralls,
 We might repent
 As not still pent
 In stricter bounds by others pow'rs,
 Whil'st feare licentious thoughts appalls:
 "Of all the Tyrants that the world affords,
 "Ones owne affections are the fiercest Lords:

As Libertines those onely live,
 Who (from the bands of vice set free)
 Vile thoughts cancell;
 And would excell
 In all that doth true glory give,
 From which when as no Tyrants be
 Them to repell;
 And to compell
 Their deeds against their thoughts to strive,
 They blest are in a high degree:
 "For, such of fame the scrouls can hardly fill,
 "Whose wit is bounded by anothers will.
 Our Ancestors of old such prov'd,
 (Who Rome from Tarquines yoke redeem'd)
 They first obtain'd,
 And then maintain'd
 Their liberty so dearly lov'd;
 They from all things which odious seem'd
 (Though not constrain'd)
 Themselves restrain'd,
 And willingly all good approv'd,
 Bent to be much, yet well esteem'd;
 "And how could such but ayme at some great end,
 "Whom liberty did leade, Glory attend?
 They leading valorous legions forth,
 (Though wanting Kings) triumph'd o're Kings;
 And still aspir'd,
 By Mars inspir'd,
 To conquer all from South to North;
 Then lending fame their Eagles wings,
 They all acquir'd
 That was requir'd,
 To make them rare for rarest things,
 The world made witnesse of their worth:
 Thus those great mindes who domineer'd o're all,
 Did make themselves first free, then others thrall;
 But we who hold nought but their name,
 From that to which they in times gone
 Did high ascend,
 Must low descend,
 And bound their glory with our shame;
 Whil'st on an abject Tyrants Throne,
 We (base) attend,
 And do intend
 Vs for our fortune still to frame,
 Not it for us, and all for one:
 "As liberty a courage doth impart,
 "So bondage doth disbend, else breake the heart;
 Tet, O! who knows but Rome to grace
 Another Brutus may arise:

who

Who may effect
 What we affect,
 And Tarquines steps make Cæsar trace;
 Though seeming dangers to despise
 He doth suspect
 What we expect
 Which from his breast hath banish'd peace,
 Though fairely he his feares disguise:
 "Of Tyrants even the wrong, revenge affords,
 "All feare but theirs, and they feare all mens swords.

Act. 4. Scene 1.

Decius Brutus Albinus, Marcus
 Brutus, Caius Cassius.

DEare Cofin, *Cassius* did acquaint mine eares
 With a designe which toss'd my minde a space;
 "For, when strange news, a strangers breath first beares,
 "One should not straight to rash reports give place.

I would not then discover what I thought,
 Lest he to trap my tongue, a snare had fram'd,
 Till first with thee I to conferre was brought,
 Whom he for Patron of his purpose nam'd.
 "One should look well to whom his minde he leaves,
 "In dangerous times when tales by walls are told,
 "Men make themselves unnecessar'ly slaves,
 "Of those to whom their secrets they unfold.

Mar. Brut. As *Cassius* told thee, griev'd for *Romes* distresse,
 Which to our shame in bondage doth remaine,
 We straight intend what ever we professe,
 With *Cæsars* blood to wash away this staine.
 Though for this end a few sufficient are,
 To whom their vertue courage doth impart,
 Yet were we loth to wrong thy worth so farre,
 As of such glory to give thee no part.
 Since both this cause, yea, and thy name thee binde,
 In this adventrous band to be compris'd,
 There needs no Rhetoricke to raise thy minde,
 To do the thing which thou shouldst have devis'd.

Dec. Brut. I thought no creature should my purpose know,
 But he whose int'rest promis'd mutuall cares:
 "Of those to whom one would his secret show,
 "No greater pledge of trust then to know theirs;
 As when two meet whil'st mask'd (though most deare friends)
 With them (as strangers) no respect takes place,
 But straight when friend-ship one of them pretends,
 The other likewise doth un-cloud the face.

So as thou first, I'le now at last be bold:
My brest with the same birth long bigge hath gone,
But I to others durst it not unfold,
Nor yet attempt to compasse it alone;
But since this course, at which I long did pause,
On such great pillars now so strongly stands,
Whose count'nance may give credit to a cause,
It hath my heart, and it shall have my hands.

Ca. Cass. To our designs propitious signes are sent;
So that the Gods would give us courage thus:
For, all who ever heard of our intent,
Would willingly engage themselves with us:
Let other men discourse of vertuous rites,
Ours but by action onely should be showne:
"Bare speculation is but for such sprits
"As want of pow'r, or courage keeps unknowne.
"In those who vertue view, when crown'd with deeds,
"Through Glories glasse, whose beauties long have shin'd;
"To be embrac'd an high desire she breeds,
"As load-stones iron, so ravishing the minde:
What though a number now in darknesse lyes,
Who are too weak for matters of such weight?
We who are eminent in all mens eyes,
Let us still hold the height of honour straight.

Mar. Brut. Earst (that our faction might be strengthened thus)
I labour'd much to purchase all their pow'rs,
Whom hate to *Caesar*, love to *Rome*, or us,
Might make imbarke in those great hopes of ours;
By sicknesse then imprison'd in his bed,
Whil'st I *Ligarius* spy'd whom paines did pricke,
When I had said with words that anguish bred:
In what a time *Ligarius* art thou sick?
He answer'd straight as I had Phyficke brought,
Or that he had imagin'd my designe,
If worthie of thy selfe thou woul'd'st do ought,
Then *Brutus* I am whole, and wholly thine:
Since he by *Caesar* was accus'd of late
For taking *Pompey's* part, yet at this houre
He (though absolv'd) doth still the Tyrant hate,
Since once endanger'd by his lawlesse pow'r:
Thus (of great sprits exasperating spites)
Heaven of our course the progresse doth direct,
One inspiration all our soules incites,
Who have advis'dly sworne for one effect.

Dec. Brut. So I with *Cicero* did conferre at length,
Who (I perceive) the present state detests;
And though old Age diminish'd hath his strength,
In him a will to free his Countrey rests.

Mar. Bru. That man whose love still to his countrey shin'd,
Would willingly the common-wealth restore:

Then he (I know) though he conceals his minde,
 None *Caesar* more dislikes, nor likes us more:
 Yet to his custody I'll not commit
 The secrets of our enterprise so soone:
 "Men may themselves be often-times not fit
 "To do the things which they would wish were done.
 He still was timorous, and, by age growne worle,
 Might chance to lay our honour in the dust;
 "All Cowards must inconstant be of force,
 "With bold designs none fearfull breasts should trust.
 Then, some of ours would hold their hands still pure,
 Who (ere they be suspected) for a space,
 Amid'st the tumult may remaine secure,
 And with the people mediate our peace:
 But who then *Tullius* fitter for that turne,
 Whose eloquence is us'd to charme their eares?
 His banishment they in black Gownes did mourne,
 Whom all do honour for his worth and yeares.

Cai. Cass. Those studious wits which have through dangers gone,
 "Would still be out, ere that they enter in:
 "Who muse of many things, resolve of none,
 "And (thinking of the end) cannot begin.
 "The minde which looks no further then the eye,
 "And more to Nature trusts, then unto Art,
 "Such doubtfull fortunes fittest is to try:
 "A furious actor for a desp'rat part.
 We have enow, and of the best degree,
 Whose hands unto their hearts, hearts t'us are true,
 And if that we seek more, I feare we be
 To hide, too many, if disclos'd, too few;
 Let us advise with an industrious care
 (Now ere the Tyrant intercept our mindes)
 The time, the place, the manner, when, and where
 We should en-trust our Treasure to the windes;
 And since our states this doth in danger bring,
 Let every point be circumspectly weigh'd,
 "A circumstance, or an indifferent thing,
 "Doth oft marre all, when not with care conveigh'd.

Mar. Brut. As for the time, none could be wish'd more fit,
 Then is the present to performe our vow,
 Since all the people must allow of it,
 By recent anguish mov'd extreameely now.
 When represented in his triumph past,
 Great *Cato's* mangled intrails made them weep,
 And desp'rat *Scipio* whil'st he leap't at last
 To seek a Sanctuary amidst the deep.
 Then all those great men whom in severall parts,
 Bent for *Rome's* freedome, *Caesar* did o're-throw,
 Did by their pictures pierce the peoples hearts,
 And made a pitcous (though a pompous) show;

How

How could they but conceive a just disdain
To be upbraided in so strange a sort,
Whil'ft he who onely by their losse did gaine,
Of their calamitie did make a sport?
But yet his purpose grieves them most of all,
Since that he strives to be proclaim'd a King:
And not contents himselfe to make us thrall,
But would even all our heires to bondage bring.
Thus whil'ft the people are with him displeas'd,
We best may do what to our part belongs:
For, after this they may be best appeas'd,
If, whil'ft their wrath doth last, we venge their wrongs;
And (since we nought intend but what is right,
Whil'ft from our Countrey we remove disgrace)
Let all be acted in the Senates sight,
A common cause, and in a common place.
Let those whose guilty thoughts do damne their deeds,
In corners like *Minerva's* birds abide,
That which our Countrey good, us glory breeds,
May by the lights of heaven and earth be try'd.
The Senatours by our example mov'd,
Pleas'd with this action which imports them too,
To have the yoke of tyranny remov'd,
May at the least confirme that which we do;
So all the Senatours were said of old,
King *Romulus* in peeces to have torne,
Who then to tyrannize was growne too bold,
And, ere turn'd God, humanitie did scorne.

Dec. Brut. Yea, what though *Caesar* were immortall made,
As *Romulus*, whose deitie him revives?
I rather as a God adore him dead,
Then as a King obey him whil'ft he lives.

Cai. Cass. That place indeed, most for our glory makes,
A Theater worthy of so great an act,
Where in their fight from whom most pow'r he takes,
We of the Tyrant vengeance may exact;
But I must recommend unto your minde,
A course (though strict) of which we must allow,
Lest it o're-throw all that we have design'd,
Since past recovery, if neglected now:
There is *Antonius*, *Caesar's* greatest friend,
A man whose Nature tyranny affects,
Whom all the Souldiers daily do attend,
As one who nought but to command respects;
I feare that he when we have *Caesar* slaine,
The grieved faction furnish with a head:
So when we end, we must begin againe
With one who lives worse then the other dead;
And in my judgement I would thinke it best,
VWhen sacrific'd the proud usurper lyes,

That

That this seditious enemy of rest
Should fall with him, with whom he first did rise:
Thus, of our liberty we now may lay
A solid ground, which can be shak't by none:

"Those of their purpose who a part delay,

"Two labours have, who might have had but one.

Mar. Brut. I cannot (*Cassius*) condescend to kill

(Thus from the path of justice to decline)

One faultlesse yet, lest after he prove ill,

So to prevent his guiltinesse by mine;

No, no, that neither honest were, nor just,

Which rigorous forme would but the world affright;

Men by this meane, our meaning might mistrust,

And for a little wrong damne all that's right:

If we do onely kill the common foe,

Our Countries zeale must then acquire due praise,

But if (like Tyrants) fiercely raging so,

We will be thought that which we raze to raise,

And where we but intend to aide the State,

Though by endangering what we hold most deare,

If slaying him (as arm'd by private hate)

We to the world all partiall will appeare,

Ah, ah! we must but too much murder see,

Who without doing ill cannot do good:

And, would the Gods, that *Rome* could be made free

Without the shedding of one drop of blood!

Then, there is hope that *Anthony* in end,

Whil'st first our vertue doth direct the way,

Will (leagu'd with us) the liberty defend,

And (when brought back) will blush, as once astray.

Ca. Cass. Well *Brutus*, I protest against my will,

From this black cloud, what ever tempest fall,

That mercy but most cruelly doth kill,

Which thus saves one, who once may plague us all.

Dec. Brut. When *Caesar* with the Senatours sits downe,

In this your judgements generally accord,

That for affecting wrongfully the Crowne,

He lawfully may perish by the Sword:

No greater harme can for our course be wrought,

Then by protracting the appointed time,

Lest that, which acted would be vertue thought,

Be (if prevented) constru'd as a crime;

Can one thing long in many mindes be pent?

"No, purposes would never be delayd,

"Which judg'd by th'issues Fortune doth comment,

"If prosp'ring, reason, treason if betrai'd.

There may amongst our selves some man remaine,

Whom (if afraid) his pardon to procure,

Or (if too greedy) for the hope of gaine,

Time to disclose his consorts may allure.

Then

Then for our recompence we ruine reape,
If ought our course thus made abortive marre,
For, it discovered once, we cannot scape:

“As tyrants cares heare much, their hands reach farre.

Ca. Cassius. The brest in which so deep a secret dwels,
Would not be long charg’d with so weighty cares:
For, I conjecture, as their count’nance tels,
That many know our mindes, though we not theirs:
Even but of late one, *Casca* came to see
Who curious was to have our purpose knowne,
And said to him, that which thou had’st from me,
To me by *Brutus* hath at length been shown.

Then *Lana* once came to us in like sort,
And wish’d that our designe might prosper well;
But yet to haste did earnestly exhort,
Since others told what we refus’d to tell.

Whilst strangers rest familiar with our minde,
And ere we them, doe all our purpose spy,
Make forward fast, or we will come behinde:
“Fame (wing’d with breath) doth violently flye.

Mar. Brut. Their words but burst from tales uncertaine forth,
For, whilst considering of their bondage thus,
Of *Cæsars* tyranny and of our worth,
They thinke this should be done, and done by us.
Such conjurations to confirme of old,
Some drinking others blouds, swore on their swordes,
And cursing those who did their course unfold,

Us’d imprecations, execrable words;
And yet, then this, though voluntar’ly vow’d,
Free from all bonds, save that which vertue bindes,
More constantly no course was ere allow’d,
Till that the end must manifest our mindes.
And since so many frankely keep their faith,
What first intended to accomplish bent,
No doubt in spight of fickle fortunes wrath,
A happy successe shall our soules content.

Might some few Thebans from the Spartans pride,
By divers tyrants deaths redeem their Towne?
And one Athenian who his vertue try’d,
By thirty tyrants ruine, get renowne?
And to the Greekes are we inferiours growne,
That where they have so many tyrants spoil’d,
There cannot one be by us all o’erthrowne,
Whose state yet staggering may be soon imbroil’d?
I am resolv’d, and with my thoughts decree,
VVhat ever chance to come, or sweet, or sowre,
I shall my soile from tyranny set free,
Or then my selfe free from the tyrants pow’r.

Dec. Brut. By *Lepidus* invited this last night,
VVhilst *Cæsar* went to suppe, and I with him,



Of all deaths shapes to talke, we tooke delight,
 So at the table to beguile the time :
 And whilst our judgements all about were try'd,
 Straight *Caesar*, (as transported) to the rest,
 With a most sudden exclamation cry'd :
 O! of all deaths, unlook'd for death is best :
 It from our selves doth steale our selves so fast,
 That even the minde no fearefull forme can see,
 Then is the paine ere apprehended past;
 " Sowre things ere tasted, would first swallowed be.
 The threatned destiny thus he divin'd :
 (It would appeare) divinely then inspir'd;
 For, now I hope that he shall shortly finde
 That forme of death which he himselve desir'd.

Cai. Cas. Whilst of our band the fury flames most hot,
 And that their will to end this worke is such,
 Lest *Caesars* absence disappoint the plot,
 Which would of some abate the courage much;
 It (*Decius*) were exceedingly well done,
 That to his lodging you adrest your way,
 Him by all meanes to further forward loone,
 Lest him some sudden chance may move to stay.

Dec. Brut. There, where the Senate minds this day to fit,
 Stand all prepar'd, not fearing danger more,
 And for the Sacrifice when all is fit,
 I'll bring an offering hallowed of before. *Exeunt.*

Act 4. Scene 2.

Caesar, Calphurnia, Decius Brutus.



Long-look-for Time that should the glory yeeld,
 Which I through *Neptunes* trustlesse raig have fought;
 And through the dust of many a bloudy field,
 As by all dangers worthy to be bought.
 Thy comming now those lowring shadowes cleares,
 My hopes horizon which did long o're-cast;
 This day defrayes the toyles of many yeares,
 And brings the harvest of my labours past.
 The Senators a Messenger have sent
 Most earnestly entreating me to come
 And heare my selfe discern'd by their consent
 To weare a Crowne o're all, excepting *Rome*;
 Thus, they devise conditions at this houre
 For him, of whom *Mars* hath made them the prey,
 As Subjects limit could their Soveraignes pow'r,
 Who must have minde of nought but to obey;
 But having pacifi'd those present things,
 I minde to leade my valorous legions forth

To

To th' orientall Realmes (adoring Kings)
Who can afford all that is due to worth.
Then swimme my thoughts in th' ocean of delight,
Whilst on the pillow of soft praise repos'd;
Those eyes to gaze upon my glories light,
Which Envy open'd, Admiration clos'd.

Cal. Ah, though your fancies great contentment finde,
Whilst thus the world your vertue doth advance;
Yet a prepost'rous terrour stings my minde,
And brags me with I know not what mischance;
My wavering hopes o're-ballanc'd are with feares,
Which to my soule sinistrous signes impart;
And om'nous rumours so assault mine eares,
That they almost make breaches in my heart.

Cas. What? do foil'd *Pompeys* floting followers strive
To recollect their ruines from the dust?
Dare they who onely by my tollerance live,
More to their strength, then to my favour trust?
Or do'st thou feare his sonnes dejected state,
Who steales infamous flying through those fouds,
Which his great father, Admirall of late,
Did plant with ships, till all their waves seem'd woods;
Or makes his brothers death his hopes grow more,
Since (by them straited in a bloody strife)
I who in all the battels given before,
Did fight for victory, then, fought for life;
Or, whilst to march to *Parthia* I prepare,
Doth a suspicion thus afflict thy sprite:
By *Crassus* fortune mov'd, who perish'd there,
The scorn'd prey of the Barbarians spight?
To those with *Cassius* who from thence retir'd,
Amongst my bands a place I will allow,
Whose foes shall finde (bad fate at last expir'd,)
Though the same sheep, another sheep heard now,
Doe not imagine matters to be none,
For, whilst there stands a world, can *Caesar* fall?
Though thousand thousands were conjur'd in one,
I, and my fortune might confound them all.

Cal. No, none of those my minde doth discontent,
Who undisguis'd still like themselves remaine:
Unlook't-for harmes are hardest to prevent:
There is no guard against conceal'd disdain;
But, in whom further can your trust repose,
Whom danger now o're all by all attends?
"Where private men but onely feare their foes,
"Of Kings have greatest cause to feare their friends,
"For, since most trusted, fittest to betray,
"Those unto whom ones favour force affords,
"Most dangerous ambushes with ease may lay,
"Whilst falsest hearts are hid with fairest words.

And some report (though privately) yet plaine,
That *Dolabella* and *Antonius* now,
By your destruction doe intend to gaine
That which you keep by making all men bow.

Cas. No corpulent sanguinians make me feare,
Who with more paine their beards then th'en'mies strike,
And doe themselves like th'Epicurians beare
To *Bacchus*, *Mars*, and *Venus* borne alike;
Their hearts doe alwaies in their mouthes remaine,
As streames whose murmuring shoves their course not deep,
Then still they love to sport, though grosse, and plaine,
And never dreame of ought but when they sleep:
But those high, sprites who hold their bodies downe,
Whose visage leane their restless thoughts records:
Whilst they their cares depth in their bosomes drown,
I feare their silence more then th'others words.

Thus *Cassius* now and *Brutus* seeme to hold
Some great thing in their minde, whose fire oft smoaks;
What *Brutus* would, he vehemently would;
Thinke what they list, I like not their pale looks:
Yet with their worth this cannot well agree,
In whom bright vertue seemes so much to shine:
Can those who have receiv'd their lives from me,
Prove so ingrate, that they doe thirst for mine?
Dare *Cassius* (match'd with me) new hopes conceive,
At th'*Hellespont*, who fortune durst not try,
And (like a dastard) did his Gallies leave,
In all (save courage) though more strong then I?
Shall I suspect that *Brutus* seekes my bloud,
Whose safety still I tendred with such care,
Who when the heavens from mortals me seclude,
Is onely worthy to be *Casars* heire?

Cal. "The corners of the heart are hard to know;
Though of those two the world the best doth deeme,
Yet doe not trust too much to th' outward show,
For, men may differ much from what they seeme.
"None oft more fierce then those who look most milde,
"Impiety sometime appeares devout,
And (that the world the more may be beguil'd)
"Even vice can cloath it selfe with vertues cote.
Though it would seem (all hatred now laid downe)
They on your favour onely should depend,
Yet no respect can counterpoise a Crowne:
"Ambition hath no bounds, nor Greed no end.
Mov'd by vindictive hate, or emulous pride,
Since some your person, some your place pursues,
All threatned dangers to prevent, provide,
And use for safety, what to State is due.

Cas. No armour is that can hold treas on out,

Cal. To fright your foes with bands be back'd about.

Cas.

Cæs. So dastard tyrants strive themselves to beare.

Cal. It better is to give, then to take feare.

Cæs. No guard more strong then is the peoples love.

Cal. But nought in th'earth doth more inconstant prove.

Cæs. Guards (shewing feare) to charge me men might tempt.

Cal. Guards would put them from hope, you from contempt.

Cæs. My brest from terrour hath been alwaies cleare.

Cal. When one least feares, oft danger lurks most neare.

Cæs. I rather dye then feare: at last life goes.

Cal. Yet, death must grieve, when forc'd by vaunting foes.

Cæs. I will not crosse my present pleasures so,

By apprehending what may chance to come,

This world affords but too much cause for woe;

And sorrowes still must harbour'd be by some.

By joyes in time we must embrace reliefe,

That when they end, we in some measure may

By their remembrance mitigate the grieve

Which still attends all those on th'earth that stay.

I thinke the Senate is assembled now,

And for my comming doth begin to gaze,

Let me condignely once adorne my brow,

And feast mine eares by drinking in due praise.

Cal. Stay, stay (deare Lord) retire thy steps againe,

And spare a space to prorogate whole yeares;

Let not this ominous day begin thy raigne,

Which fatall and unfortunate appeares.

An Astrologian through the world renown'd,

Thy horoscopes just calculation layes,

And doth affirme (as he by signes hath found)

That Marches Ides doe bragge to bound thy dayes;

Walke not abroad where harmes may be receiv'd

(By great necessity since no way forc'd)

For, (though his judgement may be farre deceiv'd)

"In things that touch thy life, suspect the worst.

Cæs. Whilst I reform'd the Calendar by fits,

Which did confound the order of the yeare;

I waded through the depths of all their wits,

Who of the starres the mysteries would cleare.

Those pregnant sprites who walke betwixt the Poles,

And lodge at all the Zodiackes severall signes,

Doe reade strange wonders wrapt in th'azure scroules,

Of which our deeds are words, our lives are lines.

By speculation of superiour pow'rs,

Some Natures secrets curious are to know,

As how celestiall bodies rule o're ours,

And what their influence doth worke below.

Yea, they sometime may brave conjectures make

Of those whose parts they by their birth doe prove,

Since naturally all inclination take

From Planets then predominant above;

And yet no certainty can so be had,
 Some vertuously against their Starres have striv'd,
 As *Socrates*, who grew (though borne but bad)
 The most accomplish'd man that ever liv'd.
 But of the houre ordain'd to close our lights,
 No earth-clog'd soule can to the knowledge come;
 For, O! the destinies farre from our sights,
 In clouds of darknesse have involv'd our doome!
 And some but onely guesse at great mens falls,
 By bearded Comets, and prodigious Starres,
 Whose sight-distracting shape the world appalls,
 As still denouncing terrour, death, or warres.
 The time uncertaine is of certaine death,
 And that fantasticke man farre past his bounds:
 "With doubt and reverence they should manage breath,
 "Who will divine upon conjectur'd grounds.

Cal. But this all day hath prey'd upon my heart,
 And from the same of cares a tribute claim'd;
 Doe not despise that which I must impart,
 Though but a dreame, and by a woman dream'd.
 I thought (alas) the thought yet wounds my breast,
 Then whilst we both (as those whom *Morpheus* weds)
 Lay softly buried (with a pleasant rest)
 I in thy bosome, thou within the beds:
 Then from my soule strange terrours did with-draw
 Th' expected peace by apprehended harmes;
 For, I imagin'd, no, no doubt I saw,
 And did embrace thee bloody in mine armes.
 Thus whilst my soule by sorrowes was surcharg'd,
 Of which huge weight it yet some burden beares,
 I big with griefe, two Elements enlarg'd,
 Th' ayre with my sighes, the water with my teares.

Cæs. That which I heard, with thy report accords,
 Whilst thou all seem'd dissolv'd in griefe at once,
 A heavy murmuring made with mangled words,
 Was interrupted oft by tragicke groines.
 The memory, but not the judgement frames
 Those raving fancies which disturbe the braine,
 Whilst night dissolves all dayes designs in dreames,
 "The senses sleeping, soules would stirre in vaine.
 From superstitious feares this care proceeds,
 Which still would watch o're that which thou dost love,
 And in thy minde thus melancholy breeds,
 Which doth those strange imaginations move.

Cal. Ah, in so light account leave off to hold.
 Those fatall warnings, which our mindes should leade
 To search darke matters, till we may unfold
 What dangers huge doe hang above thy head.
 With sacred Garlands he who things divines,
 By th' intrails of the consecrated beast,

Doth

Doth in the offering see sinistrous signes,
And I entreat thee doe not hence make haste.

Cæs. When I in *Spaine* against yong *Pompey* went,
Thus, the diviner threatned me before,
Yet did I prosecute my first intent,
Which with new lawrels did my browes decore.

Cal. And yet you hardly there (as I doe heare)
From danger (farre engag'd) redeem'd your life;
But tokens now more monstrous doe appeare,
And I suspect farre worse then open strife.

Cæs. Lest I too much seeme wedded to my will,
(As others counsels scorning to allow)
With jealous eyes I'le search about me still,
And even mistrust my selfe to trust thee now;
Yet if I stay, the Senators deceiv'd,
May my beginning straight begin to hate;
So might I perish, seeking to be sav'd:
"By flying it, some fall upon their fate.
But here one comes who can resolve me much,
With whom I use to weigh affaires of weight;
Whence com'st thou *Decius*, that thy haste is such?
Is ought occurr'd that craves our knowledge straight?"

Dec. I come to tell you how the Senate stayes,
Till that your presence blesse their longing fight,
And to conclude what is propos'd, delayes,
Since your applause can onely make it right:
They your contentment to procure intend,
And all their thoughts seeme at one object bent,
Save that amongst themselves they doe contend,
Who you to please, shall rarest wayes invent.

Cæs. Then that, no treasure to my soule more deare,
Which to enjoy from hence I long to part,
But yet I know not what arrests me here,
And makes my feet rebellious to my heart;
From thee (deare friend) I never doe conceale
The weightiest secrets that concerne me most;
And at this time I likewise must reveale,
How heavens by signes me with destruction boast:
To superstition though not earst inclin'd,
My wife by dreames doth now presage my fall,
It a sooth-sayer likewise hath divin'd:
The Sacrifice prodigious seemes to all,
So that till this disastrous day be gone,
All company I purpose to disuse,
And to the Senators will send some one,
To paint my absence with a faire excuse.

Dec. Brut. Doe not repose on superstitious signes,
You to suspect the people thus to bring,
Whilst Sovereigne-like you limit their designes,
Seeme not a tyrant, seeking to be King:

How can we satisfie the worlds conceit,
 Whose tongue still in all eares your praise proclaimes?
 Or shall we bid them leave to deale in state,
 Till that *Calphurnia* first have better dreames?
 If that this day you private would remaine,
 The Senate to dissolve your selfe must goe,
 And then incontinent come backe againe,
 When you have showne to it some reverence so.
Cæs. With thy advise (as pow'rfull) I agree,
 The Senatours shall have no cause to grudge:
 A little space, all part a space from me,
 And I'll be shortly ready to dislodge.

Cæsar alone.

VV Hence comes this huge and admirable change,
 That in my brest hath uncouth thoughts infus'd,
 Doth th'earth then earst yeeld terrors now more strange,
 Or but my minde lesse courage then it us'd?
 What spightfull fate against my state contends,
 That I must now to fancied plagues give place,
 By foes not mov'd, afraid amongst my friends,
 By warre secure, endanger'd but by peace?
 When strongest troopes to fight with me did come,
 Then did my heart the highest hopes conceive,
 I warr'd with many, many to o're-come;
 The greatest battels, greatest glory gave.
 As th' enemies numbers, still my courage grew;
 Through depths of dangers oft times have I past,
 Yet never did those boundlesse labours rue,
 To have none greater first, none equall last:
 When bragging Gauls mov'd by their neighbours fals,
 Had from the fields, no, from my fury fled;
 And hid themselves with Armes, their Armes with walles,
 Whilst I my troupes before *Alexia* led;
 Then, though there swarm'd forth from the bounds about,
 Huge hosts to compasse me enflam'd with wrath,
 That the besiegers (all besieg'd about,)
 Seem'd drawne by danger in the nets of death.
 No way I who could with the pride comport,
 That those Barbarians by vaine vaunts bewray'd,
 Did re-assault th' assaulters in such sort,
 That words by wounds, wounds were by death repayd.
 Of those within the towne (to ease their toyles)
 Till quite o're-com'd, their comming was not knowne,
 Who straight (upbraided by the barb'rous spoiles)
 Did yeeld themselves, as if with them o're-throwne,
 By liquid legions whilst with tumid boasts
 The Trident-bearer striv'd my spoiles to beare;

Though

Though threatned thrife amid'ft his humid hofts,
 Still courage scorn'd to thinke of abject feare.
 I us'd those Pyrats who had me deceiv'd,
 Still as my servants (thundring threatnings forth)
 And gave them money more then they had crav'd,
 Whole ignorance too meanelly priz'd my worth:
 Yet gathering ships, I stay'd not long a shore,
 But trac'd their steps, though they not pav'd the way,
 And taking them (as I had vow'd before)
 By nought but death their ransome would defray;
 Then when (without th' advice of others mindes)
 Through hoary waves I past alone by night,
 Whilst in a little Barke against great windes,
 That even the Pilot look't not for the light;
 The waves themselves asunder seem'd to teare,
 That in their gravell I might chuse a grave,
 And crystall arches did above me reare,
 That I a Tombe fit for my state might have.
 Whilst dangers seem'd to merit *Cæsars* death,
 As *Neptune* rais'd his head, I rais'd my heart;
 And shewing what I was with constant breath,
 To weake *Amiclas* courage did impart.
 Was I not once amid'ft large *Nilus* flote,
 Whilst me to wound, a wood of darts did flye,
 Yet swim'd so carelesse of my enemies shot,
 That in my hand I held some papers dry?
 With open dangers thus in every place,
 I (whilst oft compass'd both by Sea and Land,
 Did undismay'd looke horrour in the face,
 As borne for nought, but onely to command.
 But since a world of victories have fill'd
 With Trophies Temples, Theaters with my praise,
 That bath'd with balme which glories bayes had still'd,
 With friends in peace, I look'd to spend my dayes;
 The chambers musicke now affrights me more,
 Then Trumpets sounds when marching in the field,
 And Gowns (though signes of peace) worse then before
 The pompous splendour of a flaming shield.
 Those thoughts of late which had disdain'd to doubt,
 Though I alone had march'd amongst my foes,
 Loe, whilst amongst my friends well back'd about,
 They, then the eyes more danger now disclose.
 If any chance, to meet a number brings,
 I insurrections feare from common wrath,
 Yea, if two talke a part of private things,
 Straight I suspect that they conspire my death;
 When sudden rumours rise from vulgar smoake;
 (Whilst th'inward motions roule my restless eyes,
 I at each corner for an ambush looke,
 And start astonish'd, lest some tumult rise,

When

When light (first lightning) doth encourage toyles,
 I still delpaire to re-enjoy the night,
 And when mine eyes th' umbragious darkenesse spoils,
 I never looke to grace them with the light;
 For, when the light with shadowes makes a change,
 To flatter mortals with a dreame of rest,
 What ugly Gorgons, what Chimera's strange
 Doe bragge the little world within my brest?
 The time which should appease impetuous cares,
 Doth double mine, who view most when quite blinde;
 I apprehend huge horrors and despaires,
 Whilst th' outward objects not distract my minde:
 Now of my conquests what delight remaines?
 Where is the peace pursu'd by many a strife?
 Have I but taken paine to purchase paines?
 And fought by dangers for a dangerous life?
 Is this the period of aspiring pow'rs,
 In promis'd calmes to be most plagu'd by stormes?
 Lurke poyl'nous Serpents under fairest flow'rs,
 And hellish furies under heavenly formes?
 It will not grieve my ghost below to goe,
 If circumvented in the warres I end,
 As bold *Marcellus* by *Romes* greatest foe,
 Who gave his ashes honour as a friend;
 Or like t' *Epaminondas* in his death,
 O! would the Gods I had amidst alarmes,
 When charg'd with recent spoiles, been spoil'd of breath;
 Whilst I to *Pluto* might have march'd in armes;
 Yet, life to end, which nought but toyles affords,
 I'll pay to death the tribute that it owes;
 Straight with my bloud, let some come dye their swords,
 Whose naked brest encounter shall their blowes:
 But ah! how have the furies seiz'd my brest,
 And poyson'd thus my sprite with desp'rate rage?
 By horrid Serpents whilst quite barr'd from rest,
 No kinde of comfort can my cares assuage;
 No, *Atropos*, yet spare my threed a space,
 That to the Stygian streames ere walking downe,
 I may of honour have the highest place,
 And if I fall, yet fall beneath a Crowne.
 Whilst cares are bended to applauding shouts,
 My thoughts divided are within my brest,
 And my tols'd soule doth flote between two doubts,
 Yet knowes not on what ground to build her rest.
 The Senators, they have this day design'd,
 To shew the world how they esteeme my worth;
 Yet doe portentuous signes perturb my minde,
 By which the heavens would point my danger forth:
 The Gods from me with indignation gone,
 In every thing charact'ed have my death:

And

And must both heaven and earth conspire in one,
To quench a little sparke of smoaking breath?
My safety would that I should stay within
Till this disastrous day give darkenesse place,
But daring honour would have me begin
To reape the glory of my painefull race,
And I'll advance in spight of threatned broyles,
For, though the fates accomplish what we dreame,
When onely death hath triumph'd of my spoyles,
I then (though breathlesse) still shall breathe with fame.

Exit.

Chorus.

VVhat fury thus doth fill the brest
With a prodigious rash desire,
Which banishing their soules from rest,
Doth make them live who high aspire,
(Whilst it within their bosome boyles)
As Salamanders in the fire;
Or like to Serpents changing spoiles,
Their wither'd beauties to renew?
Like Vipers with unnaturall toyles,
Of such the thoughts themselves pursue,
Who for all lines their lives doe square,
Whilst like Camelions changing hue,
They onely feed on empty ayre:
"To passe ambition greatest matters brings,
"And (save contentment) can attaine all things.
This active passion doth disdain
To match with any vulgar minde,
As in base breasts where terrors raigne,
Too great a guest to be confin'd;
It doth but lofty thoughts frequent,
Where it a spacious field may finde,
It selfe with honour to content,
Where reverenc'd fame doth lowdest sound;
Those for great things by courage bent,
(Farre lifted from this lumpish round)
Would in the sphere of Glory move,
Whilst lofty thoughts which nought can binde,
All rivals live in vertues love;
"On abject preyes as th' Eagles never light,
"Ambition poysons but the greatest sprite,
And of this restlesse Vultures brood,
(If not become too great a flame)
A little sparke doth sometime good,
Which makes great mindes (affecting fame)
To suffer still all kinde of paine:
Their fortune at the bloudy game,

Who hazard would for hope of gaine,
 Vlesse first burn'd by thirst of praise?
 The learned to a higher straine,
 Their wits by emulation raise,
 As those who hold applauses deare;
 And what great minde at which men gaze,
 It selfe can of ambition cleare,
 Which is when valu'd at the highest price,
 A generous error, an heroicke vice?
 But when this frenzie flaming bright,
 Doth so the soules of some surprise,
 That they can taste of no delight,
 But what from Soveraignty doth rise,
 Then, huge affliction it affords;
 Such must (themselves so to disguise)
 Prove prodigall of courteous words,
 Give much to some, and promise all,
 Then humble seeme to be made Lords,
 Yea, being thus to many thrall,
 Must words impart, if not support;
 To those who crush'd by fortune fall;
 And grieve themselves to please each sort:
 "Are not those wretch'd, who o're a dangerous snare,
 "Do hang by hopes, whilst ballanc'd in the ayre;
 Then when they have the Port attain'd,
 Which was through Seas of dangers sought,
 They (loe) at last but losse have gain'd,
 And by great trouble, trouble bought:
 Their mindes are married still with feares,
 To bring forth many a jealous thought;
 With searching eyes, and watching eares,
 To learne that which it grieves to know,
 The brest that such a burden beares,
 What huge afflictions doe o'rethrow?
 Thus, each Prince is (as all perceive)
 No more exalted then brought low,
 "Of many, Lord, of many, slave;
 "That idoll greatnesse which th' earth doth adore,
 "Is gotten with great paine, and kept with more:
 He who to this imagin'd good,
 Did through his countries bowels tend,
 Neglecting friendship, duty, bloud,
 And all on which trust can depend,
 Or by which love could be conceiv'd,
 Doth finde of what he did attend,
 His expectations farre deceiv'd;
 For, since suspecting secret snares,
 His soule hath still of rest beene reav'd,
 Whilst Squadrens of tumultuous cares,
 Forth from his brest extort deep groanes:

Thus *Caesar* now of life despaire,
Whose lot his hope exceeded once;
And who can long well keep an ill wonne State?
"Those perish must by some whom all men hate.

Act. 5. Scene 1.

*Marcus Brutus, Chorus, Antonius, Caius
Cassius, Marcus Tullius Cicero.*



Re generous *Romans* so degener'd now,
That they from honour have estrang'd their hands;
And, us'd with burdens, do not blush to bow,
Yea (even though broken) shake not off their bands;
This glorious worke was worthy of your paine,
Which now ye may by others dangers have;
But what enchants you thus, that ye abstaine
That which ye should have taken, to receive?
Where be those inundations of delight,
Which should burst out from thoughts o're-flow'd with joy,
Whil'st emulous Vertue may your mindes incite,
That which we give you bravely to enjoy,
Or quite conform'd unto your former state,
Do still your mindes of servitude allow,
As broken by aduersitie of late,
Not capable of better fortune now?
Loe, we who by the *Tyrants* favour stood;
And griev'd but at the yoke which you out-rag'd,
Have our advancement, riches, rest, and bloud,
All liberally for liberty engag'd;

Chor. Thou like thy great Progenitour in this,
Hast glory to thy selfe, t'us freedome brought;
"Then liberty what greater treasure is?
"Ought with it much, without it much seemes nought;
But pardon us (heroicke man) though we
To high perfection hardly can aspire,
Though every man cannot a *Brutus* be;
"What none can imitate, all must admire:
At this strange course (with too much light made blinde)
We our opinions must suspend a space,
"When sudden chances do dismay the minde,
"The Iudgement to the Passion first gives place.

Ant. What wonder now though this most barbarous deed
Have with amazement clos'd your judgement in,
Which O (I feare) shall great confusion breed?
When *Caesars* toyls did end, *Romes* did begin:
The most suspitious mindes had not beleev'd,
That *Romans* reverenc'd for their worth by us,

Would have presum'd to kill, or to have griev'd
 An hallow'd body inhumanely thus;
 Who would have once but dream'd of such despight?
 What strange hostilitie! in time of peace
 To kill, though not accus'd, against all right,
 A sacred man, and in a sacred place?

Cai. Cass. If *Caesar* as a Citizen had liv'd,
 And had by Law decided every strife,
 Then I would grant those treason had contriv'd,
 Who went without a Law to take his life;
 But to pervert the Laws, subvert the State,
 If all his travels did directly tend,
 Then I must say, we did no wrong of late:

"Why should not Tyrants make a Tragick end?"

Cho. Since destinies did *Caesars* soule enlarge,
 What course can we for his recovery take?
 Ah! th'unrelenting *Charons* restless Barge
 Stands to transport all o're, but brings none back:
 "Of lifes fraile glasse (when broken) with vaine grones,
 "What earthly power the ruines can repaire;
 "Or who can gather up, when scattred once,
 "Ones bloud from th'earth, or yet his breath from th'ayre?
 Let us of those who passe oblivions floud
 Oblivious be, since hope of help is gone,
 And spend our cares where cares may do most good,
 Lest *Rome* waile many, where she wailes but one.

Ant. Still concord for the Common-weale were best,
 To reconcile divided thoughts againe:

"Then discord to great Townes, no greater pest,
 Whose violence no reverence can restraine.

Yet often-times those warie wits have err'd,
 Who would buy wealth and ease at any cost:

"Let honesty to profit be preferr'd,

"And to vile peace warre when it wounds us most;
 But seeking peace, what surety can we finde?

Can faithlesse men give faith, just feares to stay?

"No sacred band Impiety can binde,

"Which swears for trust, seeks trust but to betray;

What help'd it *Caesar*, that we all had sworne

His body still from dangers to redeeme?

"Those who are once perjur'd, hold oaths in scorne?

"All are most franke of what they least esteeme.

Mar. Brut. None needs in States which are from Tyrants free,

Loath'd execrations to confirme his will,

Where willingly men would with good agree,

And without danger might despise all ill;

All odious oaths by those are onely crav'd,

Whose suit from Reason doth a warrant want,

Whil'st who deceive (affraid to be deceiv'd)

Seek of men thrall'd, what none whil'st free would grant.

When

When *Caesar* had prevail'd in *France* and *Spaine*,
 His Fortune building on his Countries wracke,
 (Of liberty a shadow to retaine)
 We gave him all that he was bent to take.
 The Senate had reserv'd nought but a show,
 Whose course to it by *Caesar* was impos'd,
 Who lifted up, by bringing others low,
 Of Offices, and Provinces dispos'd:
 Then that our faded hopes might never spring,
 When bent to try the *Parthians* wooden showre,
 He for five yeares dispos'd of every thing,
 Even in his absence leaving us no pow'r.
 O how some aggravate our deed with hate!
 Who durst his body wound, or with bloud staine,
 Though consecrated by constraint of late,
 Yea, but reputed holy, yet prophaine,
 And did forget how he (a wondrous case)
 The Tribuneship did violate with scorne,
 Which our fore-fathers (free) in time of peace
 Advise'dly had inviolable sworne.
 Did he not once appropriate (swolne with wrath)
 The publike treasure to his private use?
 And to the Tribune boldly threatned death,
 Who did resist, griev'd at that great abuse.
 Twixt *Romans* and a Tyrant what avails
 A Covenant whil'st Right rests trod on thus?
 "Whocan build further when the ground once fails?
 Could we save him who sought to ruine us?"
Cic. So absolutely good no man remaines,
 Whose naturall weaknesse may not him o're-come;
 "Even Vertues dye from Vice may take some staines,
 "And worthy minds may of grosse faults have some:
 "As in fine fruits, or weeds, fat earth abounds,
 "Even as the Labourers spend, or spare their paine,
 "The greatest sprits (disdaining vulgar bounds)
 "Of what they seek the highest height must gaine;
 "They (that bright glory may be so enjoy'd)
 "As onely borne to be in action still,
 "Had rather be (then idle) ill imploy'd:
 "Great sprits must do great good, or then great ill;
 The worlds chiefe treasure which bright Rayes do arme,
 Huge evill procur'd (though onely fram'd for good)
 Till that fond youth whom his owne wish did harme,
 Was kill'd by fire, and buried in a floud.
 By rules of Reason whil'st he rightly liv'd,
 When lawfully elected by the State,
 What glorious deeds by *Caesar* were atchiev'd,
 Which all the world as wonders must relate:
 But when of right he buried all respects,
 (As blinde Ambition had bewitch'd his minde)

What harme ensu'd, by pitifull effects,
 We at the first, he at the last did finde;
 Whil'st like *Narcissus* with himselfe in love,
 He with our bondage banqueted his sight,
 And for a while (uncertaine joyes to prove)
 VVith all our woes would sweeten his delight;
 How could brave men (with vertuous mindes) as those
 VVho of their Countries weale are jealous still,
 But stoutly to all stormes their States expose,
 The States destroyer resolute to kill?
 But since our freedome flows from *Cæsars* bloud,
 Let us embrace that which too long we lack:
 "Peace gives to justice pow'r, it, to all good,
 "VVhere warre breeds wrong, and wrong all kinde of wracke.
 This Citie hath experienc'd with great paine,
 VVhat guilty troubles rise from civill strife,
 VVhich by her ruines registred remaine,
 Since first the *Gracchi* gave contention life.
 VVhen *Scilla* once, and *Marius* (mad through pride)
 Did strive who should the most tyrannicke prove,
 VVhat memorable miseries were try'd,
 From *Romans* mindes no time can e're remove:
 Then last by *Cæsar*, and his Sonne in law,
 VVhat thousands Ghosts to *Pluto* were dispatch'd:
 Ah! that the world those hosts divided saw,
 Which, joyn'd in one, no world of worlds had match'd:
 Yet with this wit which we have dearly bought,
 Let us abhorre all that may breed such broils,
 Lest when we have our selves to ruine brought,
 In end *Barbarians* beare away our spoils.

Cho. Rome to those great men hardly can afford
 A recompence, according to their worth,
 Who (by a Tyrants o're-throw) have restor'd
 The light of liberty which was put forth;
 Yet (by due praises with their merits even)
 Let us acknowledge their illustrious mindes;
 And to their charge let Provinces be given:
 "Still vertue grows, when it preferment findes.

Ant. Those barbarous Realms by whose respective will,
 Of *Cæsars* Conquests monuments are showne:
 As if they held them highly honour'd still,
 Who warr'd with *Cæsar* though they were o'rethrown,
 Can this disgrace by their proud mindes be borne,
 Whil'st we dishonour, whom they honour thus?
 And shall we not (whil'st as a Tyrant torne)
 Give him a tombe, who gave the world to us?
 Must his Decrees be all reduc'd againe,
 And those degraded whom he grac'd of late,
 As worthy men unworthily did gaine

Their

Their roomes of reputation in the State?
As if a Tyrant we him damne so soone,
And for his murd'ers do rewards devise;
Then what he did, must likewise be undone,
For which I feare, a foule confusion rise.

Cho. Ah! (brave *Antonius*) sow not seeds of warre,
And if thou alwayes do'st delight in armes,
The haughty *Parthians* yet undaunted are,
Which may give thee great praise, and us no harmes.
Detest in time th'abominable broils,
For which no Conquerour to triumph hath com'd;
Whil'st this wretch'd Towne (which still some party spoils)
Must loath the Victor, and lament th'o're-com'd:
And shall we still contend against all good,
To make the yoke where we should bound abide?
Must still the Commons sacrifice their bloud,
As onely borne to serve the great mens pride?

Ant. Whil'st I the depths of my affection sound,
And reade but th'obligations which I owe,
I finde my selfe by oaths, and duty bound,
All *Caesars* foes, or then my selfe t'ore-throw.
But when I weigh what to the State belongs,
The which to plague no passion shall get place,
Then I with griefe digesting private wrongs,
Warre with my selfe to give my Countrey peace.
Yet whil'st my thoughts of this last purpose muse,
I altogether dis-assent from this,
That *Caesars* fame, or body we abuse,
To deale with Tyrants as the custome is:
Lest guilty of ingratitude we seeme,
(If guerdoning our benefactors thus)
Great *Caesars* body from disgrace redeeme,
And let his acts be ratifi'd by us.
Then for the publike-weale which makes us pause,
Towards those that have him kill'd t'extend regard,
Let them be pardon'd for their kinsmens cause:
"Remission given for evill is a reward."

Ca. Cass. We stand not vex'd like Malefactors here;
With a dejected and remorsefull minde,
So in your presence supplicants t'appare,
As who themselves of death do guilty finde;
But looking boldly with a loftie brow,
Through a delight of our designe conceiv'd,
We come to challenge gratefulnesse of you,
That have of us so great a good receiv'd.
But if you will suspend your thoughts a space,
Though not the givers, entertaine the gift;
Do us reject, yet liberty embrace:
To have you free (loe) that was all our drift:
So *Rome* her ancient liberties enjoy,

Let *Brutus* and let *Cassius* banish't live;
 Thus banishment would breed us greater joy,
 Then what at home a Tyrants wealth could give.
 Though some misconstrue may this course of ours,
 By ignorance, or then by hate deceiv'd;
 "The truth depends not on opinions pow'rs,
 "But is it selfe, how ever misconceiv'd.
 Though to acknowledge us, not one would daigne,
 Our merit of it selfe is a reward,
 "Of doing good none should repent their paine,
 "Though they get no reward, nor yet regard.
 I'll venture yet my fortune in the field,
 With every one that *Rome* to bondage draws;
 And as for me, how ever others yeeld,
 I'll nought obey, but Reason, and the Laws.

Cic. What fools are those who further travell take,
 For that which they even past recovery know?
 Who can revive the dead, or bring time back?
 That can no creature who doth live below.
 Great *Pompey* (now) for whom the world still weeps,
 Lyes low, neglected on a barbarous shore;
 Selfe-slaughtered *Scipio* flotes amidst the deeps,
 Whom, it may be, Sea-monsters do devour.
 Of *Libyan* Wolves grave *Cato* feasts the wombes,
 Whose death, of worth the world defrauded leaves;
 Thus some that did deserve *Mausolean* tombes,
 Have not a title grav'd upon their graves.
 And yet may *Caesar* who procur'd their death,
 By brave men slaine be buried with his race;
 All civill warre quite banish'd with his breath,
 Let him now dead, and us alive have peace.
 "We should desist our thoughts on things to set,
 "Which may harme some, and can give help to none,
 "Learne to forget that which we cannot get,
 "And let our cares be gone of all things gone.
 "Those who would strive all crosses to o're-come,
 "To present times must still conforme their course,
 "And making way for that which is to come,
 "Not medle with things past, but by discourse.
 "Let none seek that which doth no good when found;
 Since *Caesar* now is dead, how ever dead;
 Let all our griefe go with him to the ground,
 For, sorrow best becomes a lightlesse shade;
 It were the best, that joynd in mutuall love,
 We phyicke for this wounded State prepare:
 "Neglecting those who from the world remove,
 "All men on earth for earthly things must care.

Cho. O how those great men friendship can pretend,
 By soothing others thus with painted windes;
 And seeme to trust, where treason they attend,

Whilst love their mouth, and malice fills their mindes;
 Those but to them poore simple soules appeare,
 Whose count'nance doth discover what they thinke,
 Who make their words, as is their meaning, cleare,
 And from themselves can never seeme to shrink.
 Loe, how *Antonius* faines to quench all jarres,
 And whom he hates with kindenesse doth embrace;
 But as he further'd first the former warres,
 Some feare he still will prove a foe to peace.
 Now where *Calphurnia* stayes our steppes addresse,
 Since by this sudden chance her losse was chiefe:
 "All visite should their neighbours in distresse,
 "To give some comfort, or to share in griefe.

Act 5. Scene 2.

Calphurnia, Nuntius.

Chorus.

When darkenesse last imprisoned had myne eyes;
 Such monstrous visions did my heart affright,
 That (quite dejected) it as stupid dies
 Through terrours then contracted in the night;
 A melancholy cloud so dimmes my brest,
 That it my mind fit for misfortune makes,
 A lodging well dispos'd for such a Guest,
 Where nought of sorrow but th' impression lackes;
 And I imagine every man I see
 (My senses so corrupted are by feares)
 A Herald to denounce mishaps to me,
 Who should infuse confusion in my eares.
 O! there he comes to violate my peace,
 In whom the object of my thoughts I see;
 Thy message is charactred in thy face,
 And by thy looks directed is to me:
 Thy troubled eyes rest rowling for reliefe,
 As lately frighted by some ugly sight;
 Thy breath doth pant as if growne big with griefe,
 And straight to bring some monstrous birth to light.

Nun. The man of whom the world in doubt remain'd,
 If that his minde or fortune was more great,
 Whose valour conquer'd, clemencie retain'd
 All Nations Subject to the Romane State;
 Fraud harm'd him more then force, friends more then foes;
 Ah! must this sad discourse by me be made?

Cal. Stay, ere thou further goe defray my woes,
 How doth my love? where is my life? *Nun.* dead. *Cal.* dead?

Cho. Though apprehending horrors in her minde,
 Now since she hath a certaintie receiv'd,

She by experience greater griefe doth finde:

“Till borne, the passions cannot be conceav’d.

When as a high disaster force affords,

O how that Tyrant whom affliction bears,

Barres th’ eares from comfort, and the mouth from words,

And when obdur’d scornes to dissolve in teares!

Cal. Ah! since the lights of that great light are set,

Why doth not darknesse spread it selfe o’re all?

At least what further comfort can I get,

Whose pleasures had no period but his fall?

O would the Gods I always might confine

Flames in my brest, and floods within my eyes

To entertaine so great a griefe as mine,

That thence there might fit furniture arise;

Yet I disdain (though by distresse o’rethrowne)

By such externall meanes to seeke reliefe:

“The greatest sorrowes are by silence showne,

“Whilst all the Senses are shut up with griefe:

But miserie doth so tyrannick grow

That it of sighes and teares a tribute claimes;

“Ah! when the cup is full, it must o’reflow,

“And fires which burne must offer up some flames;

Yet though what thou hast sayd my death shall be,

(Since sunke so deeply in a melted heart)

Of my lives death report each point to mee,

For every circumstance that I may smart.

Nun. What fatall warnings did foregoe his end,

Which by his stay to frustrate some did try?

But he who scorn’d excuses to pretend,

Was by the destinies drawne forth to die.

Whilst by the way he chanc’d to meet with one,

Who had his deaths-day nam’d, he to him said:

The Ides of March be come; but yet not gone

The other answer’d, and still constant stayd:

Another brought a letter with great speed,

Which the conspiracie at length did touch,

And gave it *Caesar* in his hand to reade,

Protesting that it did import him much.

Yet did he lay it up where still it rests,

As doe the great whom blest the world reposes,

Who (griev’d to be importun’d by requests)

Of simple supplicants neglect the suites:

Or he of it the reading did deferre,

Still troubled by attendants at the gate,

Whilst some to show their credit would conferre,

To flatter some, some something to entreate.

Not onely did the Gods by divers signes

Give *Caesar* warning of his threatned harmes;

But did of foes disturbe the rash designs,

And to their troubled thoughts gave strange alarmes;

A Senator who by some words we find,
To the conspirators (though none of theirs)
Had shewn himselfe familiar with their minds;
Then chanc'd to deale with *Caesar* in affaires.
That fight their soules did with confusion fill,
For, thinking that he told their purpos'd deeds,
They straight themselves, or *Caesar* thought to kill:
"A guiltie conscience no accuser needs;
But marking that he us'd (when taking leave)
A suters gesture when affording thanks,
They of their course did greater hopes conceive,
And rang'd them seven according to their ranks.
Then *Caesar* march'd forth to the fatall place;
Neere *Pompeys* Theater where the Senate was;
Where (when he had remain'd a litle space)
All the confederats flock'd about. *Calph. Alas.*

Nun. First for the forme, *Metellus Cimber* crav'd
To have his Brother from exile restor'd,
Yet with the rest a rude repulse receiv'd,
Whilst it they all too earnestly implor'd:
Bold *Cimber* who in strife with him did stand,
Did strive to cover with his Gowne his head:
Then was the first blow given by *Casca's* hand,
Which on his necke a litle wound but made.
And *Caesar* (starting whilst the stroke he sp'd)
By strength from further striking *Casca* stai'd,
Whilst both the two burst out at once, and cry'd:
He Traitor *Casca*, and he, Brother aide;
Then all the rest against him did arise
Like desp'ratt men, whose furie force affords,
That *Caesar* on no side could set his eyes,
But every looke encountred with some Swords;
Yet, as a lyon (when by nets surpriz'd)
Stands strugling still so long as he hath strength;
So *Caesar* (as he had their pow'r despis'd)
Did with great rage resist, till at the length
He thus cri'd out (when spying *Brutus* come)
And thou my Sonne! then grieve did back rebound:
"Nought but unkindnesse *Caesar* could o'recome,
"That, of all things, doth give the deepest wound.

Cho. "Ah! when unkindnesse is, where love was thought,
"A tender passion breakes the strongest heart:
"For, of all those who give offence in ought,
"Men, others hate, but for unkinde men, smart.
Nun. Ah! taking then no more delight in light,
As who disdainfullie the world disclaim'd,
Or if from *Brutus* blow to hold his fight,
As of so great ingratitude asham'd,
He with his Gowne when cover'd first o're all,
As one who neither sought, nor wish'd reliefe,

Not

Not wronging majestie, in state did fall,
 No sigh consenting to betray his griefe.
 Yet (if by chance or force I cannot tell)
 Even at the place, where *Pompey's* statue stood,
 (As if to crave him pardon,) *Caesar* fell,
 That in revenge it might exhaust his blood;
 But when his corpes abandon'd quite by breath,
 Did fortunes frailties monument remaine,
 That all might have like int'rest in his death,
 And by the same, looke for like praise or paine:
 Then *Cassius*, *Brutus*, and the rest began
 With that great Emperours blood to die their hands;
 "What beast in th'earth more cruell is then man,
 "When o're his reason passion once commands?"

Cal. Whilst brutish *Brutus*, and proud *Cassius* thus
 Romes greatest Captaine under trust deceiv'd,
 Where was *Antonius* (since a friend to us)
 That he not lost himselfe, or *Caesar* sav'd?

Nun. The whole conspiratours remain'd in doubt,
 Had he and *Caesar* joyn'd, to be undone,
 And so caus'd one to talke with him without,
 Who fain'd a conference till the fact was done.
 Then knowing well in such tumultuous broiles,
 That the first danger alwayes is the worst,
 He fled in hast, disguis'd with borrow'd spoiles,
 For rage and for disdaine even like to burst.

Cal. The Senatours which were assembled there,
 When they beheld that great man brought to end,
 What was their part? to what inclin'd their care?
 I fear affliction could not finde a friend.

Nun. Of those who in the Senate-house did sit
 (So sad an object sorrie to behold,
 Or fearing what bould hands might more commit)
 Each to his house a severall way did hold;
 This act with horreur did confound their sight,
 And unawares their judgement did surprize:
 "When any hastie harmes un-lookt-for light,
 "The resolution hath not time to rise:
 That man on whom the world did once rely,
 By all long reverenc'd, and ador'd by some,
 None to attend him had but two and I.

Cho. "To what an ebbe may fortunes flowing come?
 Why should men following on the smoake of pride,
 Leave certaine ease to seeke a dream'd delight,
 Which when they have by many dangers tri'd,
 They neither can with safety keepe nor quite?
 "The people who by force subdu'd remaine,
 "May pittie those by whom opprest they rest;
 "They but one Tyrant have, whereas there raigne
 A Thousand Tyrants in one Tyrants brest;

What

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

VVhat though great *Caesar* once commanded Kings,
VVhose onely name whole Nations did appall:
Yet now (let no man trust in worldly things)
A little earth holds him who held it all.

Cal. Ah! had he but beleeu'd my faithfull cares,
His State to stablish who have alwayes striv'd,
Then (scaping this conspiracie of theirs)
He, honour'd still, and I had happy liv'd.
Did I not spend of supplications store,
That he within his house, this day would waste,
As I by dreames advertis'd was before,
VVhich shew'd what was to come, and now is past;
VVhil' st the Sooth-sayers sacrific'd did finde
A beast without a heart, their Altars staine,
By that presage my soule might have divin'd,
That I without my heart would soone remaine;
But all those terroures could no terroure give
To that great minde, whose thoughts too high still fly'd;
He by his fortune confident did live,
As, if the heavens, for him had all things fram'd;
Yet though he ended have his fatall race,
To bragge for this, let not his Murtherers strive:
For, O! I hope to see within short space,
Him dead ador'd, and them abhorr'd alive.
Though now his name the multitude respects,
Since murdering one who him had held so deare,
VVhil' st inward thoughts each outward thing reflects,
Some monstrous shape to *Brutus* must appeare.
Iust *Nemesis* must plague proud *Cassius* loone,
And make him kill himselfe, from hopes estrang'd;
Once all the wrongs by foes to *Caesar* done,
May by themselves be on themselves reveng'd.

Cho. "Some, Sovereigne of the earth, would fortune prove;
"As if, confus'dly, Gods did men advance;
"Nought comes to men below, but from above;
"By providence, not by a staggering chance:
"Though to the cause that last forgoes the end,
"Some attribute the course of every thing,
"That cause, on other causes doth depend;
"Which chain'd 'twixt heaven and earth due ends forth bring;
"Of those decrees the heavens for us appoint,
"(Who ever them approves, or doth disprove)
"No mortall man can disappoint a point,
"But as they please here moves, or doth remove;
"We, when once come the worlds vaine pompe to try,
"(Led by the fates) to end our journey haste:
"For, when first borne, we straight begin to dye;
"Lifes first day is a step unto the last.
"And is there ought more swift then dayes, and yeares,

Which

"Which weare away this breath of ours so soone,
 "Whil'st *Lachesis* to no request gives eares,
 "But spinnes the threeds of life till they be done?
 "Yet foolish worldlings following that which flies,
 "As if they had assurance of their breath,
 "To fraile preferment fondly strive to rise,
 "Which (but a burden) weighis them downe to death.

Nun. There's none of us but must remember still,

How that the Gods by many a wondrous signe,
 Did shew (it seem'd) how that against their will,
 The destinies would *Cæsars* dayes confine:

A monstrous starre amidst the heaven hath beene,
 Still since they first against him did conspire;
 The solitary birds at noone were seene,
 And men to walke environ'd all with fire:

What wonder though the heavens at such a time,
 Do brave the earth with apparitions strange,
 Then whil'st intending such a monstrous crime,
 "Unnaturall men make Natures course to change?

Cho. Though all such things seeme wonderfull to some,

They may by Reason comprehended be,
 For, what, beyond what usuall is, doth come,
 The Ignorant with wondring eyes do see.

Those bastard Starres, not heritours of th'ayre,
 Are first conceiv'd below, then borne above,
 And when fore-knowing things, spirits take most care,
 And by illusion, superstition move.

Yet this, no doubt, a great regard should breed,
 When Nature hath brought forth a monstrous birth,
 In secret Characters where men may reade

The wrath of heaven, and wickednesse of th'earth.
 The Naturallists, and th'Astrologians skill
 May oft, encountring, manifest like care:

Since th'one looks back, the other forward still,
 One may tell what, the other why things are.

Nun. Shall sorrow through the waves of woes to faile,

Have still your teares for Seas, your sighs for winds;
 To miserie what do base plaints availle?

A course more high becomes heroicke mindes.

"None are o're-come, save onely those who yeeld,
 From froward Fortune though some blows be borne,
 Let Vertue serve Adversity for shield:

"No greater grieve to grieve then th'enemies scorn;
 This makes your foes but laugh to see you weep,
 At least these teares but for your selfe bestow,
 And not for that great spirit, whose spoyle heavens keep;
 For, he no doubt, rests deified ere now.

Cal. I onely waile my life, and not his death;
 Who now amongst th'immortals doth repose,
 And shall so long as I have blood or breath,

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.

51

To furnish forth the elements of woes.
I care not who rejoyce, so I lament,
Who do to darknesse dedicate my dayes,
And since the light of my delight is spent,
Shall have in horreur all *Apollo's* rayes.
(I will retyre my selfe to waile alone,
As trustie Turtles mourning for their Mates)
And (my misfortune alwayes bent to mone)
Will spurne at pleasures as empyson'd baits;
No second guest shall presse great *Caesar's* bed,
Warm'd by the flames to which he first gave life;
I thinke there may be greater honour had,
When *Caesar's* widow, then anothers wife.
This had afforded comfort for my harmes,
If I (ere chanc'd abandon'd thus to be)
Had had a little *Caesar* in mine armes,
The living picture of his Syre to me.
Yet doth that Idoll which my thoughts adore,
With me of late most strictly match'd remaine,
For, where my armes him sometimes held before,
Now in my heart I shall him still retaine.
That (though I may no precious things impart)
Thy deitie may by me be honour'd oft,
Still offering up my thoughts upon my heart,
My sacred flame shall alwayes mount aloft.

Exit.

Chorus.

WHat fools are those who do repose their trust
On what this masse of misery affords:
And (bragging but of th'excrements of dust)
Of life-lesse Treasures labour to be Lords:
Which like the Sirens songs, or *Circes* charmes;
With shadows of delight hide certaine harmes.
Ah! whil'st they sport on pleasures yere grounds,
Oft poyson'd by Prosperitie with Pride,
A sudden storme their flowing joyes confounds,
Whose course is ordred by the eye-lesse guide,
Who so inconstantly her selfe doth beare
Th'unhappie men may hope, the happy feare.
The fortunate who bathe in floods of joyes,
To perish oft amidst their pleasures chance,
And mirthlesse wretches wallowing in annoyes,
Oft by aduersitie themselves advance;
Whil'st Fortune bent to mock vaine worldlings cares,
Doth change despaires in hopes, hopes in despaires.
That gallant Grecian whose great wit so soone,
Whom others could not number, did ore-come,

Were

Had he not beene undone, had beene undone,
 And if not banish'd, had not had a home;
 To him feare courage gave (what wondrous change!)
 And many doubts a resolution strange.
 He who told one who then was Fortunes childe,
 As if with horror to congeale his blood:
 That Caius Marius farre from Rome exil'd,
 Wretch'd on the ruines of great Carthage stood;
 Though long both plagu'd by grieve, and by disgrace,
 The Consul-ship regain'd; and dy'd in peace.
 And that great Pompey (all the worlds delight)
 Whom of his Theater then th' applauses pleas'd,
 Whil'st praise-transported eyes endear'd his sight,
 Who by youths toyles should have his age then eas'd,
 He by one blow of Fortune lost farre more
 Then many battels gayned had before.
 Such sudden changes so disturbe the soule,
 That still the judgement ballanc'd is by doubt;
 But, on a Round, what wonder though things roule?
 And since within a Circle, turne about?
 Whil'st heaven on earth strange alterations brings,
 To scorne our confidence in worldly things.
 And chanc'd there ever accidents more strange,
 Then in these stormy bounds where we remaine?
 One did a sheep-hooke to a Scepter change,
 The nurceling of a Wolfe o're men did raigne;
 A little Village grew a mighty Towne,
 Which whil'st it had no King, held many a Crowne.
 Then by how many sundry sorts of men,
 Hath this great State beene rul'd? though now by none,
 Which first obey'd but one, then two, then ten,
 Then by degrees return'd to two, and one;
 Of which three States, their ruine did abide,
 Two by Two's lusts, and one by Two mens pride.
 What revolutionas huge have hapned thus,
 By secret fates all violently led,
 Though seeming but by accident to us,
 Yet in the depths of heavenly breasts first bred,
 As arguments demonstrative to prove
 That weaknesse dwels below, and pow'r above.
 Loe, prosp'rous Cæsar charged for a space,
 Both with strange Nations, and his Countreys spoils,
 Even when he seem'd by warre to purchase peace,
 And roses of sweet rest, from thornes of toils;
 Then whil'st his minde and fortune swell'd most high,
 Hath beene constrain'd the last distresse to trie.
 What warnings large were in a time so short,
 Of that darke course which by his death now shines?
 It, speechlesse wonders plainly did report,
 It, men reveal'd by words, and gods by signes,

Yet by the chaynes of destinies whilst bound,
He saw the sword, but could not scape the wound.
What curtaine o're our knowledge errour brings,
Now drawn, now open'd, by the heavenly host,
Which makes us sometime sharpe to see small things,
And yet quite blinde when as we should see most,
That curious braines may rest amaz'd at it;
Whose ignorance makes them presume of wit;
Then let us live, since all things change below,
When rais'd most high, as those who once may fall,
And hold when by disasters brought more low,
The minde still free, what ever else be thrall:
"Those (Lords of Fortune) sweeten every State,
"Who can command themselves, though not their fate.

FINIS.
